McCLURE'S

"First in War!

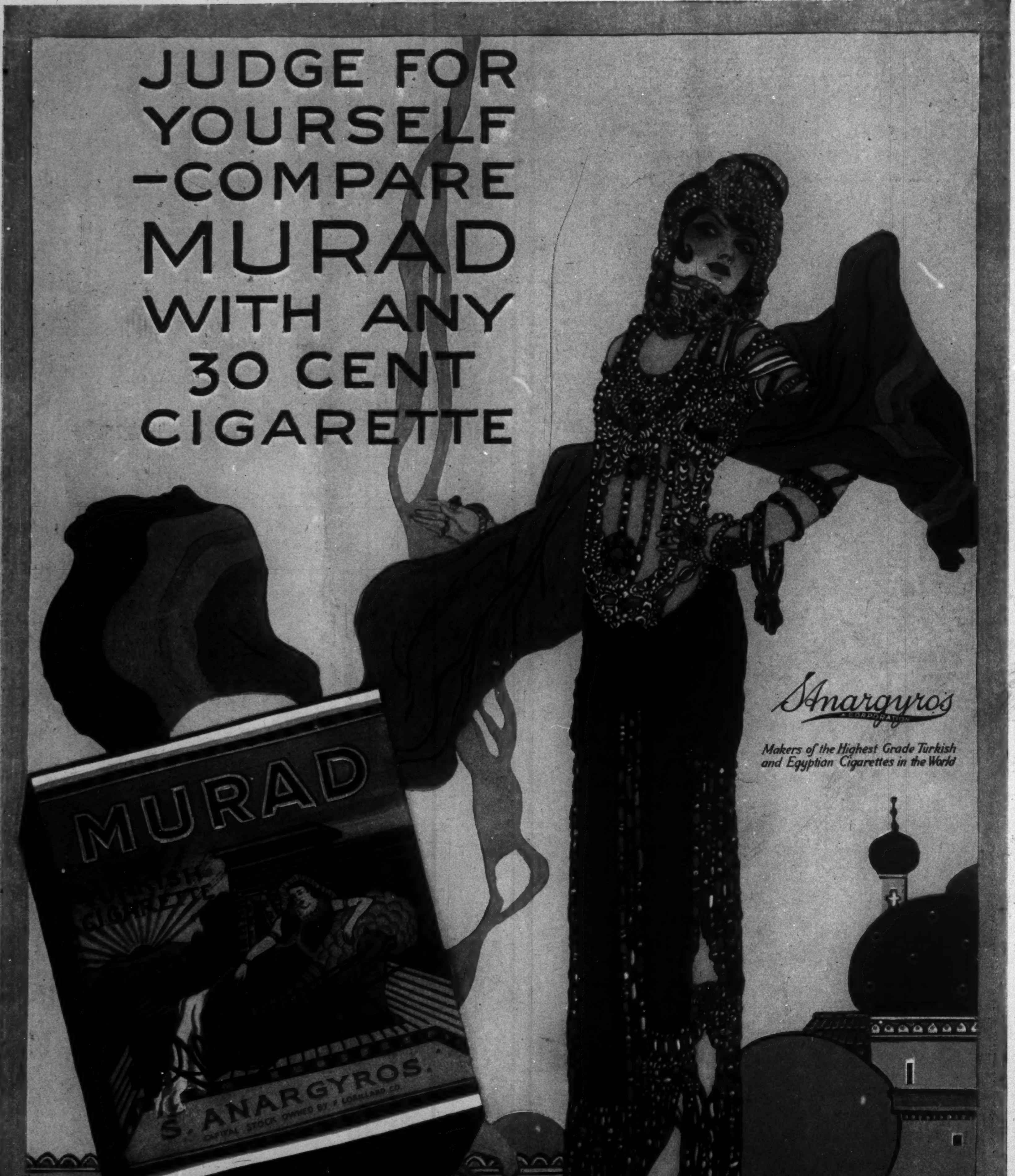
First in Peace!"

FEBRUARY
1919
20¢

"REPOPULATING
THE EARTH"
by
Newell Dwight Hillis

Painted by
Neysa McMein

Make Re-Construction Real Construction!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This is the identical $100 Oliver, Model 9, our latest and best. We continue to sell it under the plan we adopted during the war. We learned economies then in selling which enable us to save the $43 it formerly cost us to sell you an Oliver.

We learned that it was unnecessary to have great numbers of traveling salesmen and numerous, expensive branch houses throughout the country. We were also able to discontinue many other superfluous, costly sales methods. You benefit by these savings.

Only our sales plan has changed. Not the Oliver. Our new plan is to ship direct from the factory to you, depending upon the Oliver to be its own salesman.

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When the Oliver comes to you, let it prove its superiority and saving. You be the judge, with no eager salesman present to influence you.

If you do not agree that it is the finest typewriter built, regardless of price, simply return it, express collect. Even the outgoing transportation charges will then be refunded.

The Oliver for $57 makes a $100 price appear extravagant. Remember this is not a second-hand or rebuilt machine. If any typewriter is worth $100, it is this brand new Oliver.

Furthermore, it is as easy to buy The Oliver as it is to try it. If, after trying it five days, you decide to keep it, you merely pay $3 per month until the $57 is paid. This is less than 10c per day.

This Oliver is being bought by the thousands. Our plan, conceived when this country entered the war, has met a tremendous welcome. We have repeatedly increased our production facilities. Note at the left a few of the great concerns using the Oliver. And remember that it is being bought by thousands of individuals. It has been aptly called the people's typewriter.

In every particular, this splendid Oliver is the finest that 24 years of experience can produce. A better typewriter is impossible. It has all the latest improvements. It is noted for its handsome appearance, richly enameled olive green and polished nickel; its durability and workmanship. Do you know of any typewriter which combines so many advantages, yet offered at such a low price and easy terms?

This Oliver has a standard keyboard. So anyone may turn to it without the slightest hesitancy. It is speedy and has an untiring action — with lightest touch.

Don't buy — don't rent — until you have investigated this fine, economical Oliver. Note that the coupon below brings either an Oliver for Free Trial, or further information.

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Chicago, Illinois

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THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY
1572 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

☐ Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay $57 at the rate of $3 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

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Miller
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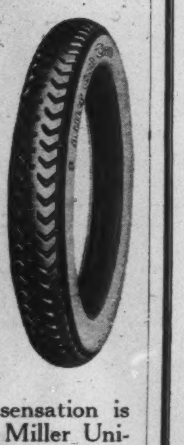
UNIFORM MILEAGE
Tires



In Tireland the Miller Cords are ranked the phenomenal tires. They gained this prized position by introducing Uniform Mileage and also the tread that is **Geared-to-the-Road.** These tires wear alike under like conditions because of their uniform handwork. They are oversize and elastic, and give and take as they roll along, thus neutralizing road shocks. No motoring sensation is comparable to riding on Miller Uniform Cord Tires. And no tires cost you less per mile.

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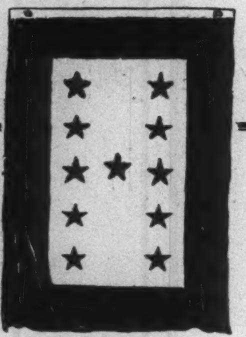

Volume 51

Number 2

McClure's
Service Flag

*"New Occasions
Teach New Duties"*

FREDERICK L. COLLINS
President
HOLLAND S. DUELL
Vice-President
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Secretary
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"FIRST IN WAR! — FIRST IN PEACE!"
MAKE RE-CONSTRUCTION REAL-CONSTRUCTION!

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McClure's Magazine is published on the 15th of the month and should reach every subscriber on that day. But such is the terribly congested condition of the railroads at present that delays in the mail service are inevitable. If your copy does not arrive promptly do not assume that it has been lost in transit. Wait a few days before writing to us. By that time it will probably be in your hands.

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McCLURE'S is on sale on the fifteenth of each month at the following principal Philadelphia newsstands, as well as in many other places. Buy McCLURE'S from the same dealer each month.

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A New Spirit of Good Will

Thanks to the opportunity given it by the War Department at home and abroad, a new spirit of good will has grown up around Dodge Brothers Motor Car.

Wherever soldiers meet, this car is spoken of in terms of admiration and even affection.

Soldiers grow to love the tools and weapons and implements that serve them.

They admire, especially, the inanimate thing that shows grit and endurance in a tight place.

That is American—and that is the American soldier in particular—and that is the sort of glory being woven around Dodge Brothers Motor Car.

There will always be associated with it the remembrance of the work it did in the world war—in army service on both sides of the ocean.

Thousands of American soldiers are coming back now from the camps in America and the battle front in France telling how well that work was done.

They are telling it to their fathers and mothers, their worshipping small brothers, their sisters, their sweethearts and their friends.

It is the central figure in many a stirring story told about the family fireplace.

To many a white-haired American mother it means something more, as it goes by, than just a motor car.

She links it, somehow, with what her own boy did, with what America did, and with what America stands for.

Dodge Brothers are proud that theirs was the one car of its type and class chosen by the War Department.

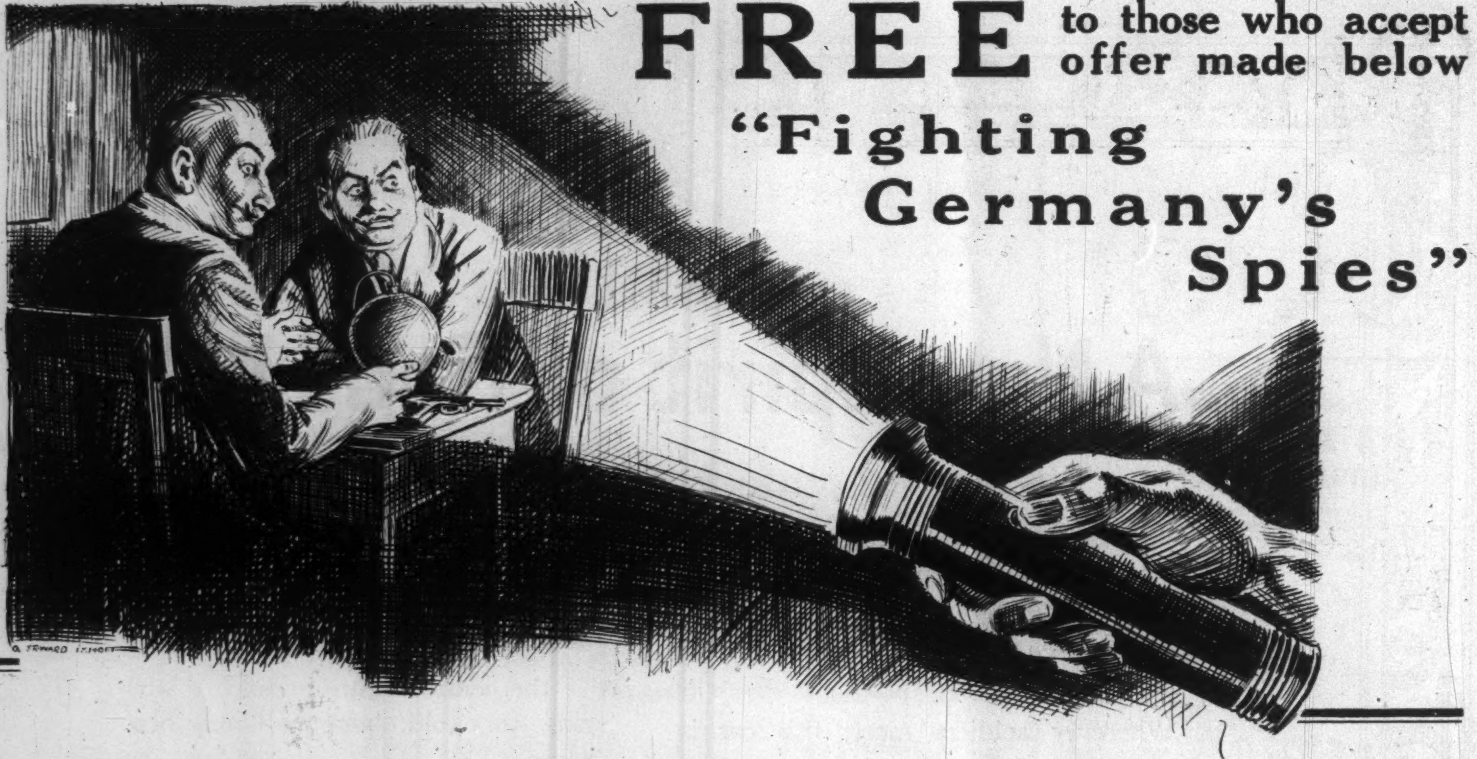
They are prouder still that it has been taken into the hearts and homes of the American people.

The old folks, and the little folks who don't forget, are spreading a leaven of good will which will endure for years to come.

Dodge Brothers cherish this new spirit of good will which has come out of the world war as their most valued possession.

The gasoline consumption is unusually low
The tire mileage is unusually high

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



FREE to those who accept offer made below

"Fighting Germany's Spies"

Winning the Iron Cross in America

"I THOUGHT I was going to get an Iron Cross; but what they ought to do is pin a little tin stove on me."

Carl Ruroede said this—Carl, the tool of Captain von Papen, the notorious German military attaché who used his office to stab America.

Carl opened his lips when American justice gripped him, and told a story of blackmail, forgery and bombing very typical of the Hun: told how Captain von Knorr had slapped his broad hand several times on Ruroede's left breast, saying:

"This chest ought to have something!" meaning, of course, one of the Kaiser's ten million iron crosses.

There were thousands of such spies and plotters hampering the efforts of our nation in the war. Startling facts as to their plots and outrages have been unearthed by French Strother, Managing Editor of "World's Work," in his wonderful volume "Fighting Germany's Spies."

Here you will find what happened when the German tiger met the wolf of Wall Street and conspired with him to gobble the then lamb-like America.

Here you will read how the highest German diplomats at Washington, under the shelter of their positions, employed and directed assassins to blow up factories, wreck bridges, sink our ships and slay our citizens.

Here is the story of how Dr. Scheele, the chemical spy, turned out 35 harmless-looking fire bombs a day, many of which found their way into the holds of ships and caused fires that resulted in the loss of millions of dollars and hundreds of lives.

Here too is the brighter side of the narrative—the activities of our own secret service men who tracked these wolves to their dens; and here are explanations of the various ciphers and codes which were used to baffle our detectives until the patience and resources of our officials laid the sinister messages bare. All these intensely interesting happenings are found in this new 275-page volume "Fighting Germany's Spies" which comes at practically no cost to you if you accept the offer we make below.

Without Cost

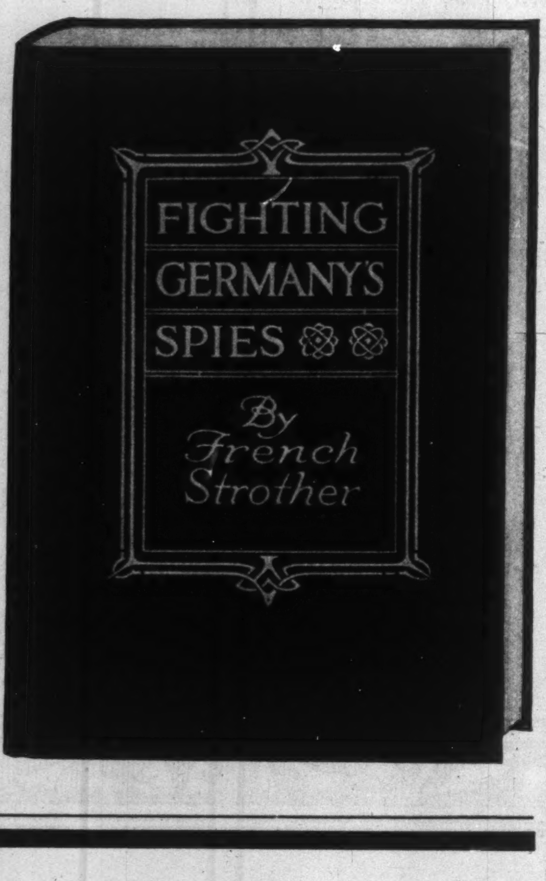
The Most Fascinating Spy Book of the Year

This volume is worth many times its retail price to the man or woman who desires to have in his war library an authentic record of American secret service operations during the world war; and when it is offered free as a reward for your promptly subscribing to World's Work and McClure's, the thing to do is to get these worth-while magazines and this remarkable book at once.

World's Work and McClure's have labored untiringly during the world conflict to bring to pass the defeat of the country who made such fiendish acts its rule. Now that Victory has come, these magazines will work as earnestly to realize the best ideals of the American people. These periodicals deserve first place in your office or home. You have the chance to secure them now at what you would pay for them by the single copy, while this book comes free and postpaid. In addition you may pay for the magazines on the easy monthly terms shown in the coupon.

Only a limited number of "Fighting Germany's Spies" will be distributed in this way. After they are gone you must pay the full retail price of $1.50 for it. It comes to you for nothing as soon as we receive from you the coupon and first payment. The coupon brings you the biggest book and magazine treat in the stores to-day—don't hesitate; don't put off—let the coupon come now.

McClure's Magazine
Fifth Avenue and 13th Street **New York**



COMING IN WORLD'S WORK

It is the function of the World's Work to interpret history as it is being made.

With the great days of Reconstruction ahead, World's Work will be foremost in interpreting all important movements.

"The Life of Pershing" is now running serially in the magazine—an authentic record of the life of America's great Military Leader.

"The World As It Is"—a new department of special interest to America's business men.

"Bolshevism—What Is It?" A series of special articles by Burton J. Hendrick.

"After the Hohenzollerns—What?" The Kaiser has abdicated and the Crown Prince renounced his rights to the throne. Who is going to rule Germany? If a Republic, who will be the President?

COMING IN McCLURE'S

Samuel Gompers' Own Story begins shortly in McClure's and will be continued through several numbers. Gompers, a humble workman, rose to the leadership of American labor, crushed German propaganda in the ranks of the toilers, and spurred labor to its task of sending our vast army and war supplies to France. He is the friend of Wilson, Lloyd George and Clemenceau and his career is intensely interesting and inspiring.

The menace of Bolshevism will be fought in the pages of McClure's through the medium of satire. Porter Emerson Browne, who made pacifists ridiculous in McClure's three years ago, will use his powerful humor to hit the Bolshevik between the eyes.

"Saul of Bridgeport," by Cleveland Moffett, will be an amazing serial to begin in April. Under the guise of fiction, Mr. Moffett will depict a toiler in one of our industrial cities undergoing the social and industrial changes Peace will bring.

"Gasless Sunday," by Wallace Irwin, is the first of the complete novelettes McClure's will publish each month. It is as amusing a piece of work as Mr. Irwin has ever done.

"Repopulating the Earth" is a series of striking yet helpful articles dealing with the means that will be adopted to replace the lines lost in the war. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, the famous pastor of Plymouth Church, is the author.

"The Cracking Knee," Richard Washburn Child's gripping adventure yarn, begins soon.

Lieutenant Coningsby Dawson, Dana Gatlin, Bruce Lessing, Sophie Kerr, Anna Steese Richardson, H. C. Witwer, Harrison Rhodes and many other writers of this class will make McClure's the most interesting and stimulating magazine that comes to your home.

CUT OFF—MAIL NOW!

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE McC. 2-19
25 West 44th Street, New York

I accept your offer. Send me "Fighting Germany's Spies," free and postpaid. Also enter my subscription to World's Work and McClure's, each for one year. I enclose $1.00 as first payment and will send you $1.00 a month for six months until I have paid $7.00 in all.

Name ....

Address ....

The Secret of Being a Convincing Talker

How I Learned It in One Evening

By GEORGE RAYMOND

"HAVE you heard the news about Frank Jordan?"

This question quickly brought me to the little group which had gathered in the center of the office. Jordan and I had started with the Great Eastern Machinery Co., within a month of each other, four years ago. A year ago, Jordan was taken into the accounting division and I was sent out as salesman. Neither of us was blessed with an unusual amount of brilliancy, but we "got by" in our new jobs well enough to hold them.

Imagine my amazement, then, when I heard:

"Jordan's just been made Treasurer of the Company!"

I could hardly believe my ears. But there was the "Notice to Employees" on the bulletin board, telling about Jordan's good fortune.

Now I knew that Jordan was a capable fellow, quiet, and unassuming, but I never would have picked him for any such sudden rise. I knew, too, that the Treasurer of the Great Eastern had to be a big man, and I wondered how in the world Jordan landed the place.

The first chance I got, I walked into Jordan's new office and after congratulating him warmly, I asked him to let me "in" on the details of how he jumped ahead so quickly. His story is so intensely interesting that I am going to repeat it as closely as I remember.

"I'll tell you just how it happened, George, because you may pick up a pointer or two that will help *you*.

"You remember how scared I used to be whenever I had to talk to the chief? You remember how you used to tell me that every time I opened my mouth I put my foot into it, meaning of course that every time I spoke I got into trouble? You remember when Ralph Sinton left to take charge of the Western office and I was asked to present him with the loving cup the boys gave him, how flustered I was and how I couldn't say a word because there were people around? You remember how confused I used to be every time I met new people? I couldn't say what I wanted to say when I wanted to say it; and I determined that if there was any possible chance to learn how to talk I was going to do it.

FREDERICK HOUK LAW

As educator, lecturer, executive, traveler and author few men are so well equipped by experience and training as Dr. Law to teach the art of effective speaking. His "Mastery of Speech" is the fruit of 20 years active lecturing and instruction in Eastern schools and colleges preceded by an education at Oxford Academy, Amherst College, Columbia University, The Teachers College, Brown University, and New York University. He holds the degrees of A.B., A.M. and Ph.D.

Dr. Law is the author of two novels, two books of poetry, and editor of six school textbooks. At present he is lecturer in English in New York University, Lecturer in Pedagogy in the Extension Work of the College of the City of New York, Head of the Dept. of English in the Stuyvesant H. S. and writer of the Weekly Lesson Plans for The Independent.

"The first thing I did was to buy a number of books on public speaking, but they seemed to be meant for those who wanted to become orators, whereas what I wanted to learn was not only how to speak in public but how to speak to individuals under various conditions in business and social life.

"A few weeks later, just as I was about to give up hope of ever learning how to talk interestingly, I read an announcement stating that Dr. Frederick Houk Law of New York University had just completed a new course in business talking and public speaking entitled 'Mastery of Speech.' The course was offered on approval without money in advance, so since I had nothing whatever to lose by examining the lessons, I sent for them and in a few days they arrived. I glanced through the entire eight lessons, reading the headings and a few paragraphs here and there, and in about an hour the whole secret of effective speaking was opened to me.

"For example, I learned why I had always lacked confidence, why talking had always seemed something to be dreaded whereas it is really the simplest thing in the world to 'get up and talk.' I learned how to secure complete attention to what I was saying and how to make everything I said interesting, forceful and convincing. I learned the art of listening, the value of silence, and the power of brevity. Instead of being funny at the wrong time, I learned how and when to use humor with telling effect.

"But perhaps the most wonderful thing about the lessons were the actual examples of what things to say and when to say them to meet every condition. I found that there was a knack in making oral reports to my superiors. I found that there was a right way and a wrong way to present complaints, to give estimates, and to issue orders.

"I picked up some wonderful pointers about how to give my opinions, about how to answer complaints, about how to ask the bank for a loan, about how to ask for extensions. Another thing that struck me forcibly was that instead of antagonizing people when I didn't agree with them, I learned how to bring them around to my way of thinking in the most pleasant sort of way. Then, of course, along with those lessons there were chapters on speaking before large audiences, how to find material for talking and speaking, how to talk to friends, how to talk to servants, and how to talk to children.

"Why, I got the secret the very first evening and it was only a short time before I was able to apply all of the principles and found that my words were beginning to have an almost magical effect upon everybody to whom I spoke. It seemed that I got things done instantly, where formerly, as you know, what I said 'went in one ear and out the other.' I began to acquire an executive ability that surprised me. I smoothed out difficulties like a true diplomat. In my talks with the chief I spoke clearly, simply, convincingly. Then came my first promotion since I entered the accounting department. I was given the job of answering complaints, and I made good. From that I was given the job of making collections. When Mr. Buckley joined the Officers' Training Camp, I was made Treasurer. Between you and me, George, my salary is now $7,500 a year and I expect it will be more from the first of the year.

"And I want to tell you sincerely, that I attribute my success solely to the fact that I learned how to talk to people."

****

When Jordan finished, I asked him for the address of the publishers of Dr. Law's course, and he gave it to me. I sent for it and found it to be exactly as he had stated. After studying the eight simple lessons I began to sell to people who had previously refused to listen to me at all. After four months of record breaking sales during the dullest season of the year, I received a wire from the chief asking me to return to the home office. We had quite a long talk in which I explained how I was able to break sales records—and I was appointed Sales Manager at almost twice my former salary. I know that there was nothing in me that had changed except that I had acquired the ability to talk where formerly I simply used "words without reason." I can never thank Jordan enough for telling me about Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking. Jordan and I are both spending all our spare time making public speeches on war subjects and Jordan is being talked about now as Mayor of our little Town.

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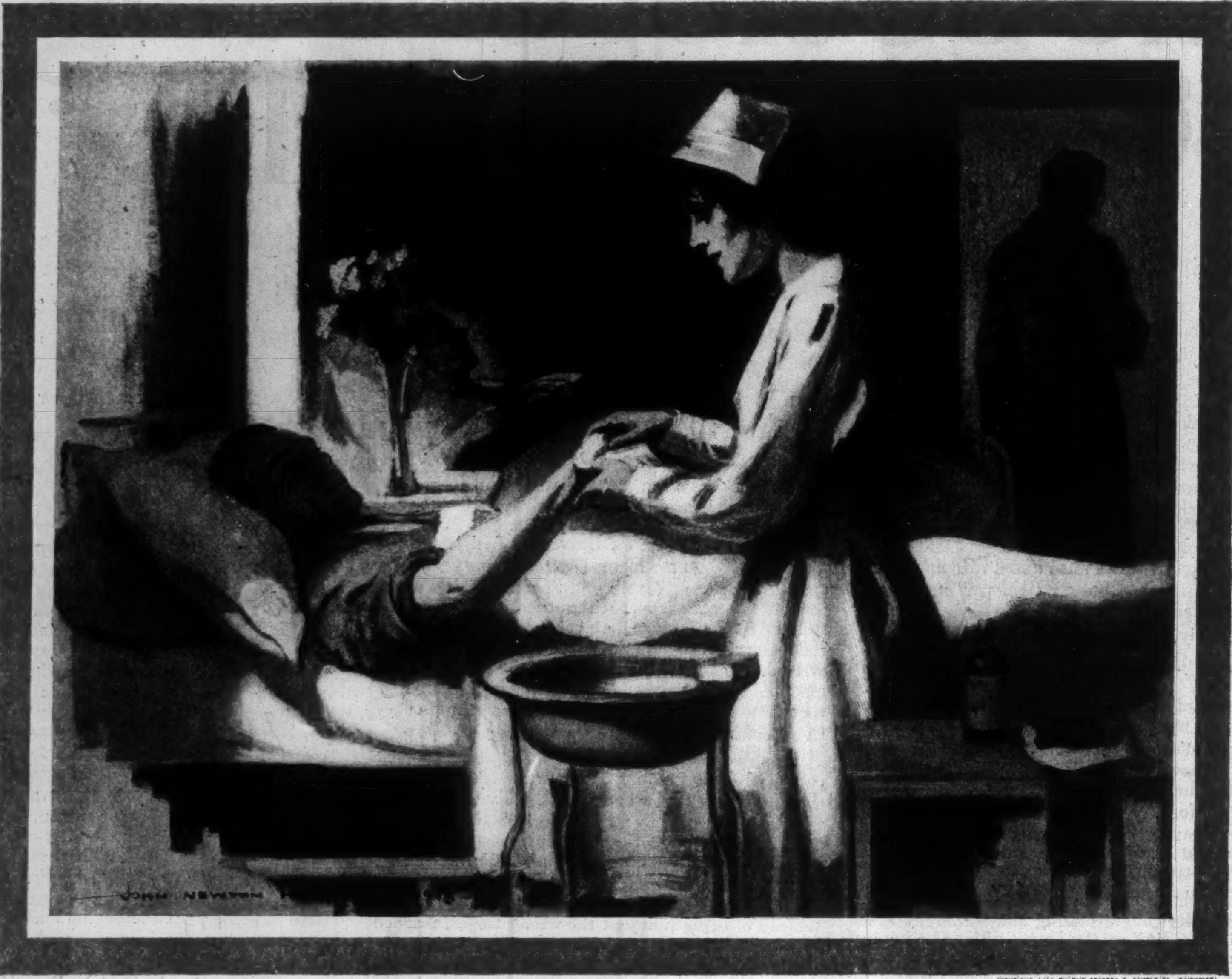

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FREDERICK L. COLLINS, Editor
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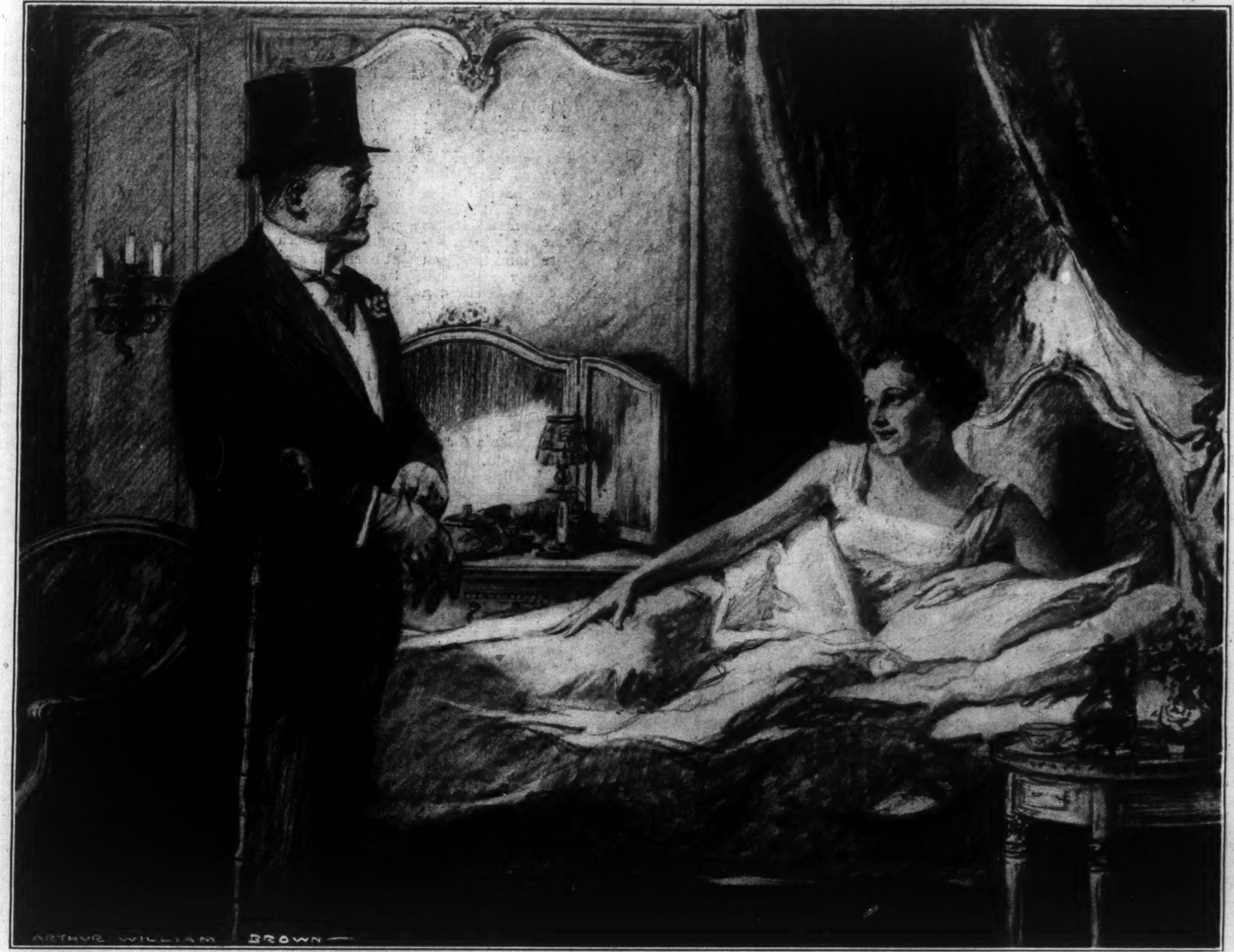

"You've done it at last, Letty," he said with his cynic's smile, "so take a good look at your work"

The Silk Hat

by Julian Street

Illustrations by Arthur William Brown

ADOLPHUS BLAGDON was wearing a silk hat.

The hat itself was not extraordinary save as all silk hats are. It was one of Frisby's latest block; it shone superbly; it was new. In these things it was like a thousand other hats. But there was one fact of great significance about it: it was the first silk hat that Blagdon ever owned. Yet, as most people will remember, Blagdon had reached the age of fifty, was enormously wealthy, and had attained the apex of his monstrous power.

The power, of course, emanated from proprietorship over the continent-embracing string of sensational daily journals known as the Blagdon papers; the wealth came largely from the same source; the fifty years had piled up naturally, as years will; but the silk hat was none of Nature's doings, nor of Blagdon's. It was his wife's achievement — the glittering crown of a decade's patient effort on the part of that pretty, precocious, persistent little lady.

"Dolph," she had said to him a few days before, "I've always helped you with your politicians and reformers and labor leaders and such, haven't I?"

Though Blagdon became apprehensive at once he could not deny the truth of what she said.

"You have," he admitted.

"I went south last winter with the Sweeneys and Markoes — wives and all — just to play your game, didn't I?"

He nodded.

"And I've done it for years — in Los Angeles when you were building up the *Sentinel*, and Denver after you bought the *Beacon*, and Butte and Cincinnati and Washington and all along the line, wherever we've had to live. Isn't that right?"

"Acknowledged."

"Hasn't my dope always been pretty good?" she persisted.

"A-1. What are you working up to, Letty?"

In reply she handed him a wedding invitation.

"Only that?" he said in a relieved tone, after glancing at the engraved sheet. "De Willoughby Jones's daughter and Reggie Johnson. It's only that you want me to go with you to the wedding?"

"Yes."

"From the way you came at me, I thought it was going to be lots worse."

"You'll go?"

"Sure."

She looked at him fixedly for a moment; then said:

"You understand, of course, that you've got to get a silk hat?"

"Oh, Letty!"

"Absolutely."

"But I thought we were all through with that nonsense."

"No, Dolph. You've fought shy of a silk hat as long as you can. I'm not going to miss this chance to meet people, and I'm not going out there alone — to get snubbed. You've got to help me the way I've helped you. You could get away with things in those other towns that you can't get away with in New York. Out west they understand those old black slouch hats of yours; in Washington they pass as statesmanlike; in Butte and Cincinnati people put up with them because they thought you were a genius or something; but in New York they're used to geniuses and expect them to be like everybody else. Don't you see that you've got to change your own policy, according to the

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place you're in, just like you do with the policy of your papers? In New York there are certain places where certain things are expected as a matter of course, and this wedding is one of the places where silk hats are expected."

For Blagdon here was a dilemma. In the past he had managed to put her off by saying that silk hats were uncomfortable, that he was not "the silk hat kind," that he would "look like the devil in a silk hat," but he felt now, because of her intensity, that the old excuses would suffice no longer.

"You know why the De Willoughby Joneses invited us?" he suggested.

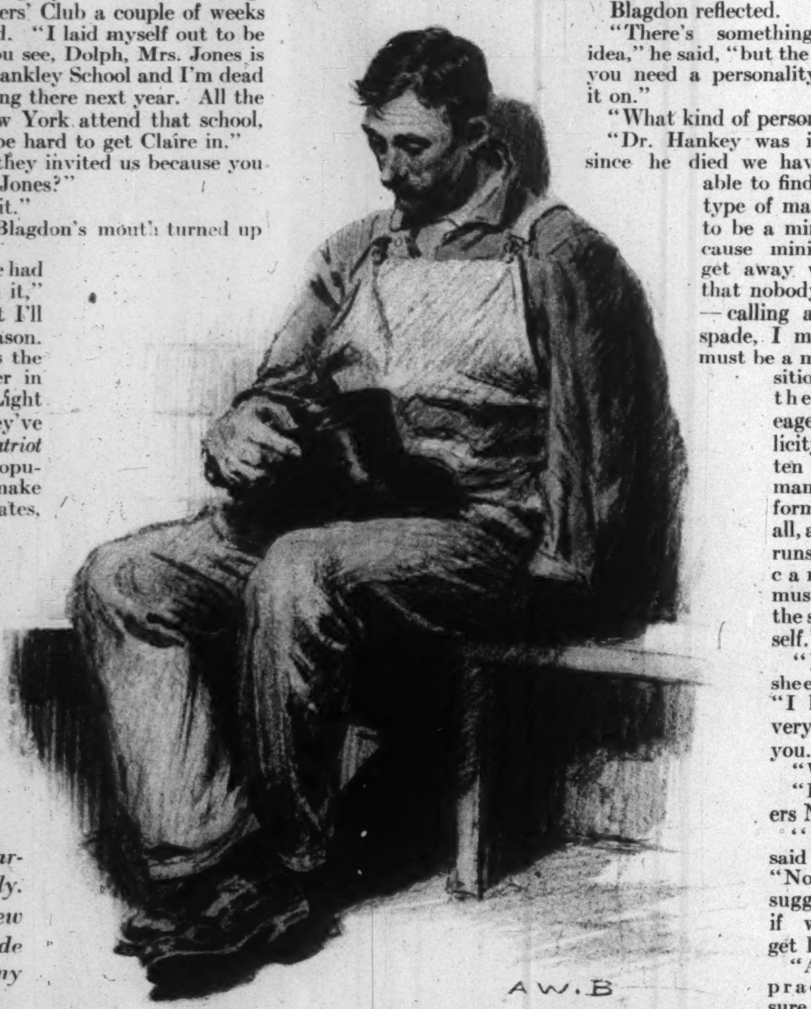
"Mrs. De Willoughby Jones and her daughter came down to my Officers' Club a couple of weeks ago," she returned. "I laid myself out to be nice to them. You see, Dolph, Mrs. Jones is a trustee of the Blankley School and I'm dead set on Claire's going there next year. All the nicest girls in New York attend that school, and it's going to be hard to get Claire in."

"So you think they invited us because you were nice to Mrs. Jones?"

"I guess that's it."

One corner of Blagdon's mouth turned up in a cynic's smile.

"That may have had a little to do with it," he conceded, "but I'll tell you the real reason. Old Willy Jones is the biggest stockholder in Knickerbocker Light and Power, and they've heard that the *Patriot* is going to start a popular campaign to make them lower their rates, the same as we did last year with Manhattan Gas. Old Willy Jones wants to get next to Pappa." He tapped himself upon the chest.


A.W.B

Joe Zwaaf was staring at it fixedly. He never knew before, what made a silk hat shiny

"Take my tip, and let him, then!" said she. "They can do us more good socially than any people we know. Things are changing for us, Dolph. It isn't like when we were living all over the place. We're settled in New York now, and we must be thinking about getting the position we're entitled to — especially with Claire growing up."

"But we've got to run the papers," he insisted. "Skinner has been looking into Knickerbocker Light and Power, and there's no question that their rates are too high. Our readers naturally expect a certain amount of anti-corporation stuff. You know as well as I do that class feeling and sex appeal are our two big holds. It's time we were pulling a big sensational campaign of some kind."

"Why?"

"Well," he said, with unusual frankness, "for a lot of reasons. There ought to be something like that every so often, anyhow, but just now it's especially advisable. You know we got in wrong with a lot of people, at the beginning of the War, by playing Germany to win; then we bucked the draft and got in worse yet. We never made two more unfortunate breaks. Of course all that is getting straightened out. We're patriotic as hell now. But a good many people still remember, and, therefore, we must keep doing things to divert them."

"But it hasn't got to be about corporations," she said, "and even if it had, there are plenty of corporations besides De Willoughby Jones's. I've been meaning to speak to you about that. There's nothing the *Patriot* does that's quite so bad for me — socially, I mean — as that series of cartoons called 'A Rich Man's War.' You know, Dolph, half the people we want to know are mixed up in Wall Street, and that pig in a silk hat that Grady always draws and labels 'Wall Street' is really awful. I've been wondering if you couldn't — if you couldn't find something else, in place of it, to — "

"Something else!" he exclaimed. "Why, Letty, that's one of the biggest hits we've ever had!"

"But this really *isn't* a rich man's war."

"Nothing to do with it!" he declared with asperity. "These things are matters of policy."

"I suppose so," she rejoined. Then: "You were speaking a moment ago of sex appeal. Well, what's the matter with an anti-vice crusade? It offends practically no one. Couldn't you use something like that in place of attacks on Wall Street? It's several years, now, since you worked up the big white-slave scare, and you never had a better circulation builder — I've heard you say so."

Blagdon reflected.

"There's something in the idea," he said, "but the trouble is, you need a personality to hang it on."

"What kind of personality?"

"Dr. Hankey was ideal, but since he died we haven't been able to find the right type of man. It has to be a minister, because ministers can get away with stuff that nobody else can — calling a spade a spade, I mean. He must be a man of position, a little theatrical, eager for publicity and bitten with the mania for reform. Above all, a man who runs such a campaign must believe the stuff, himself."

"Dolph," she exclaimed, "I know the very man for you."

"Who?"

"Dr. Rivers Nutley."

"Jove!" said Blagdon. "Not a bad suggestion — if we could get him."

"And I'm practically sure we can. I only met him once and then he told me how he had always envied Dr. Hankey the opportunity to write for the *Patriot*, because in that way a man could reach so many more people than from the pulpit. And he has all the other qualifications."

"Yes, I think he has."

"And besides," she said, "if you hired him it would play into my hand. He's a brother-in-law of Mrs. De Willoughby Jones, you see. You'll be able to broach the matter when you go out to the wedding. He's going to officiate."

Blagdon's face fell.

"Oh — the wedding," he said without enthusiasm. "You know, Letty, about that silk hat — I don't think you quite understand — "

On the verge of revealing to her his actual reason for avoiding a silk hat he stopped abruptly. It was not usual for him to give the actual reasons for the things he did, or did not do. In many large affairs it was important that his motives be not generally understood; and through concealing the springs of action in these larger cases he had gradually acquired a custom of concealment in all circumstances involving any risk of self-revelation. The acquired instinct now asserted itself. He did not finish his sentence.

IN the present instance this policy was a mistake. Mrs. Blagdon was a reasonable woman and had often shown herself able to appreciate the need for certain strategies; wherefore it is not improbable that, had he frankly informed her of the true cause for his aversion to the sleek and splendorous tile, she would have perceived that he was right, and helped him to escape it. For, despite her wise remark about what New York expects of genius, it cannot be denied that genius coupled with money is allowed much latitude anywhere in the world. Properly convinced, she might have found a way to manage even New York on the silk-hat-and-genius theory. But she was not properly convinced.

"Oh," she said, "that's all settled." And so, indeed, it was.

Nevertheless, Blagdon had, in truth, more reasons then ever for avoiding a silk hat. Having deluged others in streams of undesired and undesirable publicity, he was none the less himself afraid of publicity of a kind most men would deem quite harmless. The truth was that he cared even less to be photographed in a group composed of fashionables, than fashionables cared to be photographed with him. Least of all he cared to be photographed in a silk hat. For years the cartoonists on his various newspapers had used the silk hat as a symbol for unhallowed wealth, placing it upon the heads of bestial figures labeled "Greed," "the Trusts," "Wall Street," "Money Power" and "the Interests." The idea of placing a silk hat upon his own head, in the face of all this, had always struck him as unpleasantly incongruous. At the mere incongruity, however, he would not have violently rebelled. The trouble was that newspaper photographers were always taking photographs of groups of distinguished persons at political gatherings, in the grandstand at parades, and at events of social consequence. To being in such pictures he had no objection — but not with a silk hat. Decidedly not! For, though he could exclude silk-hatted portraits of himself from his own papers, he could not keep them out of others; and such pictures of him, getting into print, might cause readers of the Blagdon papers to do a little thinking about Blagdon. And though Skinner, and Blagdon's other editorial writers, were continually urging their public — in capital letters — to "THINK," no one knew better than Blagdon that, were his readers really to follow this advice, they would soon cease to be his readers.

UNDERSTAND, please, that Blagdon did not object to being thought about. On the contrary, he desired a prominent place in the mind of the proletariat, from which he was hoping ultimately to receive great gifts in the way of high political office. But, like the Kaiser, he knew that it was not enough merely to be thought about. The essential thing was to be thought about in the right way.

Not that the right way for the Kaiser was the right way for Blagdon, either, but that each must have due regard, in all public appearances, for the impression to be made upon their respective masses. Thus, for example, where a photograph of the Kaiser, in his shirt-sleeves, shaking hands with a boilermaker would not do at all, because it would make him appear unarrogant and democratic, a photograph of Blagdon in his shirt-sleeves, shaking hands with a boilermaker struck just the right note — because it made him appear unarrogant and democratic. And, similarly, whereas the Kaiser must be photographed only in imposing surroundings, magnificent apparel and a shiny hat, as befitting one claiming God as a pal, Blagdon must *not* be photographed in imposing surroundings, magnificent apparel or a shiny hat, lest he cease to appear in the guise of a pal of the masses.

These were points in the argument which Blagdon did not lay before his wife; and it seems probable that in refraining from so doing he made a great mistake; for had he not done so, he might have motored to the fashionable wedding wearing the black slouch hat he usually affected. And who knows but, had the orbits of Joe Zwaaf and Blagdon's new silk hat not crossed each other, Mrs. Blagdon might one day have found herself hostess in the executive mansion at Albany, or even in the White House itself?

Nor, as such things go in the United States, could Mrs. Blagdon be pronounced unfit for positions so exalted. It has been said that she was pretty. She was also young, tactful, shrewd, knew how to dress, had access to her husband's coffers, and possessed a kind of youthful charm which lost nothing through a slight timidity resulting from occasional snubbings administered to her, not as an individual, but as her husband's wife. For fastidious persons would not under any circumstances associate with the Blagdons, and even the semi-fastidious avoided knowing them unless they very much desired some of Blagdon's money or some of his publicity or something else that he could furnish.

Still there were many decent people who would not have objected to Mrs. Blagdon individually as hostess at Albany or Washington. Obviously, however, such chatelaineship would involve high public office for her husband. . . . Blagdon as Governor! Blagdon as President! Unthinkable! Yet not unthinkable. For the menace was there and growing stronger.

II

THE wedding day of Miss Angelica Marlborough Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. De Willoughby Jones, of Jonescliff, dawned inauspiciously for Mrs. Blagdon;

nor can the seer resist adding that as the day continued, its inauspiciousness for her and hers increased. Suffice it for the present, however, that Mrs. Blagdon awoke with a sick headache and was unable to rise.

The discovery that his wife was too ill to attend the wedding struck Blagdon at first as something in the nature of a dispensation of Providence, designed to relieve him at one stroke of certain social and cranial elegancies. But he was mistaken.

"BE sure to come in and let me see you before you start," his wife murmured from her pillow as he stood before her in his bathrobe.

"Before I start?"

"Yes, to the wedding. It's to-day, you know."

"You want me to go without you?"

"Of course."

"But look here, kid — "

"*Please*, Dolph," she sighed, closing her eyes. "I'm not up to an argument. And you really *must* stop calling me 'kid.' It may be all right between ourselves, but the first thing you know you'll be pulling it before strangers."

"All right, all right," he assented impatiently. "But about this rotten wedding — I don't want to go alone."

"Take Skinner."

"Well," he gave in, "I suppose I can do that. We've got a lot of things to talk over."

"Be sure to speak to Mrs. De Willoughby Jones, Dolph. Make a fuss over her. Mention her having come to my Officers' Club. Tell her I've been saying lovely things about her ever since. She can stand a lot of that."

"Yes."

"And try to meet the Cosmo Pembertons. They'll be there. And remember that Mrs. Pemberton is a sister of Senator Janeway."

"That's a good tip."

"In return for it," she continued, still speaking with closed eyes, "you can do something for me. Be very nice to Mrs. Calmont. She hasn't any men that can be of use to you, but she fits very nicely into my plans."

"All right."

"And you know that dapper little man with waxed moustaches — F. Reverdy Slocum?"

"He's a worm," Blagdon said.

"Yes; but he's useful."

"How?"

"He's a regular little social encyclopedia — knows all about who's related to who, and what this person and that is interested in, and who's having an affair with who. He could help both of us in lots of ways. I've been thinking, too, that you might use him to tip off inside society stuff for the paper. He's always broke."

"I'll talk to him," said her husband. "This wedding may not be a total loss, after all."

"Far from it," said she. "And another thing — don't forget that Dr. Rivers Nutley was a pacifist until he nearly got kicked out of his church. The only things that saved his bacon were his eloquence and the way he switched after the draft went through. Now he says the soldier is the true pacifist. Pretty good dodging, I call that! A little sympathetic inside stuff about an early peace will go a long way with him."

"I get you," Blagdon said.

He took up the extension telephone from her table and called for Mr. Skinner's house.

"Hello, Skinner," he said, a moment later, on being connected with his editor-in-chief. "Get in your car and come right over to my house, please. Oh — and doll up for a wedding, will you? I want you to ride out with me to see old Willy Jones's daughter married. It will give us a good chance to talk, going and coming. Yes. Yes. Silk hats, of course. Why, certainly. . . . Yes, sure I've got one!"

Then he returned to his own room to dress.

He wore a braided cutaway coat, and the new hat was on his head, when he returned to his wife's room for inspection.

"You've done it at last, Letty," he said with his cynic's smile, "so take a good look at your work."

From her pillow she surveyed him.

"And you always said it would be unbecoming," said she. "Why, you look fine!"

"Too damn fine!" he said, ruefully.

"No; just right. And you're to go out there in my car, Dolph — not yours. It will complete the picture."

"In that jewel-box on wheels?"

"It's the best turned-out car in New York!" she retorted.

"Well," he said, "I seem to be in for it to-day. I suppose I may as well go the whole hog, to please you."

"That's a good boy. Is Skinner here? You ought to be starting."

"Yes; he's waiting down-stairs."

"Remember," she warned finally, "with that crowd out there it's best to keep your newspapers in the background. Be the statesman; not the publisher. In their hearts they all hate the *Patriot*, of course. Play up politics, social reform, charity and patriotic work. And don't forget to tell them how sorry I was that I couldn't come."

"Poor kid," he said, moving toward the door. "That much will be on the level, anyhow!"

III

MR. CYPRIAN SKINNER, editor-in-chief of all the Blagdon papers, had been waiting for perhaps half an hour when his employer, fully caparisoned, entered the library.

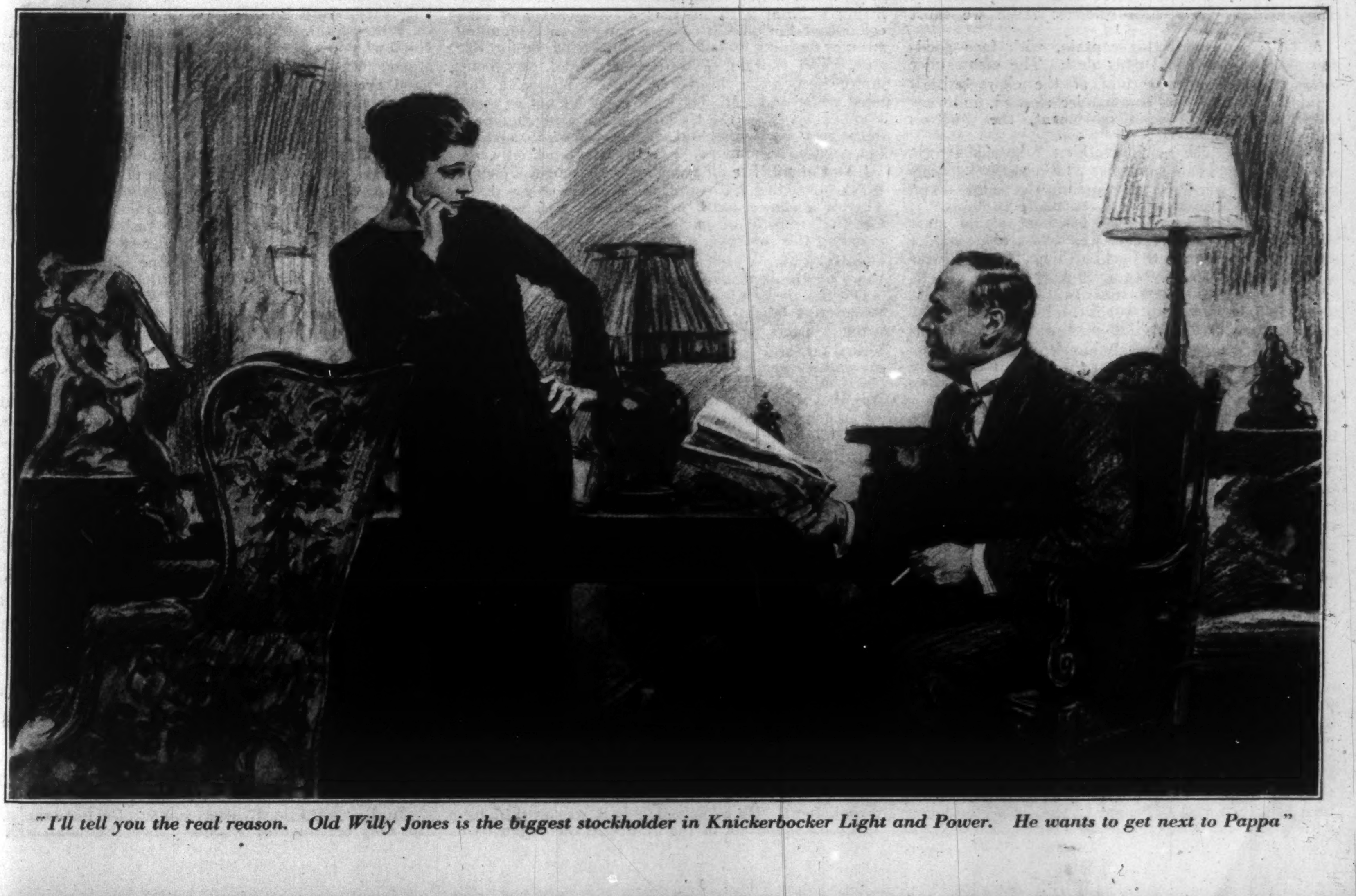
"Ah!" exclaimed Skinner, in recognition of the new regalia. "Distinguished, my dear Chief. Truly distinguished!" And with an aptitude at quotation that was highly characteristic of him, he added: "Wasn't it the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table who called the hat the '*ultimum moriens* of respectability'?"

In reply to all of which Blagdon merely grinned his one-sided grin and gave a little grunt.

Skinner's own silk hat rested upon the library table beside the leather portfolio from which he was seldom separated. Silk hats were nothing new to him. He had worn them, when occasion demanded, ever since he could remember. But then, Skinner was not looking for political position. He wanted nothing of the proletariat — nothing, that is, save that it keep on buying Blagdon papers and reading Skinner editorials therein, thus assuring Skinner's tenure of the proud position of highest-paid newspaper man.

IN their basic qualities of mind and belief Blagdon and Skinner were much alike. Selfishness and cynicism were the dominating traits in both, and they appreciated each other as only a pair of cold cynics can. Blagdon's cynicism, however, was rather like that of a street car conductor, or a newsboy whose contempt for humanity is the result of contact with humanity at close quarters; whereas the cynicism of Skinner was more detached, more Bismarckian, more erudite, more the result of a naturally acid point of view combined with wide education and an extensive survey of the idiotic doings of the human race since the beginnings of history. Skinner, that is, had background. He would say that man had always been an ass; whereas Blagdon did not care a snap whether man had, or had not, been an ass in the past, so long as he was at present sufficiently an ass to serve Blagdon's purpose.

Emerging from the house [*Continued on page 46*]



"I'll tell you the real reason. Old Willy Jones is the biggest stockholder in Knickerbocker Light and Power. He wants to get next to Pappa"

Photograph Paul Thompson

"For Those in Peril on the Sea"

by

Reginald Wright Kauffman

Accredited Correspondent with the United States Navy

EDITORIAL NOTE: Even though the War is over, the United States still has an army in France. What the world does not realize is that for the safe delivery of those troops, and the food that still maintains them, more than half the credit is due to the officers and men of the tiny U. S. destroyers. During the War, Mr. Kauffman, bearing credentials from Admirals Sims and Wilson, sailed with them, and of their arduous work and perilous life he here gives some account.

"IT'S a regular little fleet," said the captain, as we came over the side together. "This boat commands it, and I command this boat. The lot of us are to take a group of supply ships back through the danger-zone. Out there, once we've said good-bye to our 'empties,' I'll open a sealed envelope given me by the Admiral, ashore, this afternoon. In it I'll find orders to proceed with my destroyers to some designated spot at sea, and there, at a stated minute, we'll meet an incoming flotilla of liners loaded down with soldiers: those we must bring safe to France."

A tall, lean man, this captain, with face good-natured, but firm, and eyes alert. The commander of a vessel acquires certain of the characteristics of his boat, and this commander showed, in every quick gesture and rapid movement, the qualities of his destroyer.

"Got some woolen underclothing?" he asked. (It was a torrid day in midsummer.) "It's best to be wearing flannels if you have to jump into the water — and on this job it's always best to be ready to jump."

A technical description of his boat would start with the statement that it was oil-burning and, I suppose, proceed something like this: "Length (over all), 315 feet, 3 inches; beam, 29 feet, 8 inches; draft, 9.4; displacement 1,095 tons; watertight compartments, 29; fuel-oil ditto, 10; fuel-oil capacity, 92,687 gallons; Normand tubular boilers, 4; masts, 70 feet; horse-power, 17,000; maximum speed, 32 knots; four-inch guns, 4; 21-inch twin torpedo-tubes, 4; officers 11; men, 120; 4 Parsons marine steam-turbines with reduction-gear to the propeller-shafts."

That, at any rate, was what I was told; what I came to know was a boat with so tremendous a cruising-radius that she can go the whole way from Brest to New York and back at twelve knots an hour without taking on fresh fuel. In that she is like the rest of her type. Like the rest of her type, moreover, she can rush through the water as an express train rushes along the rails; smokeless, save when smoke is intentional, she can instantly hide herself in a great cloud as completely as a cuttlefish seeking safety in its own secretions; she turns on her toes and answers her helm as a horse answers its bridle, and she increases her speed with the response of the spurred hunter. I know she can do these things, because I have seen her do them.

What, however, I at first saw was what looked to me like a grotesquely unwieldy creature. Her camouflage made her a sea-clown. She carried boats for about a tenth of her complement. With the high-piled depth-charge slide running down its center, her iron main-deck knew no rail for two-thirds of its length; it was not five feet above the water, nor more than thirty feet wide amidships, and, at sea, it was precariously awash. Forward, she was top-heavy with a four-story superstructure: the ward-room and officers' quarters, surmounted by the glassed-in chart-house, topped by the bridge and capped by the foretop and flashlight-station. Below, she was as full of machinery as a watch, a miracle of compactness; imagine a watch-case first filled by its works and then every cranny crowded by explosives, and you have the average U. S. destroyer's relative proportions of gear and death. Darting through the unlighted night among her mighty and cumbersome charges, she carried, above plates of mere pasteboard thickness, what the lightest collision might fire to instant life, blasting her to such bits that not the slightest trace would have remained.

In the captain's cabin, which he turned over to me, the commander was getting into his working-clothes and tossing me duplicates for donning.

"Not much like the pictures, is it?" he laughed.

It wasn't. Artists uphold the tradition of Farragut lashed to his mast as if he were going on parade; they imagine our boats' commanders at work in the tight-fitting uniform with its pocketless jacket and high collar that the officers of six or more years' standing are now deciding by ballot to exchange for comfortable gear. The captain of a destroyer, and everybody under him, wear hip-boots, three jerseys, a fur-lined reefer and a life-belt: he resembles not so much Phœbus Apollo as the titular deity of a logging-camp in the great northwest, and as he begins, so, throughout the voyage, he remains.

"You might take off your boots, if you get a chance to sleep, but don't count on a shave — we don't. There's a shower-bath, forward here, but we don't use that outside of harbor. Friend of mine, commanding this destroyer's sister tried a shower on the last trip out. Watch sighted a periscope. He had to go on the bridge in his suds."

On the desk lay a thick volume of typewritten manuscript labeled "Doctrine." In elaborate detail, through pages and pages, it laid down the speed, formation and procedure of convoying destroyers in what seemed to me every conceivable contingency.

"Read it," said the captain, "but don't write it. Not that it's such a dark secret. We know that subs see us ten times to one time that they attack, and so our soundest piece of doctrine is: 'Always proceed with scientific irregularity.'"

He ran to the bridge. A moment later, following him, I heard shouted orders and the ringing of many bells. By the time that I was in the open, our destroyers, having herded their big charges into proper formation, were proceeding, following and flanking them toward the open sea.

PROCEDURE was ordered by every known sort of signal, and each sort had to be instantly obeyed under risk of collision. There was the radio for dark and distance, the flash-lamp for twilight; the flag-semaphore for close quarters by day, and, above all, there was the unbroken procession of parti-colored bits of bunting, each bit a phrase or letter, which bobbed to the foretop: "Rot! Quack!" — our captain called them off by the fantastic names assigned them, each name beginning with the letter required and all named so that the man pulling the halyard would not confuse letters of similar sound.

"And then," said the captain, "there's the smoke-signal, too." He explained how it was worked by a quick manipulation of the blower in the engine-room.

"The smoke-screen developed from that," he added; "and I'm its innocent inventor. Once, off Long Island, I was commanding a bunch of oil-burning destroyers in a war-game, waiting to 'attack' some battleships. One of our blowers went wrong. We were nearly strangled and completely hidden from our flag-ship. Got a stiff call-down; but when the 'enemy' appeared, we were all ordered to repeat by design what I had done by accident. It won us the game, and now's in use in every navy in the world."

Your destroyer no sooner clears the harbor than you wonder whether the chief part of the crew's education is not devoted to the art of walking on the hands, feet in air. Against seasickness I am fortunately immune, but, though I have sailed in some crazy craft, I never sailed in one so active as this I was now aboard. I asked how the men stood it.

"SOME are sick every time they come out," said the captain. "There's a specialist in base-hospital No. 5 who does practically nothing but treat destroyer-stomach cases. But if it's just an acute case, they must grin and bear it; now and again it comes to chronic hemorrhages, and then we have to assign the patients to land-duty."

Otherwise, the crew of a destroyer does not fare badly. Their quarters are not much more confined than the officers'; and the health of no pupil in a finishing-school is more carefully looked after than that of a bluejacket. Each morning his clothing is ordered in accord with the prevailing weather conditions; if he is on duty at a meal-time, his food is kept warm for him. I recall one seaman's answer to my question as to what he had had for supper.

"Beans an' jam," he said. "I thought they might 'a' given us potatoes. Jam don't go with just beans."

The captain heard that. He demanded from the cook an instant accounting. It appeared that the complainant had forgotten three other items of the menu.

However, all eating on a destroyer is a sleight-of-hand matter. There were times when I thought that, if our boat pitched and tossed only a bit more rapidly, one movement would neutralize another and the food remain stationary, but that hope was vain. Space was so limited that there were bunks along each end of the ward-room — bunks high-railed, so that the sleepers would not be tossed across it, and padded, like every other vulnerable point of contact inside a destroyer, so their bones won't be broken if they *are* tossed across it. On these bunks we sat and, knees elevated by the rail, could just protect our plates in the hollows of our laps. There was a junior officer whose shore-physician was dieting him and who hesitated about a plate offered by a reeling steward.

"Are peas carbohydrates?" he shouted above the roar of the sea.

Before we could answer, peas and steward had shot through the open door and were rolling together along the railless main-deck.

I wondered then where was the ship's surgeon.

"We don't carry that luxury on a destroyer," I was assured. "There's neither time nor space for him. We've got to take our chances."

In the ward-room, after supper, the captain got his only ten minutes' leisure. Then the radio, which was forever sending him messages received, sent him the intercepted communiqués, including the German; and he might read the Navy Department's reports on sewage-disposal in the York River, Virginia, which, since he still was officially attached to a fleet, a part whereof is stationed in American waters, punctiliously came to him. Later, he must ascend to the chart-house, where, when he isn't on the bridge, he remains all night long. Such sleep as he can snatch he snatches there, and every little while a sailor comes to bail out the residue of a trespassing wave, and hoarse voices through innumerable speaking-tubes in the walls interrupt his dreams.

We talked through wakeful hours in minutes captured as they flew. Orders to the ships that we were guiding snapped hither and yon. On the big desk in the little chart-room, a younger officer plotted our course, set down bits of news now and again wirelessed from our navy's base in France, and calculated to a nicety just how sure we were to collide with some northbound or southbound convoy before morning. On an average of once in each half-hour one of our great, blundering wards would all but run us down, and we would have to spin around and jump away with a suddenness that often took my legs from under me.

It was then that I was made acquainted with those dangers which make life on a destroyer the thing it is. They are merely mines, collisions, the perils of a treacherous coast and submarines.

News of mines was wirelessed, so soon as received, both directly to such ships as were within call and to the base, whence the warning was again distributed. But the German subs were daily as active in mine-laying as in transport-searching and supply-ship-searching, and discovery of the mines depended upon at least one explosion, which might have happened safely in the drag-wires of a sweeper or, less safely, against the prow of a merchant-ship. Should it happen to a destroyer, there would be no destroyer left to report the event.

THE danger of collisions I have already sufficiently indicated: "Ships that pass in the afternoon are more comfortable," said my captain, "than those that pass in the night." But the coast's natural perils deserve a word to themselves.

In our French zone of operations the coast is mostly that of the notorious Bay of Biscay, whereof the romances of W. H. G. Kingston and Clark Russell were full. Its storms are infamous, its tides tremendous. Needle-like rocks leap out of deep water, and around them swirl currents that gallop at from two to seven sea-miles an hour. Against such enemies our destroyers have but one protection.

Every destroyer takes with her a pilot licensed by the French navy. He is generally Breton-born, and the Bretons, say our officers, are the best sailors in the world; his government has demanded ten years' schooling of him before conferring his diploma. He has that coast by heart; he is friends with every tree that can be sighted from the water; and, at the first glimpse of a rock stabbing out of a twenty-four hours' fog, he will call that rock by a pet name.

In British waters there was a group of our destroyers called "The Hunting Fleet," which was sent out to attack submarines in such areas as were known to be infested with underseas craft; but the status of the destroyers that brought our army to France is of another sort. Their first duty was to protect the convoy: they must defend some one else, which is far more dangerous than attacking the enemy; it is in addition to this duty, and as a development of it, that they had to ram or gun, such submarine as appeared on the surface and drop depth-charges over such as submerged — drop and get away with all possible speed, lest they themselves be blown to atoms in the process. The destroyer was a poor mark for a submarine, but when the mark was hit the destroyer's own explosives did the rest, and there followed nothing but disappearance. The few survivors of one destroyer so destroyed were lately picked up after eighteen hours in the water: they were keeping warm by turning over an elliptical raft and singing, in the water, "Where Do We Go from Here?"

Next Month: "We're Coming Back to You," by Lieutenant Coningsby Dawson

"There are two subs that have been working around here pretty regularly," said my captain. "The boys call them for the areas they operate in: 'Penmarch Pete' and 'Armen Archie.' When they get a boat, we have to stand by and rescue. We keep the whiskey and the bichlorid ready for victims: the whiskey revives them, and the bichlorid keeps us clean. Of course we make a go at the sub, too. Sometimes we are too quick for them: I saw one submerge with all her fake sails spread."

There was another around which was dumped a complete barrage of depth-charges — it limped into Spain, damaged, and was interned there — and a third that went straight to the bottom. Our captain knew them all by their whereabouts and methods, much as a detective knows the name of the burglar by the manner in which he goes about the burglary.

"Schooner attacked in such and such a way," would come the report to our chart-room; "reports from this latitude, that longitude."

"That's Hans Rose's work," would be the captain's comment.

I showed him a transport-master's formal report that I had copied ashore. With only the names changed, it ran as follows:

> The Athena, with guns loaded forward and aft, was proceeding in convoy to France with numerous other craft. The gun-crews were all at their stations and the lookout carefully kept; the captain was on the bridge and had scarcely slept for several days. On — March, about 4 p. m., being — hours from the coast and the escort expected soon, a torpedo was sighted to starboard, 150 yards away, running part of the time submerged, then jumping clear of the sea, like a large fish chasing its prey. We blew six whistles as a warning to everyone in the convoy, then fired a salvo from the forward gun. One of the shots, which was fired directly into the rays of the sun, struck fair on the bridge of our convoy-mate, the Bernadette, who had the time to turn. The shell did not explode, but passed over the ship, close beside the legs of the captain, mate and officer of the deck, who were all on the bridge at this part of the trip. The torpedo having vanished, and it appearing from the action of the Bernadette's captain that the shot had angered him, the captain of the Athena ordered "Cease Firing"!

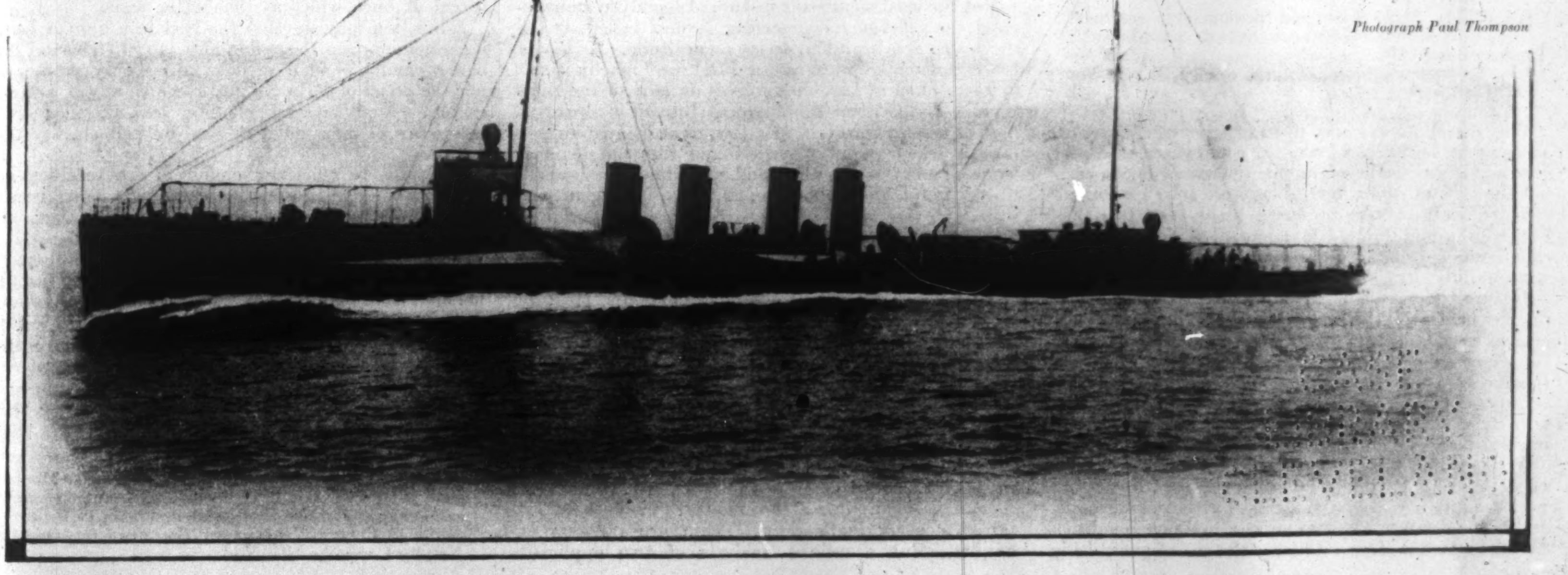
"I know," chuckled my captain, "every transport that comes in has seen subs: you'd think they were as thick as rails in a fence. A submarine submerging makes a mark in the water like that of a diving big fish; the torpedo leaves a wake that a porpoise loves to imitate — and everything looks queer when there's much phosphorus about. The navy has to have stringent rules for recording submarine sinkings. It acknowledges three grades: absolute, probable and possible. To prove the first, it's best to bring in a live prisoner; for the second, you must produce a bit of rigging; the crew's evidence of oil and wreckage mounting to the surface may score you the third. As soon as you get back to port, the Admiral himself conducts the inquiry."

PERHAPS it was because of this talk that, when I went below, my dreams were uneasy. The boat sounded like a boiler-factory; she plunged, buckled, rolled. It would have been death to lie down on the high-hung bunk; even to the low bench one had to cling as tight as if he were bob-sledding down a long and rough hill. Then, the codes were kept in that captain's cabin, and these had every little while to be consulted. Finally, out of these walls, too, where tubes led to the bridge, came muffled messages: Eusapia Palladino could not have done more. I decided to go to the bridge myself.

Private Doughboy, do you think that waves look high from the rail of your transport? Wait till, by night, you are rolled, as I then was, across the deck of a destroyer and vainly try to look over the hissing crests that arch the foretop, veil the zenith and break amidships. Now you will be clinging to a rope while your diminutive boat, panting like an Alpine-climber, stands on its propellers and staggers up a blank wall of angry blue; comes a moment when the destroyer is dizzily balanced upon an inch of water with yawning precipices before and behind; follows, down the former of these, a toboggan-rush that you are sure will drive your nose into the floor of the sea. The waves that the destroyer does not go over she goes through; those which do not break above her pound the hull with blows that rattle her plates and set the soles of your feet a-tingle. There are moments when, infuriated by the onslaught of a high swell, she will stand on her nose and hit it with her tail.

Once the seas were seething over the main-deck and beating on the lashed depth-charges, each of which contained enough high explosive to wipe the ship from the ocean's top — and one of which broke loose. Immediately a sailor vaulted upon it. With its loosened cording in his hands, as if the cord were a bridle, he sat astride that rolling keg of death and kept his seat as some dare-devil cow-puncher would keep his seat on an unbroken broncho.

"Hey!" he yelled to his comrades.



Photograph Paul Thompson

"Stand by and lend a hand! It won't do to let this colt get away from me."

For my part, the journey to the bridge reminded me of an old nightmare, wherein, amid splashing spray, I used to walk a pitching slack-wire above Niagara Falls. Indeed, once arrived, I was still in a shower-bath, for the water is flung as high as the wheel when the boat encounters a "big one."

The way some of the orders are called down to the engine-room from the deck

Photo Paul Thompson

Groping my way to the leather-covered cushions that buttress the bridge's rail, but that do not succeed in preventing a certain amount of bruising, I found myself one of a crowd. What with lookouts, signalmen, wheelmen and engine-room directors, there are rarely less than a dozen men on the bridge of a destroyer. In the roar of the wind and waves, they seem strangely silent, and whenever an order is given it must be shouted.

"Average speed twenty-five!" bawled the captain.

A man was dimly discernible pulling an obedient lever. . . .

We tossed on and on. Slowly the first hint of dawn began to clear the sea. Only sister-destroyers were in view.

"Where," I wondered, "is the convoy?"

"On its way home," said the captain. "Didn't you hear me order a speed of twenty-five an hour ago? That's when we said good-bye to them. Now we're beating it down to another point to make contact with the incoming troopships."

It seemed to take us an eternity to get there. Hanging to the rail, I must have dozed a bit. I woke to hear one of the lookouts saying, precisely as if he were reporting an expected lighthouse:

"Periscope two points off the port bow, sir."

A junior officer pulled at my sleeve. He pointed.

"There," said he. "Prettiest submarine wake I've ever seen."

His words were drowned by a shriek from the siren: it was "general quarters."

As a boxer spins about after rushing and passing his opponent, our destroyer spun about in the sea and charged for the mark in the water that, clear as it may have been to the junior officer, was invisible to me. What happened I know, but what I saw was merely an ordered dash of men to preordained stations. There were bells; there were voices.

The captain leaned over the rail, one hand upraised.

"Now!" he called.

Down an inclined pair of rails and over our stern, an iron carton rolled. It splashed heavily into the sea.

"Full speed ahead!" The engines answered the order. We jumped forward.

And then we seemed to be lifted out of the water by a blow from underneath, whereupon an unseen hand grasped our boat in the air and shook it. Close behind us, but for us safely away, a hill of black water mounted to the surface. The depth-charge had exploded. There was no time to watch further effects: we had to keep our appointment with the troopships.

We proceeded with the fleet of destroyers so disposed as to ensure a vision of seventy square miles. We sought to "make contact" with our expected wards by smoke and radio, and, the wards being an hour late, the captain swore picturesquely.

"Here it is nine o'clock," he grumbled, "and those fellows are nowhere. We're where we ought to be. I'll give them ten minutes more, and not another second: then we'll have to race back. Radio! Get that radio-room, Mr. Nichols. Can't the radio pick up those transports?"

The foretop interrupted: "Smoke a point and a half forward of the port beam, sir."

The bridge lookouts confirmed the foretop. It was the transports' smoke; and our comrade-destroyers began to smoke in reply. The first sight had been made from a distance of eighteen miles.

Along the horizon there had been a faint gray band. Upon that gradually ships took shape; they resembled painted ships on a wall-paper border.

With some beautiful boat-handling, we came up to them. We went through that convoy like lightning — a convoy of great gray liners, the decks packed with cheering men in khaki.

"There are 2,500 aboard this one," said our captain; "on that, 3,500. The big fellow has 8,000 — Starboard lookout, look for subs! Fox — Quack — Numeral!"

Up the halyard danced the signal-flags.

Thus we took them Franceward, the first contingent of the National Army to be sent, after the Allies' request and Pershing's promise, to be thrown against the Big Push. It is no easy matter to avoid collision when zigzagging with a fluttering convoy by sunlight; in stygian darkness it is a staggering performance. Your nearest destroyer mistakes you for an enemy and tries to run you down; your biggest transport is a second tardy, and she all but rams you as you spring from under her suddenly-towering prow; morning finds a troopship suffering from acute rudder-trouble and chasing its tail nine miles astern of you. There is not a minute's sleep for anybody, and when at last you see land — when the observation-balloons come out and sway above you — when the whirring hydro-airplanes skim so close above your bridge that you can hold megaphonic conversations with their pilots — then the land, even on a day of rain, is a paradise.

"Engine-room: standard speed, 20! Left rudder: 25 to 30! Run up 'Follow me!' E-e-ease rudder!"

We came in. Our destroyer ambled to its particular buoy and stopped just there with the nicety of a little automobile entering its garage.

On the transports, the men were cheering. They did that whenever a convoy brought them safe to France. Had they known what it was to sail, day in and day out, on a convoying destroyer, they would have cheered even louder. But for those destroyers, the transports would never have done their marvelous part in the War.

Aptitude *versus* Experience

by Waldemar Kaempffert

PICK up your daily newspaper and turn to the "Help Wanted" page. You are sure to find an advertisement which reads almost word for word like this:

> WANTED: Bookkeeper and accountant; not over thirty-five; fine chance for advancement; must be quick and accurate; only an experienced man need apply. Address by letter stating salary expected. X. Y. Z., Box 226, The Planet.

Why do employers harp upon *experience?* There are accountants in the world who have had years of experience and are nevertheless unable to balance books without the greatest difficulty. There are actors who have strutted the boards for decades in blank-verse tragedies, but who would fail as Hamlets or Macbeths. Let experience be your standard, and they would meet it without difficulty.

Nature's ideals of fitness are saner. When a man marries he does not select a woman who has had experience as a wife. Nature cares only for aptitudes — little for experience. She endows a woman with all the qualifications for becoming a mother — physical beauty, the power to bear children, and the instinct to rear them. There Nature stops. It was society that created marriage and the divorce courts.

Why not follow Nature's method in the employment of men? Why not judge an applicant's aptitude? Experience any one can have almost for the asking; aptitude is God-given. In two years a raw farmhand may become a leader of men if he has the gift of generalship. Without the gift, a century of experience will avail him nothing.

Not the least significant feature of scientific management, as efficiency engineering is now called, is the stress that it is beginning to lay on aptitude. No longer is a foreman allowed to hire and to "fire" machinists at pleasure until at last he stumbles on men of the right type. The Central Employment Bureau is already a part of the organization of a few great companies — a bureau which supplies chisels and files on demand. Your foreman specifies the kind of workmen he needs — slow, careful, and deliberate, or quick, intelligent, and strong, as the nature of the work to be done requires. Usually he obtains what he wants. At all events fewer mistakes are made than by the old haphazard system of judging by experience alone.

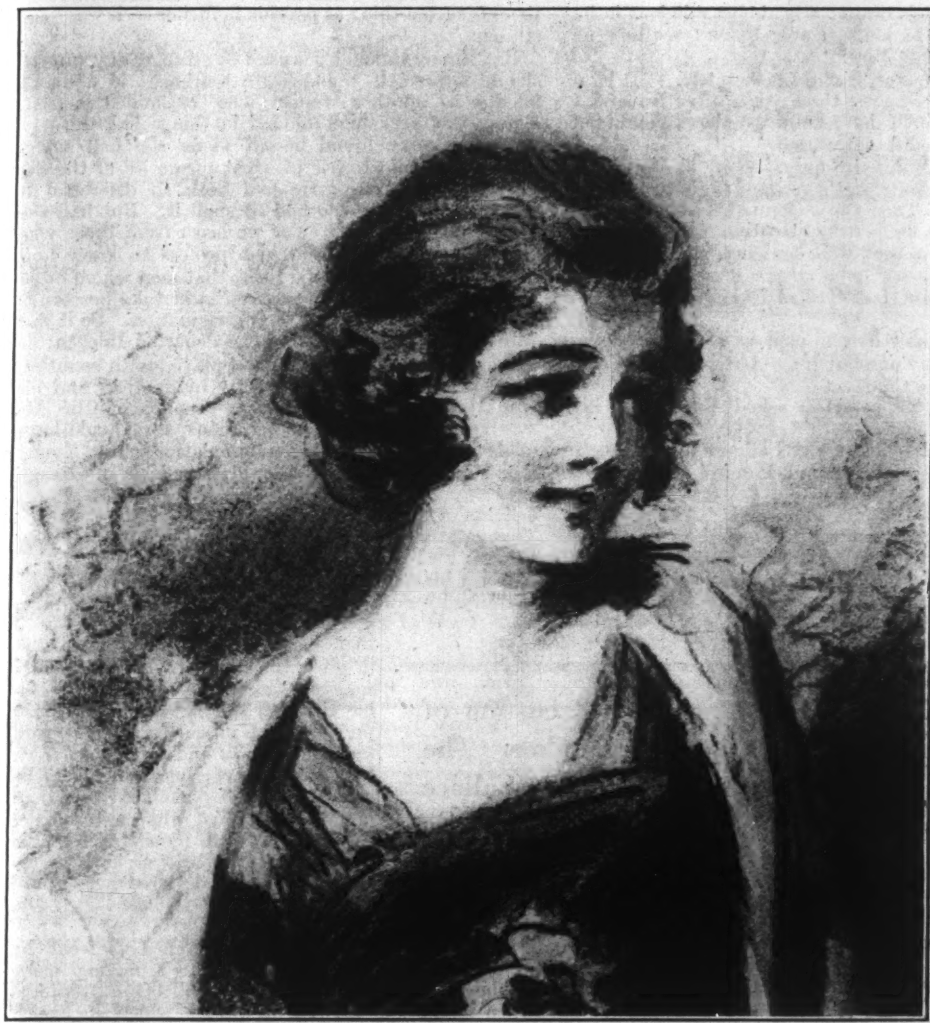
To determine aptitudes, human character must be appraised. But how? "Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look," said Shakespeare's Cæsar of the scheming friend of Brutus. That is no idle phrase. Glance about you and note the cunning rat-faces, the intelligent horse-faces, the fighting bull-dog faces, the smirking cat-faces, the good-natured cow-faces. Are they not indices of character? May we not judge fitness by them? A two-hundred pound, cross-grained prizefighter would chafe in the office of a statistician. A fine-grained, delicately molded violinist would prove a sorry hod-carrier. These are obvious examples. But a refined analysis of two applicants for the position of accountant, both of them worth considering, would reveal at once which is the better man.

Education may develop the best in a human being; it cannot suppress the evil in him. Ten thousand Burbanks cannot change an oak into a chrysanthemum, nor the greed of a Borgia into the idealism of a Washington. Analyze and classify the physical characteristics of men and you analyze and classify their aptitudes.

Very slowly efficiency engineers are teaching employers to judge prospective employees as a knowing horse-dealer judges colts. It makes all the difference in the world if a man is a squarehead or a roundhead, if he is broad-browed or high-browed, if he is thin-lipped or thick-lipped. The modern efficiency engineer can pick his man from photographs. He asks no questions as to past record; for a past record is meaningless if there has been no opportunity for applying special aptitudes. He appraises men as he does machines or animals—by their build.

Absurd as it may seem some day you will turn to the "Help Wanted Advertisements" in your daily paper and read:

> **WANTED:** Sandy-haired, blue-eyed man, with triangular face, fine skin texture, and long delicate fingers, to assist manager of our hand-painted silk fan department. Apply to Central Employment Bureau of the Oriental Novelty Company, New York.



"Why don't you make love to me?" she asked calmly. "You make love so beautifully."

She Was Called "Emmy" Because She Was Exactly the Sort of Girl to Be Called "Emmy" and to Be the Heroine of a Gay Little Love Story

by

Dana Gatlin

The Spectacular Lover

The Romances of a Certain Christopher

NEVER had Miss Emmeline Smith felt herself in a situation so romantic. She was visiting an old friend of school-days — that much admired beauty, Mrs. Ira Reynolds — and Lucile was giving a tea in honor of "my little western guest." (By the way, she wasn't little, but quite tall.)

To feel herself thus an actual part of New York life, chattering and laughing with the fashionably-dressed women and easy-mannered men as though she were one with them, brought thrills to Miss Smith's heart. And then, climactically, amazingly, romantically, there was Christopher Dix. That he should choose *her* for the target of his concentrated homage! Miss Smith, who was called "Emmy" because she was just the sort of girl to be called "Emmy," couldn't help being aware that his pronounced attentiveness was attracting notice. She felt self-conscious, conspicuous, but the sensations were far from unpleasurable. In the first place, Christopher Dix was famous — his decorative treatments of lovely women were featured in art supplements, and imposing ladies vied in gazing on him as though he were a god; in the second place, he was young for such eminence — not much past thirty; in the third place, he was handsome enough to have compelled appreciation even if he had been a mere man; and, last, but far from least, he had a fervid way of showing his admiration that few women had found displeasing.

What girl fresh from Bloomington, Illinois, could have helped fluttering over such a conquest?

"I've never seen you before, have I?" he had begun. "*Why* haven't I ever seen you before?"

His expressive dark eyes took on a look reproachful and admiring at once. Emmy felt a little inner lilt as she responded:

"Probably because you've never come to Bloomington."

"Well, I'll never go there now! — I'm sure you've carried all the bloom of Bloomington to New York."

Emmy was sorry that Lucile came floating up then like a marvelous white-and-gold lily.

"I'm sorry, Chris, but there are a lot of other nice men I want my little guest to meet. And safer ones," she added with a wicked smile.

So Emmy was carried off to meet one Mr. Barton whose praises, after the way of hostesses with a visiting girl and a nice young man "in view," Lucile had loudly sung in advance. Lucile had made careful plans and Mr. Barton, as it developed, was ready to carry them out. But neither was counting on Christopher Dix. Mr. Barton may have been "safer" but, though he was a notably successful broker or perhaps because of it, he was, after Dix, as buttermilk after absinthe.

Emmy was taking her buttermilk with a polite but somewhat absent smile when Christopher sauntered up. He addressed himself to Emmy as though she were not only the one person in the world but in her group as well.

"Isn't it time to have tea?"

"I was just asking Miss Smith to have some tea," put in Barton. His tone was a shade belligerent.

"Too bad, but Miss Smith and I arranged that hours ago."

It was not because she enjoyed leaving the nice Mr. Barton that Emmy felt a pleasurable tingle, but because she enjoyed being carried off high-handedly by the more exciting Mr. Dix. The affair had not been "arranged" and she knew that Mr. Barton knew it hadn't. But the tingle didn't decrease because she felt Mr. Barton's accusing eyes on her back as she moved away; nor when they brushed by Lucile and a knowing smile; nor when they reached the tea-table, presided over by ladies too busy with sociability to bother much with tea or coffee urns, and surrounded by chattering cup-bearers. For these people, Emmy noticed, were not too absorbed to notice that Christopher was too busy with herself to see them. Emmy attributed the nudges and whispers to the fact that her companion was so well known, and because he was so well known she didn't at all mind being made conspicuous by him. Mere men had been plentiful in Emmy's career, but bowled-over celebrities had hitherto been lacking. No wonder she felt excited.

Having culled the strange, professedly edible confections such as one sees on tea-tables, Christopher installed her in a corner and himself beside her with a you-and-I-and-no-one-else-on-earth manner. He stared at her from between narrowed lids.

"I wish I could paint you as you look just now!"

"*Me?* But" — don't blame her! — "you're famous for painting exceptionally beautiful women."

"You intimate you're not beautiful, but," earnestly, "you know that's a question one could debate for hours."

"I didn't know it." Her expression invited him to continue.

"Oh, yes. For instance, sometimes you flush and smile — it's like sunshine suddenly pouring over a serene landscape — and then one thinks you are *almost* beautiful; then the smile fades and one decides he's made a mistake. And then he notices your pallor — you have an unusual quality of pallor, you know — a sort of soft, translucent glow. And with that tranquil radiance you *are* beautiful. It's not a matter of mere features." Christopher's snap of the fingers gave a penny for all the "mere features" existent. "Though," and he tilted back his head as he studied her, "no one could be in doubt about your eyes. Wonderful eyes — but the deuce to paint! Wide-set and never a quiver when they look at you — they should be easy, but they'd be the deuce to paint. And your mouth, the way it goes up, crooked, when you smile or ponder or for no reason at all — your mouth is adorable, you know." At this point he paused for breath, and immediately Emmy's mouth took on its adorable twist.

"I'm glad you're a painter."

"Why?"

"Well, you're talking professionally. So it's all right."

But she didn't persuade herself that the glow in his eyes was entirely professional.

"Oh, one paints and paints. But *you* —" Suddenly he stretched out his hand just short of the fabric of her dress, and his eyes took on an intenser glow. "You don't mind my wishing I could paint *you* — that inner shining — you do shine, you know."

"Is this a request to paint my portrait?"

"It is a prayer to know a beautiful soul."

"I believe you are a dangerous man!"

"I know I am a lucky one for the moment."

"Maybe I shouldn't be granting you the luck" — somewhat breathless — "I'm shirking my duty — Lucile will be wondering ——"

AS if Lucile's name were an invocation, a voice intruded:

"Beg pardon for butting in, but Mrs. Reynolds has commissioned me to bring Miss Smith to her right away."

Emmy glanced up hastily. There stood Mr. Barton, a quizzical look in his eyes. How much had he overheard? Difficult to say whether she'd have been more embarrassed or gratified if he had heard it all.

Christopher managed to drift to her side several times more, with his monopolizing air and his murmurs, while heads turned their way and nodded. And Emmy revelled in the conspicuousness she laid to her having swung into the orbit of fame. She was right, but not exactly in the way she supposed. For she didn't know that Christopher Dix was also famous as a spectacular lover; that in his circle it was a sort of game to watch for the latest choice for his brief, impassioned gallantries; that each new *inamorata* attained a kind of renown. The spectators were ordinarily disposed to be amused, and Emmy wouldn't have been flattered to know that, on this occasion, they were disposed to temper amusement with blame because Christopher was picking on a girl not able to play his game; that they were a little sorry for her.

IN the March issue McClure's resumes its old custom of publishing a complete novelette in each number. The first of these big stories will be "Gasless Sunday," by Wallace Irwin — a nimble-witted, humorous and human tale showing Mr. Irwin at his most brilliant. George Wright has illustrated it with a delightful understanding of the author's mood.

But of all this she was happily unaware until, after the last guest was gone and the apartment left to its cluttered, post-festal desolation, Lucile assumed the duty of "setting Emmy right." She broached her subject with what she considered tact.

"You seemed to be having a good time with Christopher Dix," she observed.

"Hasn't he attractive manners!"

"Too attractive," Lucile said drily.

Emmy looked up quickly. "How do you mean?"

"Oh, only that women might think he means everything when, as a matter of fact, he means nothing at all. That's just Chris's way."

"I see," said Emmy.

"I just wanted to explain him a little — you don't mind, dear?"

"Oh, no, I don't mind. Thanks."

"Every place he goes there's a new Dulcinea — one might think she was the first and was going to be the last — his method might make one think so."

"I see," said Emmy again.

"Portrait painters are apt to be like that, you know. I suppose that has something to do with it. It's part of their business to make themselves attractive to women. Possible clients, you know."

"Isn't that just a little — cheap?"

"Oh, I wouldn't put it that way. They all do it. Not all so exaggeratedly or convincingly as Chris, perhaps, but women who know him are used to him." Lucile smiled kindly at her friend. "Go ahead and have your good time; I just wanted you to be forearmed."

"It's kind of you," said Emmy.

There ensued a little silence. Lucile was gazing off into space.

"Yes, Chris is an inveterate charmer," she said at last, "by business and by nature, too. But he has his good side. An entirely different side."

"Yes —— ?"

"A genuine, high-principled, lovable side he doesn't often show. A lot of people criticize him, but they don't know ——"

Lucile had suddenly become abstracted and didn't at once continue.

"Yes —?" encouraged Emmy again.

"I think I'll tell you ——"

"Do," said Emmy warmly.

Another pause; then:

"Well, Chris almost made love to me once."

"Well, I should think so!" said Emmy, whose admiration for Lucile's beauty was almost religious in its fervor. "If he's so indefatigable I don't see how he could have overlooked *you*."

"This was different," said Lucile softly. "It happened a long time ago — three years after Ira and I were married — but I don't know whether I should tell you — whether you'd understand."

"Oh, I will!" promised Emmy.

"Well, Ira was down south on a long business trip and I was lonesome. Then Chris came along, and he was very attentive to me. *Very* attentive. People began to notice. I knew they were noticing, and wanted to break away, but ——"

"But what about Ira?" asked Emmy, as her friend hesitated.

"Oh, I don't know how to explain it — there never has really been any one but Ira — but I seemed fascinated — just for a time ——"

"What finally happened?" asked Emmy, as her friend paused again.

"That's just it! — that's why I admire him so much. I'd been afraid — but I found I didn't really know Chris."

"You mean that nothing happened?"

"Yes. I'd been dreading the time when we should find ourselves alone. We'd never been alone — that is, not *really* — just *tête-à-tête* in public places. But one day he came in for tea — it was one of those days the maid had to go out and — well, frankly, I was nervous. Chris was nervous, too; I could see that plainly. He was holding himself in, but ——"

"But he *did* hold himself in," Emmy prompted her.

"Yes," affirmed Lucile; but her tone dropped a little.

"Odd," observed Emmy, "the curious sort of disappointment we feel, sometimes, when the things we have dreaded don't happen."

Lucile didn't appear to hear the comment, but she went on quickly:

"Chris has real principles. He sticks by his code no matter how much it hurts him. That's why I don't like to hear him criticized by people who don't really know him."

"So everything came out all right?"

"Oh, yes. Chris and I settled down on a friendly basis and we arranged that he should do my portrait."

"Of course your being a possible client," said Emmy slyly, "excused him ever after that for making himself charming."

"Oh, *this* was entirely different. But Chris was 'good' all the time he was painting it, and became a quite prosaic family friend. After Ira came home we gave up hotel life and went to housekeeping. Ira's a dear — of course I needn't tell you I wouldn't exchange him for any man on earth. And I found out I was made for domesticity."

The corner of Emmy's mouth twisted up the least bit. Lucile's "domesticity" was of the kind that can keep up a bijou apartment with the aid of three skilled servants who don't mind a lot of entertaining — with extra help — so long as their employers dine out often enough.

LUCILE wasn't looking at Emmy. She had departed on a voyage of reminiscence and looked as if she were enjoying it.

"Yes," said Emmy, to bring her out of her reverie, "Ira's an ideal husband."

"But Chris would be an ideal lover," Lucile said.

"I should imagine so."

"And he *has* loved. I know because I reminded him of the girl. She died." Lucile's voice was very gentle. "Typhoid."

"Tragic!"

"Yes, it cut Chris up terribly. But he said she didn't want to get well — she feared her beauty would be lost."

"She was so beautiful?"

"My type, he said," repeated Lucile, seemingly all unconscious. "He said the resemblance was astonishing. And that was another thing: Imogen — that was her name — seemed always there with us, a sort of invisible 'presence.' You know, I sometimes believe there *is* such a thing as psychic influence — it was very strange."

But Emmy thought it wasn't so strange; any woman should appreciate the delicate sentiment in a man's fidelity to another woman who resembled herself. Emmy was very high-minded in things like this.

When Emmy found herself alone she had something to complicate her pleasant memories of the delightful Christopher. He had been so delightful it was a pity that Lucile had to spoil it. But had she completely spoiled it? For we learn from those who have studied women and who profess to know how they will act along certain lines, that men whom other women have found "interesting" will take possession of their thoughts; also of their imagination. So it was with Emmy. He had loved the departed Imogen; he had almost loved Lucile; he had played with countless other hearts which, attracted by his method and his reputation, came to his hand to be played with. He was notorious, he must be perfidious; this should have made him too awful for contemplation. But Emmy found her thoughts contemplating him more and more. . . . Could it be that while she was tasting those delights of conquest he had been only trifling with her! That must be so. Everything would point to it. And yet. . . .

Don't blame her if she contemplated her own image in the mirror more than was her wont, as if seeking some trace of an "inner shining." She told herself that she was foolish, but I am earnest in protesting she was not abnormally so. She was in most respects a sensible girl; and she had encountered her pretty bit of mischief in the way of knocking hearts and having her own knocked in turn; but remember she was twenty-five years old and had met the first man who captured her imagination, and remember he was famed as a Lothario seeking pretty women and had declared her "soul" was unlike other women's. . . . Oh, woman, woman!

Meanwhile several days went by without Christopher's having made further move to study her unique soul. One afternoon, when Lucile was out playing bridge, which she herself did not play, sitting in the bijou drawing-room with nothing better to do, Emmy found herself looking up Christopher's number in Lucile's little morocco-bound telephone book. She found herself asking him to drop in for tea; she had no definite intention of lying when she failed to correct his impression that Lucile would be there also. She couldn't have told why she didn't say she was alone. Perhaps it was a sudden and natural wave of shyness; perhaps it was just the gods playing into her hands for, as events will explain, Christopher would probably have scurried like a scared rabbit had he known he was in for a *tête-à-tête*. Naturally, Emmy didn't suspect this, and as for Christopher, he walked blindly into Lucile's drawing-room and what proved to be an awkward situation.

IT was nearing twilight and the room was getting shadowy and Emmy had neglected to turn on the lights. Christopher returned her greetings, seated himself, and peered around the room.

"Lucile will be here presently," Emmy felt constrained to explain. Alone with him, despite Lucile's vouchment, she began to quake over imminent possibilities. She wasn't experienced with men of the world, especially with ardent, "temperamental" men. What if he should get out of hand? What if ——"

"Oh, yes —— Lucile," he was replying. "How's Lucile feeling?"

Her tremors abated. That certainly sounded trite enough to be reassuring. Mr. Barton could have done no worse — that is, better.

"It was awfully good of you to come!" she started in blithely. "I found I was lonesome and wanted some one to talk to."

"Lonesomeness in New York is the devil." He was staring at his hat and stick which showed through the door in the hall.

Emmy looked at him in some perplexity. And with a dawning odd sensation — that curious sort of disappointment we feel when the things we have dreaded don't happen. He continued to regard his hat, and she tried to think of something to say. She hadn't worried in advance as to what she'd talk about. The other time there had seemed so much to say. He had talked easily, beautifully, always giving her a cue. Now he just sat there, speechless. He seemed almost embarrassed, and somehow pathetic. Perhaps he wasn't feeling well. She asked him if he wasn't feeling well.

"I've a touch of cold," admitted Christopher.

"Then you must have your [*Continued on page 40*]

Make Re-Construction Real-Construction

It Is a Job Almost as Big as That of Winning the War

by The Editors

MINNIE and Sadie Callahan blamed it on the War. The neighbors said it was all Big Jim Callahan's fault — for no man with a family had any right to go looking for trouble that didn't concern him.

Big Jim had been an iron molder with a domineering disposition and fearlessness that matched his physical proportions.

The Callahans had always considered themselves a superior family. They owned their own home, mostly paid for, and Sadie was going to high school. Since his marriage Jim had been a steady worker at a good trade, and the War had brought added wages and prosperity — until the *Lusitania.*

Then for a week all the Irish in Jim boiled over, and he left for Montreal to join the Princess Pats. He was not among the handful of that regiment that came back from Vimy Ridge. His insurance covered the last payment on the house, but that was all.

So it came about that Minnie Callahan worked out by the day, rebelliously, grudgingly, finally hopelessly, because there seemed nothing else to do. So Sadie Callahan became a hired girl, but with undiminishing rebellion in her heart.

But just when everything seemed most hopeless the long arm of the War again touched the Callahan family. One day as Sadie was passing her father's old factory, she was attracted by a big poster calling for women to take men's places in one of the departments. The next day she went to work as an assistant, and within a month was operating a machine of her own.

All her life Sadie had been proud to be Big Jim Callahan's daughter. But it was the pride of dependence. Work in another woman's kitchen had crushed the pride without lessening the dependence. But now she was holding a real job herself — a man's job, and after a very few months, doing a strong man's work.

In the meantime, her mother, too, had come into the factory and was also a skilled worker in a man's job.

The Callahans, mother and daughter, to-day, are earning over one and a half times even the exceptional wages of Big Jim. They have comforts and luxuries that they never had before. But what is far more important to them they are as proudly independent as Jim himself used to be. They themselves are doing real work in the world, and doing it well.

But the War has not finished with Minnie and Sadie Callahan — nor with the millions of other girls and women to whom it has brought the same experiences, contentment and hope. What is going to happen to them when the tens of billions of dollars' worth of war orders cease and the millions of our men workers come home from France and the cantonments?

AS a boy, Johnny Devoe had caddied for successful men. For six years he had run errands, kept files and labored over day books and ledgers, none too happily or successfully.

On July 17, 1918, Johnny was a sergeant, Company X, Nth Regiment, U. S. N. A. On that memorable day, the Crown Prince's army had smashed and brushed aside the last organized French resistance south of Soissons and was marching in columns four on the road to Paris. Devoe's division had been brought up during the night to support the French, but there being nothing left to support, the commander of the sector ordered them to fall back.

Just then the boche appeared.

Perhaps because they were a green division, the first sight of the Germans went to their heads, and they charged. It was the wild enthusiasm of youth.

After a considerable advance Devoe and eight of his men came out of a piece of standing wheat into some wide clear fields which were being swept by a machine gun strongly established in the remaining right angle of a dilapidated farmyard wall.

The Americans quickly got back into the wheat to hold a council of war. The thick stone angle was obviously too strong to attack from the front. Within the angle, behind the gunners, they could see a haystack that prevented any possibility of working around and picking off the Germans from the rear. But it offered the best kind of a chance for smoking them out if it could be set afire. They had no grenades left and could not hope to get near enough if they had. Other American units kept appearing at each side, only to be driven back to cover by the same fire.

Finally Devoe hit upon an idea. He had a patent cigarette lighter filled with gasoline. One of his men had some sulphur matches. He took the steel bullets out of three rifle cartridges and three lead bullets out of his own forty-five. The lead bullets he pared down with his knife to fit the rifle cartridges and hollowed out their noses with a small blade. Into these hollows he poured gasoline and plugged up the nose of each with the head of a sulphur match. The second shot fired the stack and the whole line was able to go on.

To-day Devoe is a captain, by all the world's standards an officer and a gentleman. For six months he had faced newer and bigger problems than the average successful business man ever faces — often with only an instant to decide and generally with his own and a good many other lives depending on his decision. By the right of proven superiority he commands college men, the heirs of successful business men and at least two successful business men, themselves.

Devoe is already thinking of what he is going to do when he gets back home; but files or books or clerking never enter his mind. Fundamentally, he is a different man from the Devoe who kept books. All his thinking is in terms of a real opportunity, and he is going to demand a real opportunity. From his point of view he has earned it.

There are a good many thousands of Devoes coming back to America before long; and they will all come at about the same time. Coming with them are some hundreds of other men, not Devoes, perhaps, but still

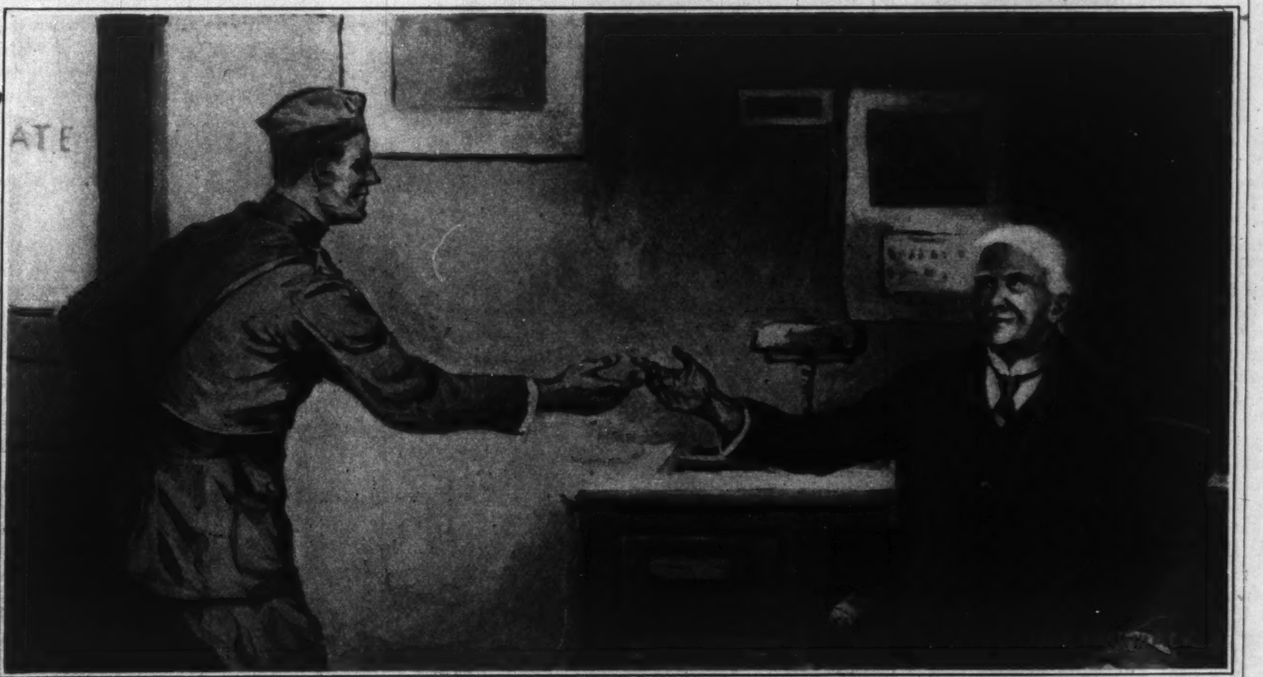
When He Comes Home Again

by Theodosia Garrison

WHEN he comes home again — this boy that went
So gladly to the fields of death and pain —
How shall our wealth of gratitude be spent,
When he comes home again?

Oh, not in flags that glorify the air,
But in our proving, as he drops the sword,
That in the marts of men awaits his share
Of labor and reward.

We must do this, else welcoming is vain;
Give him his worth — when he comes home again!



different men than when they went away, bigger, broader men, looking for bigger, broader chances.

What are we going to do with them?

There is a certain grayish-white salt that looks much like ordinary table salt until held up to a bright light; then it assumes a peculiar greenish tint. Few Americans or Englishmen or Frenchmen or Russians had ever seen or heard of this salt. This is one of the things that Germany counted on to win the War, for being a specialist in that line, she knew the value of this chemical in making munitions and had trained thousands of chemists and workers to produce it in large quantities.

Dudley Byers was a consulting chemical engineer in a well-known manufacturing town of eastern Pennsylvania, who had built up a reputation which was already much more than local.

Early in 1916 he invited a number of his clients to lunch.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I believe you agree with me that sooner or later America must get into this war. You know that allied manufacturers, including American manufacturing for the Allies, have continually been handicapped by the lack of certain chemicals which only Germany was prepared to produce in quantities.

"Here is one of those chemicals," and he unfolded a paper of grayish white salt which showed green when the sunlight touched it. "There is no reason why we cannot produce this chemical here. It will require a specialized factory and specialized equipment. I have already worked out plans for these. There is a regular market for all we can produce now. As long as the War lasts it is a sound commercial proposition. But it is more than that.

"When America does enter the War, everyone of you gentlemen will immediately put his entire plant and equipment at the disposal of the government, no matter what the sacrifice to your private business interests. This is an opportunity to render bigger service than perhaps any of us could otherwise render. It is true that after the War we cannot pay American wages and compete in this product with Germany, but I believe that the American Government will appreciate the conditions under which we have gone into this venture and will take care of us."

Because of the foresight of Dudley Byers and the willingness of his associates to trust the good faith of the American people, the Specialty Chemical Company has helped, out of all proportion to its size and normal importance, to win the War. And there are hundreds, perhaps thousands of other specialized enterprises, organized in much the same way and with much the same spirit, which have played a big part in our war efficiency. They represent the capital of thousands of men and women who did what the country needed at the time and trusted the country for the rest. They employed tens of thousands of men and women who have dropped other trades and specialized in producing this type of product.

What are we going to do with these factories when the War ends? How are we going to keep faith with all those who served us so supremely in their creation and operation?

There is just one kind of statistics that is really interesting — that which has to do with our own bank account — our own investments — our own pay envelope. For years the government has annually published enough facts and figures to fill an encyclopedia, yet probably few men in the country have ever examined ten per cent. of these figures, and not ten per cent. in the whole country pay [*Continued on page 52*]

Our Mothers Come to Town

by Louise Closser Hale

Illustrations by May Wilson Preston

MAUDE wanted to write this story about our mothers paying us a visit. She argued that it was just as much her mother as mine that made the hit (this "hit" is the dénouement, so I mustn't say another word about it until the end); besides, she thought of the lie which got us in, and out, of so much trouble, and she ought to have a liar's reward — presumably that of being an author.

"And more than this," completed Maude, "while I don't want to hurt your feelings, Hat, I have felt in your previous stories a sort of confusion. You aren't always clear."

The only way to shut Maude up is to spring some big word on her, so I leaned over the breakfast table and said: "Do you mean that I lack perspicuity?"

She left the room at that and I could hear her going into the little library of our flat to look up the word in the encyclopedia which we will be all the rest of our lives paying for. And she came back shouting along the hall for fear she would forget her lines if she didn't hurry them out.

"Yes, perspicuity," she roared, "and *obscurum per obscurius*, as well; not to mention spinosity."

We both laughed then. And I said, "What do you mean? Cut it down to Hec," which is a theatrical expression that everyone knows and no one understands.

"Well, you've written about our struggles and triumphs on the stage and you've never once mentioned our last names! Who's going to know that your mother is Mrs. Jerome B. Geyer and mine is Mrs. Sylvanus Hertey?"

Maude sat back in that compelling way of hers which compels more money out of managers than they care to give, but I knew she was perfectly hollow inside and as scared as could be. So I just piffed-paffed away her arguments like a real writer.

"You've mentioned them now, and so that's over," I said.

"Don't you have to introduce them as they do on the stage? 'And how is fine and hearty Mrs. Hertey to-day'? from the parlor maid, or, 'Dear, dear, here comes little, shrinking Mrs. Geyer' and the dishes not washed.'"

"Not in stories," I disposed briefly. "You just write down 'Mrs. Hertey, fat, and Mrs. Geyer, lean, were coming from Iowa to visit their beautiful actress daughters, Maude and Hat, respectively.'"

She was silent for a moment. "I guess I'll stick to plays," she concluded. "There is more subtlety in the construction." Maude has never written a play, and while she has always felt she is going to, I don't think she has a show, for anybody with a shred of dramatic instinct could see that our mothers' visit is a prologue and three acts, all ready except the selling of it.

The prologue begins with their arrival after a voluminous correspondence consisting of wires from us and postals from them. As soon as the comedy which we were in that autumn had settled down for a run, Maude had said to me, "Hat, we ought to make our mothers come on."

"How are you going to make 'em?" I asked.

I knew our mothers. We had not asked them to visit us during our early struggles, for we didn't want them to know how hard it was for us to get along, and now that we had become Broadway favorites they had attained the mental attitude which comes so early to women in little towns, when any change is rather an agony than a pleasure. As far as I could see nothing but typhus would bring them to us.

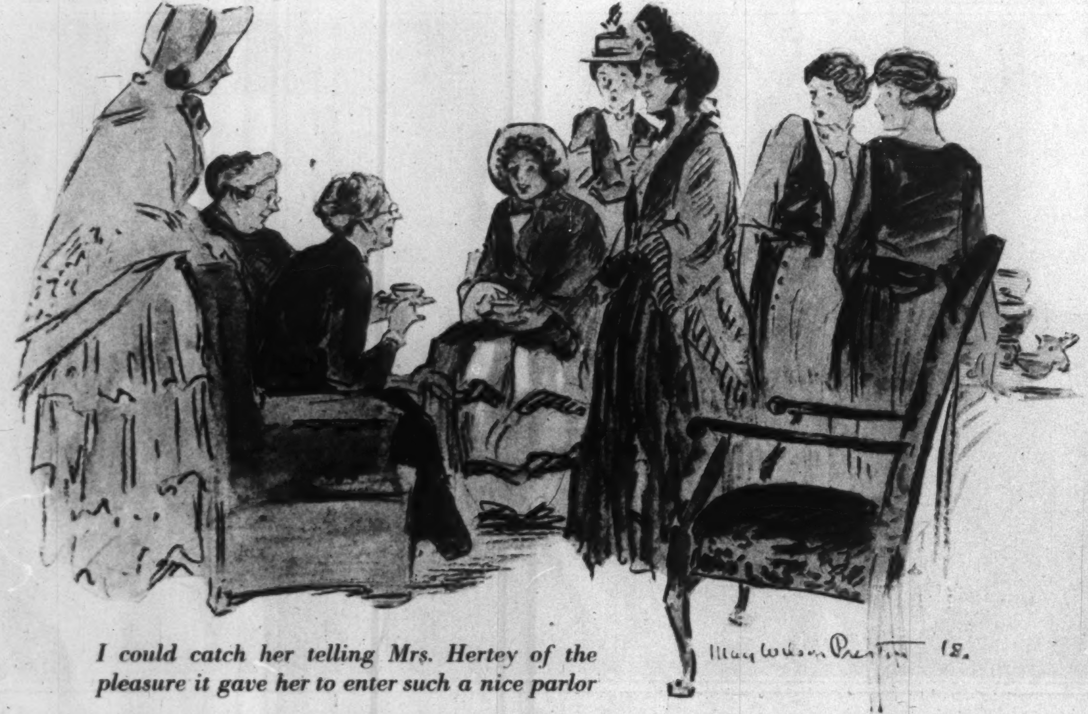
And here is where Maude was clever, for she appreciated that, too, and yet marketed their weakness. "I've a scheme," she said. "I'll write my mother to induce your mother to come on, as I don't think you're well, and you get your mother to urge mine to make us a visit, as you fear I'm going into a decline." And I added, "And both of us will lay stress on the fact that they mustn't repeat this news to each other — so they won't compare notes."

It worked splendidly; at least, I use that adverb, not knowing how we were going to be hoist with our own petard (which is another expression I don't understand). We both received postals on the same day in answer to our wires, although Maude's came in a later mail as Mrs. Hertey has to walk to the post-office slowly on account of her flesh and always misses the noon train. My mother's read:

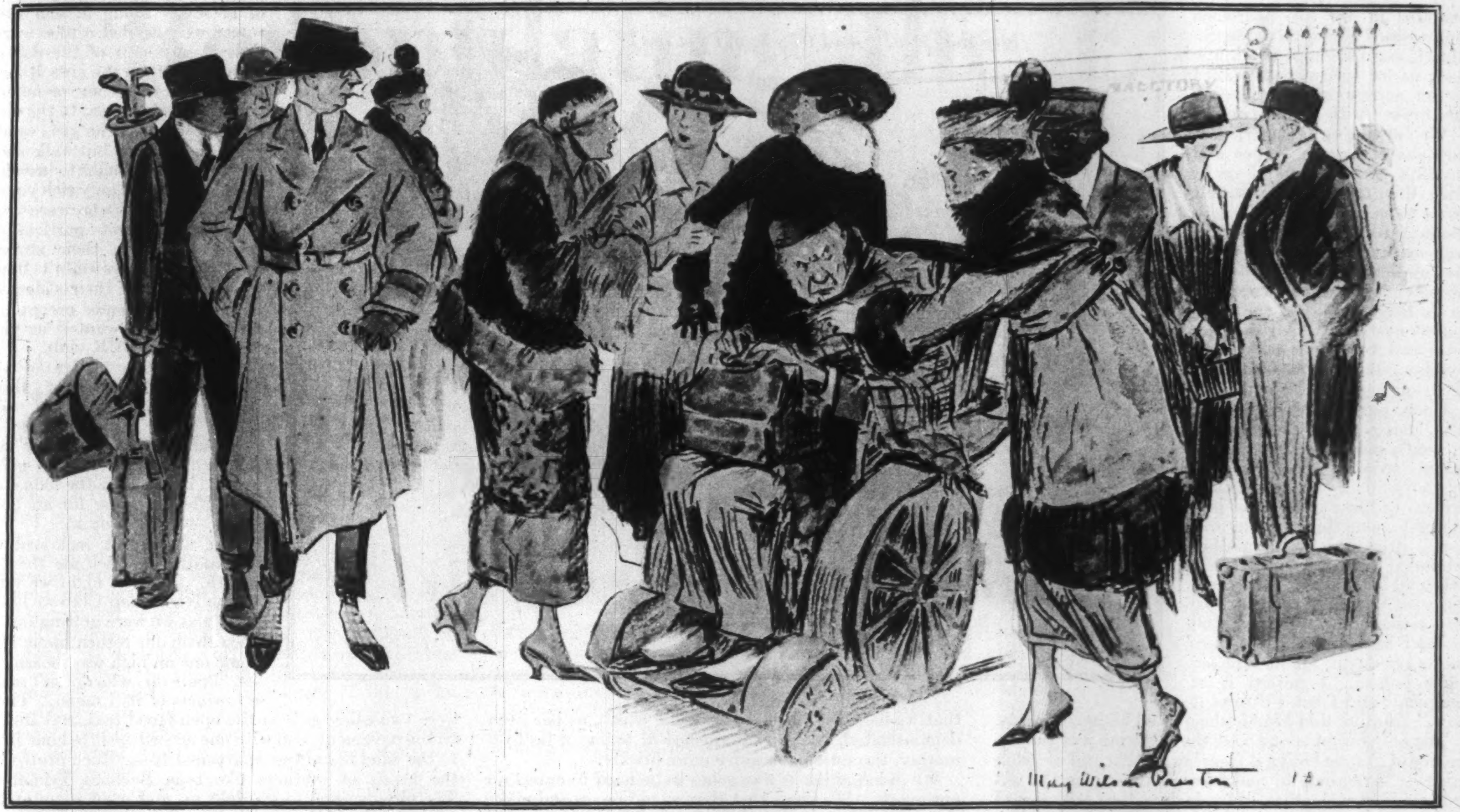
"Dear daughter: Telegram frightened me although I was dressed. Do write. It would cost less money and cause no alarm. What you say fills me with concern for ——. Started right out to see ——. Curious coincidence, met her coming to see me. By employment of tact I worked around to New York visit. She seemed agreeable. Will try to get rates on all roads. Must arrive in the daytime. Don't know what to wear. Think I can get in Mrs. Biller for three days. Hope you will meet us at the depot. Mrs. Biller is not as stylish as a new seamstress in town, but don't want to hurt her feelings."

Maude read this to me through the bathroom door, including the heading marked "Personal. Do not read!" and I had completely bawthed myself, as the English actresses say, before she had finished. But Mrs. Hertey, if anything, got even more on her card. Although hers was heavily underscored with "For Maude Only," I was reading it with the aid of a microscope when Maude came in from having tea with Ronny Manship (more about Ronny later). In substance it was like the other, except that she expressed a wish to see the Horse Shoe Curve by daylight. She hadn't passed over that road since she was a young woman going to the Centennial, she wrote, and then she was so sick while going around the curve that it was all over — the curve all over — before she could raise her head. However, she would squeeze some lemon juice in a bottle and put it in their lunch box. She was so glad she had saved a nice shoe box. Something had made her ——

Maude and I sent off big checks to them immediately with a time table marked in red lead pencil by the Informa-



I could catch her telling Mrs. Hertey of the pleasure it gave her to enter such a nice parlor



I grabbed an old man in a wheel-chair. He made a ridiculous fuss, yelling at us

"We've lost our mothers! We've lost our mothers!" was our only response to protesting guards

tion young man. We told him all about our mothers, as one seems instinctively to give information rather than get it at such booths, and he so shared with us the fear that they might get off too soon and go flying over to Jersey City that he marked in the margin at every stop which might be confusing, "Sit Still." Indeed, there were so many "sit stills" that they ran all down the margin and looked, as Maude said, kind of like a streak of blood. She said it was a bad sign. I did not encourage her in this, but when you think of the fiasco which followed, it makes you believe in anything except a Providence outside of Rhode Island.

We grew more and more uneasy as the time drew near for their arrival, fearing White Slavers and everything, from the moment our fathers telegraphed that they had started "O. K." We sent so many wires along the route that our mothers actually went to the expense of sending one in return. It read: "Most embarrassing to have names called out on train. Desist."

I thought "desist" was pretty hard, considering how anxious we were, until Maude said to me under her breath on the stage, right in the midst of the big scene, "Desist makes ten words," and then, of course, I understood. They had decided to give up seeing the Horse Shoe Curve by daylight so as to reach New York in good time, and this was a relief to us as we could spend the afternoon getting them uptown — that is if we did get them.

"Of course we'll get them," Maude exclaimed.

"There are four different ways of missing a mother at this station," I replied. "There are two staircases and two elevators."

"That's easy. I'll cover the stairs and you cover the elevators."

"Suppose passengers are getting off both elevators at once?"

"You'll have to keep moving," she announced cheerfully. "Covering the staircases will be harder as people are going up all the time."

I could see the truth in that, so didn't complain further; although just as the train was announced and we had taken up our places I shrieked at her in a sort of panic: "Do you remember how they look?"

"Yes," Maude screamed back, while everyone laughed but us, "I — I guess so." And then I knew the thought was tormenting her, too.

Almost immediately the passengers began arriving and I started running like mad, crossing and criss-crossing Maude as she was cavorting from stair to stair, not exchanging a word with her, but just wondering if my eyes were sticking out as hers were. We were undismayed not to find them among the first of the crowd. That group always consists of the constant travelers who tap on the glass for the porters and get off in a hurry. But we didn't expect to find them among the stragglers, for the last wire we sent to them (before we were shut off with "desist") had advised them to: "Give extra tip to porter to get boy with Red Cap to carry your valises it will not cost you anything love," meaning, of course, that we would slip something to the Red Cap ourselves.

But they were not among the first or the second group — nor — oh heaven! were they among the stragglers. As this began to dawn upon us we grew so terrified that each took upon herself the task of visiting both the elevators and stairs as though the other hadn't done her work well. And as we flew around in a circle, one behind the other, we began attacking people on the chance that in three years they had grown past all recognition. Maude pulled two girls around so as to take a look at them, and I grabbed an old man in a shawl who was being rolled in a wheel-chair, addressing him as "Mother." He made a ridiculous fuss, yelling after us as we charged down the steps to the train level just as they were about to lock the gates across the stairways.

"We've lost our mothers! We've lost our mothers!" was our only response to protesting guards as though we were a couple of débutantes let loose upon the world.

IT didn't take long to find them when we reached the platform. Five of the most agitated officials in the world heartily welcomed us into a coach as though we were insect exterminators. "Here they are, young ladies, here they are," one of them called. "And they won't get out."

We entered the car and there the darlings were. One of them was holding the clean shoe box and the other tremulously pointing out to the exhausted black man the red pencil warning "Sit Still," which had run so far down the margin that it was opposite the Terminal.

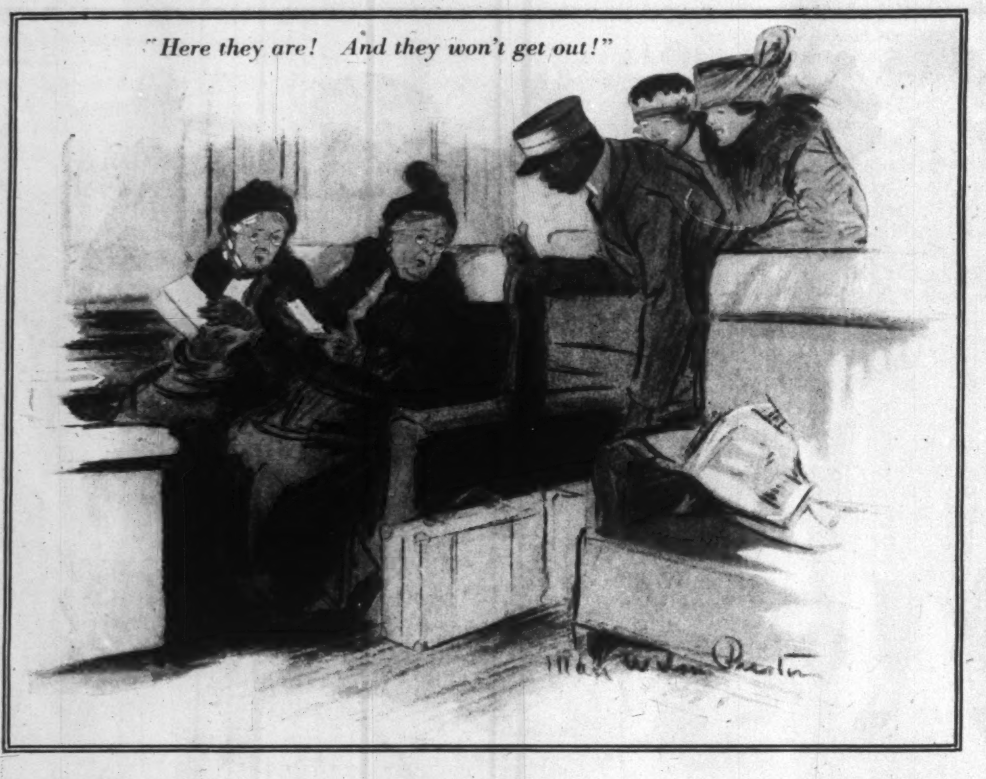
It was funny the way they acted, for Mrs. Hertey didn't kiss Maude first, but clung to me and said she feared something had happened to my dear self, while my mother acted the same way about Maude. And I may say right here that it went on being funny until it reached a point when it grew awful, like a farce that plays too long. When we reached the taxi they wouldn't even let us two whopping girls sit with our backs to the driver for fear we would be in a draught, and we actually drove home with those two old ladies slipping about on the two little hard seats while we lolled in the back.

They kept leaning over and nipping at our furs, Mrs. Hertey urging me lovingly to get a warmer pelt like Maude's, and mother fearing, on the other hand, that Maude's was too heavy and would make her perspire. It was evident that they hadn't confided to each other the contents of our first wires, and here we were two perfectly healthy girls being picked at every minute and not able to say, "Oh, leave me alone," because the picker was not our own parent and, therefore, couldn't be jumped on.

Why! we hadn't unlocked the front door to our apartment before Mrs. Hertey hoped that I wouldn't play that evening but just let some one else take my part (presumably, anybody walking along the street), while I went to bed with a hot-water bottle. Nothing makes an actress so tired as to have a layman suggest that she doesn't play that night. Even an idiot who has nothing more to do with the theatre than pay two dollars for a seat ought to know that no matter who is dead, or how ill the actress is, she's got to play. She wants to play. It's instinct and honor all in one.

I looked at Maude, hoping she would tell her mother not to be so irritating, but she opened the door and rushed toward the kitchen, leaving me to welcome them in and try to say it without a sinking of the heart. I understood why Maude had fled. She was sleuthing after Pearlie, our excellent colored cook. That is, she was excellent in every way except that she *would* smoke cigarettes. We had never caught her indulging in this unusual passion for a cook, but now and then we smelled the smoke which she said was bacon fat. We let her get away with it because she was a good cook, and if we had insisted that it was not bacon fat and that we knew her guilty secret, we would have had to dismiss her. But with the advent of the mothers began a doubling of the guard over Pearlie. Our mothers didn't know much about cigarette smoke, but they did about bacon fat, and they would feel it their duty to tell us if their noses detected the irregularity of Pearlie so that we might be free of so iniquitous a woman.

Pearlie was behaving correctly and I had assured Mrs. Hertey that I rather lost than gained if I didn't play, which the Lord knows is true, as I'd lose my night's salary, and for the first half-hour after our guests were



"Here they are! And they won't get out!"

installed in our two bedrooms we breathed almost freely again. Maude and I were to sleep in the back parlor on two beds loaned by an actress who fortunately had broken with her husband.

We felt during that period of unpacking their telescopes and washing their faces and necks that this telling a lie wasn't going to be so terrible in its consequences after all. That's the way we artists are — optimistic. But by the end of that half-hour Maude and I had had smuggled to us huge bottles of the same patent medicine which the darlings had kept from each other by hiding them in the bottom of their luggage.

Upon our comparing notes, Mrs. Hertey and my mother had evidently made the same presentation speech. Mrs. Hertey remembered I always looked peaked in the autumn and had brought something from our home druggist. And mother reminded her charge that she (Maude) had once gone to a picnic with this very chemist who now compounded the tonic and he had said in the drug-store the other day, "Maude Hertey lacks potash. I missed it at the picnic and I bet I'd miss it now." Mother told Maude she quoted his exact words.

The only bright spot about the medicine was the necessity of Maude hiding it from her mother and me from mine — "so as not to make her anxious," as the old ladies said of each other. Maude drew the cork, poured a little of one bottle down the sink, and each of us confided to the donors that we had put the medicine way back in the medicine closet. The other bottle went home to Pearlie's father. We knew that both mothers would keep peeking to see if their invalids were taking it and at first we wondered how we could remember to pour out a dose each day. I will say it was Maude who devised a remedy for that difficulty — probably because she cares more for appearances than I do. But she emptied the contents all out, filling up the bottle with olive oil which we use on our faces every night of our lives. "An actress may be peaked and lack potash," argued Maude, "but she'll never think to take medicine; whereas she would no more forget to put beautifier on her face than she would to read her press notices. It's a duty we artists owe to ourselves."

This is an awfully long prologue for a three-act play, and if I don't hurry through the following episodes the curtain won't ring down till twelve o'clock. But now that we have established the theme which, as has been demonstrated, is the consequence of telling a lie to a mother, the action can move more briskly.

We didn't think it was going to be hard to entertain our guests. We knew that they would be up and make their coffee before Pearlie's alarm clock had gone off, and, after writing postals home, they would snoop around among our clothes and mend everything up. In the afternoon we would shop with them or take them to Grant's Tomb, and in the evening they would see plays escorted by a man who owned his taxi and felt the necessity of careful driving. In this way they could be home and asleep before we had washed off our makeup. We were awfully keen about their being asleep before we came home as Maude and I had sort of got into the habit that season of not coming home early.

We had joined a very amusing supper club where we could get anything we wanted to eat after hours — also to drink, although that didn't bother us as we were practically teetotalers like our mothers. Ronny Manship got it up with the idea of making actresses, who had no place to go but to bed, comfortable between the hours of midnight and four in the morning. At least, that is what he said, but I could have picked a number of actresses living in hall bedrooms who needed a nice warm club at any hour of the day or night more than the girls Ronny had invited to become members.

No actors belonged to the club as Ronny feared the girls would then do nothing but talk shop and he felt they ought to broaden more. So he had only rich young men like himself who were very pleasant but not particularly broad except in their stories. And these fellows didn't think we should let in their sisters or any women friends except actresses, as they wanted us girls to feel it was OUR club.

We move in circles in the theatre, and the first thing Maude and I knew we were seeing very little of our old acquaintances of the stage and just limiting ourselves to going around in this loop-the-loop concern after the play for an hour or so — or so — or so.

But we hadn't reckoned on our mothers' solicitude for our health. The first night we went to the Night Cap Club we had a feeling as we were getting out of the cab on our return home that some one on high was looking at us. Some one who doesn't make a business of it, I mean. There were two other girls in the open-faced taxi, and Ronny on the pavement, and with one accord we lifted our faces to the windows of our apartment from which protruded the heads of mothers like twin Barbara Frietchies. The girls wanted to go right up and meet them and it was all I could do to convince them that in Iowa people don't make calls at two-thirty in the morning.

"But we will call. We will all call," one of them assured us impressively. "Above all things in life I love mothers. And we will take them to the Night Cap." Then they drove away leaving us suddenly chilled and apprehensive.

We hated to go up-stairs, just like little girls of long ago. And in the elevator we decided hurriedly that we had been detained at a business meeting of a club which did a great deal of good. We would have said it was a midnight rehearsal, which goes well with any outsider, but we felt that we couldn't continue having rehearsals, whereas one could endlessly attend committee meetings. As far as I know there are six varieties of committees to keep one away from home, namely: board, house, executive, governors, council, and social, besides those rare occasions when officials of clubs meet the members.

[*Continued on page 37*]

To Those Who Stood in the Way

by Berton Braley

NOW that the War is won, and the ideas and ideals of the Allies are accomplished facts, how are you Socialists, you Pacifists, you "Intellectuals," going to feel about the part you played in it?

It was well enough to babble of your "sanity in a world gone mad," to pose as martyrs to the "holy cause of individual freedom of thought and action," to impede and obstruct to the small limit of your effectiveness, but now that it is all over and the Hun has been rendered impotent for further murder, piracy, and scientific barbarism; when the world is again free to joy in God's good sunshine — how are you going to regard your conduct while the grim work that led to this consummation was going forward?

You who have always mouthed beautiful phrases about "international brotherhood," you who have ever signed yourselves, "yours for the revolution," and celebrated that marvelous uprising of the people of France in 1789 as your "Independence Day" — is it likely to be pleasant for you in after years to look upon a veritable international brotherhood of nations fused and cemented by the heat of this war, and know that you called the process by which that league came into being a "Capitalistic War" and did your puny best to halt it prematurely?

Will it be a matter of self-congratulation to you that while the "unthinking mob" gave its blood and its strength, and while the "capitalistic class" gave its sons and its treasure in a mighty and world-wide uprising against the cynical and ruthless autocracy which menaced every liberty and every decency of humanity, you held aloof or attacked the cause with arguments of fine-spun legalism and specious propaganda?

How is it going to be with you when you remember that you shrieked "peace, peace!" at every hypocritical truce-gesture of the blood-stained Hohenzollern hand; that you would have civilization make terms and negotiate with a system that never kept any word it was strong enough to break, with a government which freely declared itself above all morality and bound by no laws save those of expediency, with a state which viewed force as the first, the best and the final means of settling all questions?

HOW will you look upon yourselves in retrospect for having advocated, in the name of peace, a cessation of hostilities which would have been but a breathing space before a huger war, and in which the very militarism you affect to hate would of necessity make the world one vast drilling ground? How will you regard your inability or unwillingness to recognize that the thing we fought, the German idea, is the thing that makes wars; and that until that thing was wholly crushed by force, no peace was thinkable, no peace possible?

How will you look back upon your countenancing of the beast that raped and slaughtered and burned and massacred the helpless and the unarmed in Belgium, Serbia, Poland and Armenia? For by suggesting that compromise or negotiation with that Prussian monster was possible you extenuated the crimes, you welcomed the criminal upon the judge's bench instead of haling him to the prisoner's dock.

How will it be with you when nations need gird themselves only to battle with nature, to make the desert blossom as the rose, and to build out of clanging workshops not guns and battleships for destruction, but a structure of civilization based on right and justice and peace? How will it be with you when you realize that all this came true — and the soldiers of the Allies fought to make it true — not because of you, but in spite of you, that your dream has been wrought by others who waded through hell to accomplish it?

Oh, ye of little faith and fewer works, now that the end of all you demanded has been brought about, and always in the face of your own doubt and protestation, it shall be your punishment to know that you had eyes that would not see the glory of the vision which led men through war to everlasting peace, that you had ears which would not hear the voice of liberty, of democracy, of humanity, above the thunder of the guns.

And because you would not help to bear the cross up the steep heights of the world's Calvary, you shall ever bear the weight of the heavier cross of remorse down through the valley of death and beyond!

Repopulating the Earth

The Astounding Problem that Germany Now Faces with Six and a Half Millions of Her Young Men Dead, Missing or Crippled

Being the First of a Notable New Series

by

Newell Dwight Hillis

Illustration by W. T. Benda

FOUR years have now passed since the black floods of hate and greed, with waves tipped with fire, swept over Europe. The industrial commissions have now surveyed the ruined districts of France and Belgium, and estimated roughly the wastes of this wicked war. The Huns destroyed fifteen hundred towns and villages, four hundred and fifty thousand houses, left two million people without roof against the rain and snow, and in eight countries ruined property that represented one hundred and fifty billions of dollars. That which appeals to the eye is the destruction of cathedrals, colleges, libraries, woolen, silk and steel mills, the destruction of the coal and iron mines, the laying waste of the towns, the villages, the farmhouses, the vineyards and orchards. Nevertheless, enormous as are the *material* losses, the chief waste of these war-cursed lands was the human waste.

Great Britain and her colonies have buried one million boys, and must support a million and a half crippled heroes; France has lost one million, three hundred thousand, dead and missing, to which must be added two million wounded men, and nearly a million and a half consumptives. Austria places her casualties at four millions, Russia places hers at seven millions, with two million dead upon the battlefield, three million dead through disease, with casualties of two millions, while Germany sadly estimates her losses at six million, five hundred thousand.

Having confessed that no financial estimate can be placed upon the loss to the republic of one young inventor, author, merchant or artist, it remains to be said that the average earning capacity of a man who has been a soldier is about seven hundred and fifty dollars a year; therefore the death of one boy means the destruction of a ship, factory, or store, worth fifteen thousand dollars, and producing at five per cent. an annual income of seven hundred and fifty dollars a year. If the material losses, therefore, of the War, are one hundred and fifty billion dollars, the human losses involved in the loss of twenty millions of young men, representing wealth-producing machines, estimated at fifteen thousand dollars each, involve the loss to society of three hundred billions of dollars.

These appalling facts stagger the souls of men. At first, figures such as these mean little, but they strengthen the conviction that this war was the most cruel and inhuman war that has ever cursed our earth.

"As yet, the Fatherland does not know who is responsible for the murder of six and a half millions of our finest young men — whether it is the Kaiser, von Hindenburg, Bethmann-Hollweg or von Tirpitz, but we do know that the Fatherland is permanently crippled through their death."

Thoughtful men know precisely what Scheidemann, the socialist leader, meant, when in his anger, he shouted these words at the Junker party in the Reichstag. The death or invalidism of these millions of young men does not involve simply six and a half millions withdrawn from Germany's population, but since the average young German rears a family of four children, it means the loss of thirty millions during the life of this generation. These human losses come at a moment when Germany needs workers, in field and factory, shop and mine, for the payment of her indemnities, and the restoration of her industries. The facts are big with destiny. Whatever place in the sun Germany has had, has been lost, through her jealousy, greed and inhumanity.

The Black Shadow in the East

The rebuilding of Germany begins, therefore, with the rebuilding of the souls of her people. Her most vital problem is the human problem.

Those material things named towns, farms, cities, are only the outer and material exhibition of inner thoughts, called the soul. A locomotive is the thought of Stephenson, rushing into sight through steel, as the Principia is the thought of Newton, exhibited through words. The rush of a torpedo toward a *Lusitania* tells us that the soul of von Tirpitz has just passed by, even as the spectacle of the prostrate body of Edith Cavell, assures us that von Bissing has visited the jail where that glorious Englishwoman was murdered. Germany's laboratory begins with a chemist, her toys begin with wood-carvers, her ships are explained by a Ballin, and her forty-two centimetre guns by Herr Krupp. If Germany would have goods for a world trade, she must begin with the begetting of workers.

The first business of a country is the manufacture of souls — intelligent, industrious and moral — who will express themselves in railways, tools, looms, printing-presses, stores, farms, and so build up the state. Little wonder, therefore, that the leaders in Berlin are appalled by the situation, now that they realize that nearly one half of the man-power of Germany is dead, crippled or invalided. Can the German women open the furrows, sow the seed and reap the harvests? Can these widows and maidens handle the machines, create the surplus goods to be sold to pay the debts of war? Germany's greatest loss through this terrible war is the human loss, and her most vital problem is the problem of repopulating her country.

The proof that the German leaders are staggered by the crisis is found in the amazing appeals in the German newspapers that have been freely reproduced in the pro-German press of Switzerland.

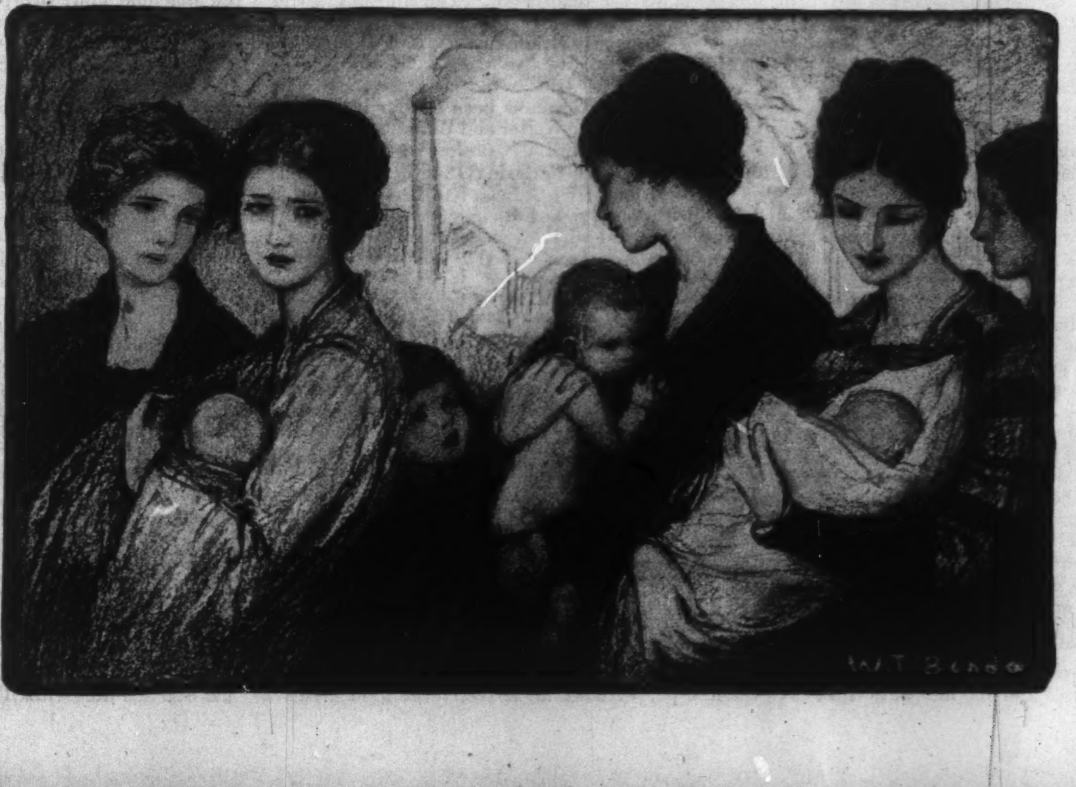
The Germans have been more than frank and frightened about their two million empty cradles.

It seems that Germany has had no child life during the last three years. By reason of the shortage of milk and nourishing foods the infant mortality has been fatal to the growth of the fatherland. Nothing is more common than the expression found in the German press that in these times of war, when millions of young men have been killed or wounded, it is the duty of all German women to rear children for the fatherland. The mere fact that the humorous papers of Munich and Berlin make capital out of the German soldier returning home from France and Belgium, bringing his half-German children with him, is in itself revelatory as to the breakdown of the old ideals in regard to the family. When people laugh at an institution, the institution is dead. Even before this war began the census of Bavaria showed that fifty per cent. of the children born were illegitimate. Multitudes of Bavarians live quite outside the marriage relation.

In defending this deplorable condition, the Germans explain the facts by laws that forbid the soldier's marrying until he has a certain fixed income. But if the boy is taken from the factory or store, when he is eighteen years of age, and kept in the camp during the most important years of his life, when he should be learning how to earn his livelihood, the result is inevitable: he drops out of the line of promotion, loses the strategic years of preparation, and before he can find a new position, the soldier enters into illicit relations with some woman, rears children by her, looking forward to a later time when he can learn a trade, and then marry and legitimatize his children.

To meet this abnormal condition, years ago, Germany passed laws for the legal protection of illegitimate children, but in the nature of the case the law cannot make up the loss to these unfortunates. Every child has a right to be well born, and a good first birth is the beginning of all things good. "Wherever," says Pliny, "there is no family, soon there will be no state."

In the United States and in the Allied countries the family is the first social institution, outranking all political institutions whatsoever. Any country, therefore, that enrolls the mothers of children born out of wedlock as friends of the fatherland, bestowing upon these girls all the rights and privileges that formerly belonged only to married women, has apparently removed every barrier for the



protection of the family, removed all obstacles to illegitimacy, placed a premium upon the polygamy practised by the Kaiser's ally and friend, the Sultan of Turkey, and over against monogamy defended the leprous doctrine of free love. If the statements of Germany's own leaders can be trusted, then the old family life of Germany has, for the time being, completely broken down.

Fear of Russia

Germany's eagerness to fill her empty cradles is intensified by her nervous fear of Russia, whose growth of population seems abnormal.

For several years before the Great War began Germany's natural increase was about eight hundred thousand, and under like conditions she looked forward during the next forty years to a growth of thirty millions that, added to her present seventy millions, would give the Fatherland a population of one hundred millions by 1960. But over against Germany stands Russia, with a natural increase of three millions per year, which promises one hundred and twenty millions during the next forty years; and that increase, added to Russia's present one hundred and eighty millions, would find Russia and Siberia a land of three hundred millions of people at the time that Germany has one hundred millions. But there is a physical law that forbids one pound to outweigh three pounds, and since Prussia's soil is thin and sandy, and Russia's soil, like Siberia's, is deep and black, can one hundred million Germans compete with three hundred million Russians, once the New Russia has come?

It is five hundred miles across Germany; it is seven thousand five hundred miles across Russia and Siberia. Russia owns one-sixth of the good farming land of the globe; ninety per cent. of the earth's platinum; sixty per cent. of all the forests of hickory, oak, maple and elm upon this planet, not to mention her gold mines, her coal fields, her oil wells, her silver and copper, tin, lead and zinc mines. Russia and Siberia can produce food for the support of a thousand millions of men. He who reads carefully many of the statements about the New Russia, and the note of fear therein, will understand Germany's overweening anxiety to fill her cradles and repopulate her country.

Reduced to its simplest terms, therefore, Germany's problem is this: given sixty-eight millions of people in the fatherland, with perhaps seven millions of men beyond forty-five, with boys under eighteen, with six and a half millions dead, missing or wounded, how can the fifty-five millions of women and children and old men be supported by the handful of Germans left? If, also, some millions of German maidens and widows go through life without children, the population of sixty-eight millions will soon begin to drop. Everything, therefore, depends upon the attitude of the German women toward this question of the repopulation of Germany.

At this critical moment their leaders are appealing to the German girls to immediately marry the crippled soldiers, and for the sake of filling the empty cradles, assume as an act of supreme self-sacrifice, the physical support of the crippled or invalided soldier-husband, and, at the same time, undertake the full support of any children that may be born. Ordinarily, a woman's shoulders must carry a heavy weight in rearing her children, even when her husband furnishes the house, the food and clothing. Can the German woman, therefore, fulfil her own tasks plus the husband's task as a wage earner, and while carrying the babe in her arms, carry the crippled husband upon her back?

Reduced to its lowest possible terms, that is the problem that confronts the German woman in repopulating her country. Hitherto, no other race has been so prolific. The German woman is big, has broad shoulders and wide hips, has a large breast, is not afraid to work in the fields or among the herds and flocks.

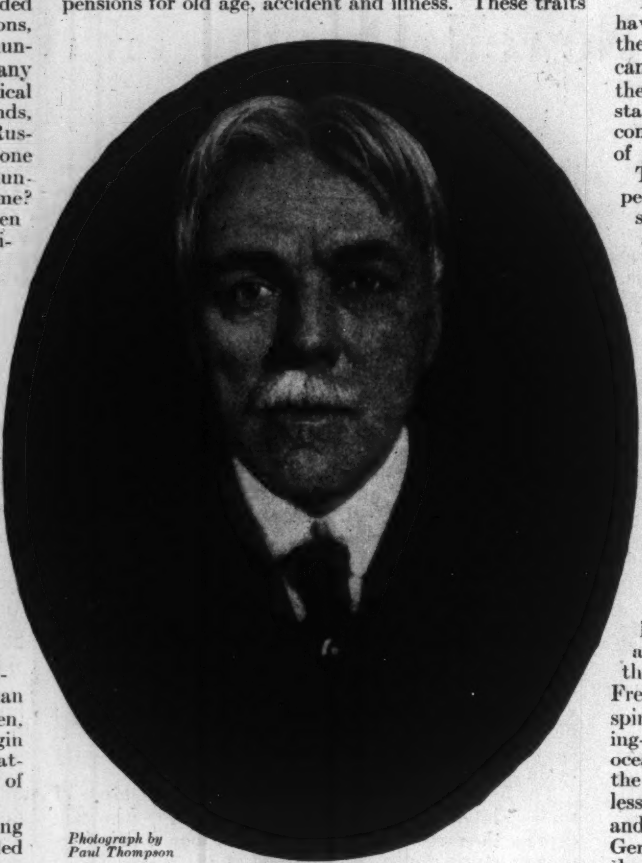
When the rose bush has had enough, its vitality overflows in the red rose. When the lark and the nightingale have satisfied all the wants of the body, the excess of vitality overflows in sweet song. Now the child upon a woman's bosom is the excess of her vitality,—a kind of human song, a vitalized red rose, that glorifies the earth. It is not too much to say that measured in terms of physical bulk, the German women have reared more children, taller and heavier than any other race in the world. In the hour of her dire extremity, therefore, Germany, that has too often treated women as inferiors, turned them into chattels and burden-bearers, must now throw herself upon the mercy of these women, who alone can save the fatherland out of the distresses brought upon Germany by the men.

The German Type of Body and Mind

Experts who have mapped the races, have set before all the men the physical and mental gifts that belong to the German race — traits that separate them from other races and make them unique.

The gift of the Britisher is pioneering, and worldwide enterprise; the Italian has the artistic gift; the French, intellectual brilliancy; the American, individual initiative; while the German's gift is patience and thoroughness in the pursuit of details. The German intellect is at its best in pulling a flower to pieces to count the petals. In the laboratory, he loves to analyze a drop of blood, and see how many more white corpuscles there are than red. The German scholars produce nearly all the grammars and dictionaries, and the very essence of the German intellect is in the exclamation of the old grammarian who regretted he had spent seventy years on the Greek noun, but wished he had given his whole life to the dative case. That type of mind, however, is, in the nature of the case, a subservient type, docile and plastic, accepting rule from above.

Now, these are the very traits that manifest themselves in the unity and subserviency of vast socialistic labor unions, co-operative villages, building societies, pensions for old age, accident and illness. These traits fit the Germans for team-work. The pigeons go in flocks, the fish in shoals, the sheep in herds, and the Germans in regiments, trade-unions and orchestras. This trait also tells us why sixty-eight millions of Germans allowed one Kaiser to rule over them. So thoroughly have the Germans been subdued and subordinated that when the Kaiser and Bethmann-Hollweg told the hundred university professors in January, 1918, to sign a paper declaring that not one single act of terrorism and frightfulness had been committed in Belgium, they all signed their names to what they knew was a lie, and what everybody else knew was a lie, because they were accustomed to submit to another's will.



Photograph by Paul Thompson

Dr. Hillis

A Standardized German Type

More serious still is the fact that the big, broad, free, independent minds have little by little either been expelled from Germany, or have left the fatherland. Carl Schurz and his followers, who organized the German Revolution of 1848, stood forth as the finest intellects of their generation. When the crisis came, and they insisted upon living their own lives, and publishing their own views, and refused to obey the law of *lèse majesté*, many were arrested, imprisoned or hung, while the rest succeeded in escaping across the frontier lines into Holland, Sweden, and thence to the United States.

The expulsion of these men of independent minds cost Germany the very type that she most needed, and when this process of elimination had gone on through two generations, there was finally left a standardized German type, without initiative, lacking in creative imagination, unable to found new schools, in painting, sculpture, or literature. Meanwhile, for years the standardized type has survived and been multiplying. It was as if a husbandman had gone through the orchard to cut out the Winesap, the Spitzenberg, the Delicious, and left only the Ben Davis for increase. It was as if the forester had gone through his woods, and chopped down every pine, oak, elm, and left nothing except the ironwood tree, suitable for axe helves, and plough handles. But the glory of the garden is in the variety of the flowers, the violet, the rose, the lily, the chrysanthemum. And the glory of a country is the number and variety of temperaments, the creative intellects that express themselves, in divers schools of painting, architecture, invention, religion, and politics.

German autocracy runs a mower across the fatherland, and cuts off the heads of the ten-talent men and the five-talent men, and secures unity for regiments and trade-unions, and socialistic factories, by reducing all to the level of the two-talent men, thoroughly subdued and subservient.

The glory of the United States is that our millions have absolute freedom, so that the one-talent men, and the two-talent men, the five- and the ten-talent men can shoot up just as high into the realm of success, as their gifts, industry and ambition dictate. But having standardized the German type, the law of heredity comes in, to reproduce sameness, and endless monotony of gifts.

The Prussian state system grinds out seventy million people, all bearing the same type and image, as if seventy million crackers had been ground through, and had come out of a German cracker machine, each with the same number of stamps, ready to be baked in an autocratic oven.

The German Type and Heredity

Over against the strength of the German mind, which is a detail mind, and, therefore, fitted for team-work, producing goods at wholesale, we have the weakness and one-sidedness of the German type. What Germany needs is a powerful infusion of the mystical and artistic traits of the Italian, with the brilliant, imaginative gifts of the French. The history of Germany during the last sixty years is a history of making goods by machinery. Practically all of the great inventions and discoveries must be credited to those races whose gift is that of creative imagination. Every manufacturer knows that the engine, the locomotive, and the steamship belong to England and the United States, and that Germany received them as free gifts at the hands of the Allies. A Frenchman invents the loom; Arkwright develops the spindles; Whitney, the cotton-gin; Elias Howe, the sewing-machine; Wheatstone, the Morse telegraph; the ocean cables belong to Lord Kelvin and Cyrus Field; the telephone belongs to Bell and Gray, and the wireless to Marconi, even as the Wrights gave us the airplane and Edison the phonograph, and the Curies, radium. Germany could not even invent the instruments that she has used in this war.

An American invented the submarine, an American invented the German torpedo; Hotchkiss gave them the machine gun; Murphy gave them the surgeon's button, just as an American physician gave their hospitals the Dakin solution. It was from France, England and the United States that they had the aniline dyes, the reenforced concrete, the secrets of india rubber, the air brakes, the steel buildings, the use of electricity.

Among the eight great masters of painting that begin with Giotto and end with Rembrandt, there is not a single German name, just as there is no German sculptor within a thousand leagues of Rodin, Michael Angelo or Phidias. We have long known that Schubert and Schumann, Rubinstein and Chopin were Jews, and that three-fourths of the other musicians supposed to be Germans were Jews, whose ancestors two hundred years ago suffered such cruel political disabilities and wrongs that they gave up their Hebrew names and took the German names, just as thousands of Germans in this country are now asking our courts to allow them to Americanize their names.

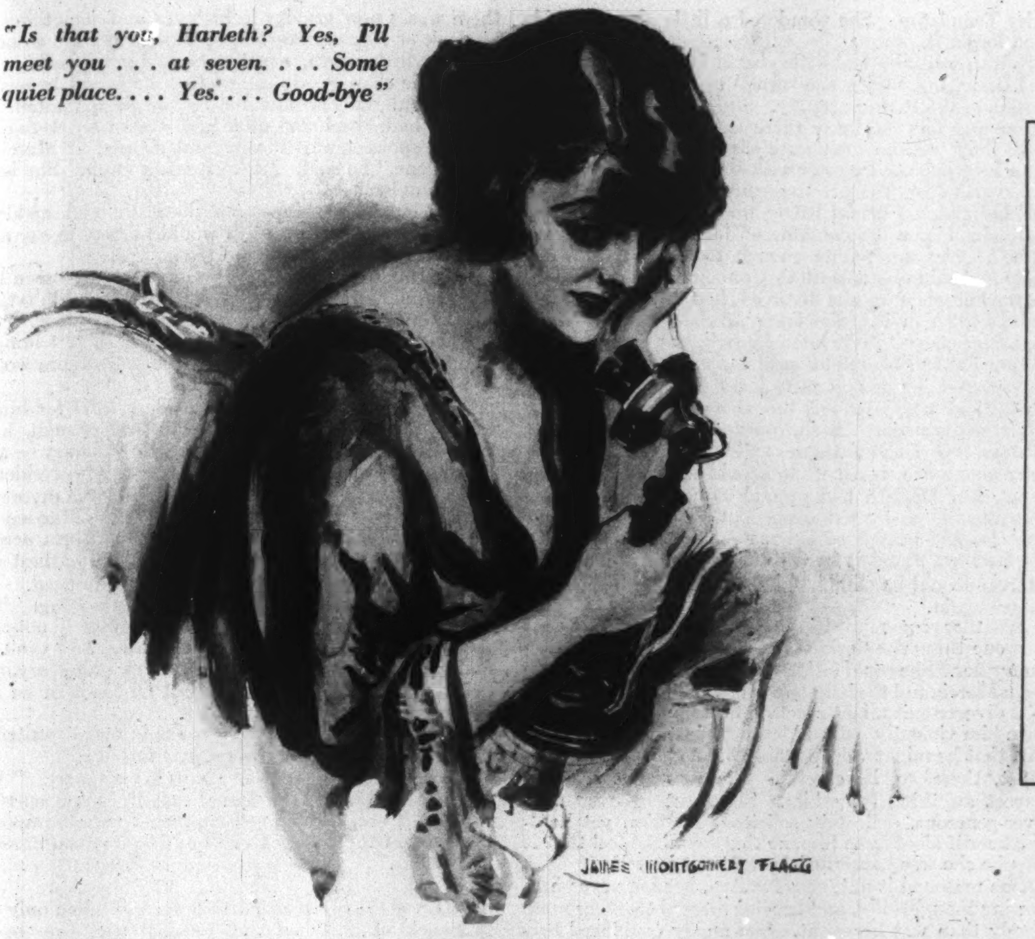
The simple fact is that from the viewpoint of manufacturing goods at wholesale by machinery, the German has unique skill, but an Englishman, a Frenchman or an American must first of all invent the tool that the German turns out in quantity. This is not saying that the German mind, with its patience, its thoroughness, its love of detail, and its gift for team-work, is a small gift; it is only affirming that this gift for detail differs from the gift of creative imagination.

Degeneracy in Germany

The problem of the repopulation of Germany is further complicated by the singular outbreak of degeneracy that has startled the civilized world.

[*Continued on page 58*]

"Is that you, Harleth? Yes, I'll meet you . . . at seven. . . . Some quiet place. . . . Yes. . . . Good-bye"



IN A NUTSHELL

FIRST, there is Harleth Crossey, the husband of Marcia. Young, successful, but weak as water; he plays fast and loose with Marcia's love, until she finally leaves him, taking their baby with her.

The woman who makes most of the trouble is Leila Templeton — a climber of the perilous type, lacking the merest suggestion of a principle. Then there is Curt Jennings — the patient, the self-sacrificing, the true friend of Marcia. Junior, the young son of the Crosseys, is not grown up enough to play a very important part in the story, but he is there nevertheless. Also we have Harleth's mother — a wise woman who sees the faults in her son, and the virtues in her daughter-in-law. Belle Percy deserves a word. She plays the understanding confidante to Marcia's rôle as leading lady with warmth and sincerity.

Many other characters fill up the chinks of the story so that the reader's interest has no chance of escaping through any literary cracks.

The See-Saw

The Fourth and the Most Vital Part of This Big Thrilling Novel

By Sophie Kerr

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

Chapter VII

THE two men eyed each other in glowering confusion. It *is* embarrassing to swear at a fellow with whom formerly you have been on the best of terms. It is also embarrassing to be sworn at by a fellow with whom formerly you have been on the best of terms. A second after that hearty "damn" was out of his mouth, Curtis Jennings regretted his violence — not because it was not deserved, but because he had not intended to say anything to show how much he was Marcia's partisan. And through Harleth Crossey's consciousness came the first faint glimmering of real rebuke that he had experienced. If this was the way Curt — good old Curt — felt about him — perhaps — perhaps — he was not in such an impregnable position as he thought.

Curt Jennings straightened up, his face red, his manner still stiff and truculent. "I think that's about all I have to say," he said. "In the future any communications will be made from Wilder and Clarke to your attorneys."

Harleth Crossey cleared his throat. "Look here, Curt," he said, "don't go away like this. You don't understand anything about it. You think there's only one side to this business."

"I *know* there's only one side to it," said Curt, sternly, "and that's Marcia's side. You don't remember, I suppose, that I was one of the guests at your house when this affair started, and I've been pretty well informed ever since about how it has gone on. Don't try to put any of the blame of it on Marcia — not to me. I know better. And I want to tell you this, Crossey: I've seen a good many darn fools in my life who've done just what you've done — run after another woman when he had a wife at home that was worth ten thousand of the woman he neglected her for, but I never saw a man who was as big a darn fool as you. For the sake of a cheap little tuppenny happenny bit of paint and feathers, you've chucked a woman like Marcia. Good God — I could find it in my heart to be sorry for you, if I thought you were worth it."

"That's pretty rough talk," said Harleth. He was controlling himself with visible effort.

"I meant it to be rough," said Curt, "and I stand by every word of it. So do all of Marcia's other friends." He ended the interview with a brusque nod and went out, glad enough that he had had the chance to say these things to Harleth. He would have been even more glad if he had known how deep an impression they made. It tore away from Harleth Crossey much of the self-deception with which he had hidden his faults from his own eyes. They forced him — unwillingly — to judge himself by the standards of his own sex and his own kind. They dealt a healthy shock to his selfish youthfulness — that youthfulness that had persisted through years that should have brought him responsibility and sober self-knowledge. He was obliged to relinquish, to himself, something of the pose of the "spoiled boy" — the boy who wilfully wanted anything that took his fancy and wilfully pursued it, and wilfully denied the right of time or circumstance to judge him wrong in so doing. For the first time in his life, he questioned the wisdom of something he had done, and deliberately took stock of what this last piece of recklessness had cost him.

IT was not a very reassuring display, though he approached, first, its least important factor. He had liked his big house, with its perfectly adjusted mechanism of service; he liked the easy, friendly society of Wellridge, and all its hospitality and appurtenances thereto. That was gone. He knew he would miss it, keenly. And then, wincing, he forced himself to think of his little son. It was true that he had been afraid to touch the little squirming pink and white lump of flesh, and that he was not interested in the daily budget of nursery news. But, after all, he was his own boy — Harleth Junior — and he had had vague dreams of Lawrenceville and Yale for him — and seeing him grow up into — he twisted himself away from that thought impatiently. He felt just now that he did not want Harleth Junior to grow into the same sort of man as his father.

So . . . he had lost his home and his son. And his wife. A hundred tormenting thoughts of Marcia assailed him, now that he had let them in. There was Marcia at breakfast with him in a particularly lovely lace negligée that he had noticed because of the way her rose and ivory shoulders showed warmly under its transparency. . . . There was Marcia with her household books, flushing because he laughed at them. . . . Marcia in the mellow, golden lights of the house she had planned with so much care and patience, a skilful, gentle hostess. . . . Marcia's trick of pressing her cheek against his coat sleeve, and leaving a little kiss there in moments of special tenderness, when they were alone. . . . Marcia in a low chair, with the baby at her breast, her dark head bent to show the beautiful line of her neck. . . . Marcia. . . .

He got up and walked impatiently about his office. He reminded himself sharply that Marcia had been unreasonable and very unjust. That she had lied to him to trap him into damaging admissions. That she had turned his father and mother against him. That she had taken matters into her own hands in undignified haste and had forced action on him. That it was she who had left him and not he who had left her. That it was she who had first consulted lawyers. That she had made him appear an abominable cad by refusing to receive any of the money he would gladly have settled on her and his son. That she had insisted on keeping the child all to herself, allowing his father to see him only at stated intervals and under conditions of her own imposing. That it was she who had transformed Curt Jennings and all the rest of the Wellridge community, to say nothing of all their other friends, into a pack of merciless judges of him.

He wanted to believe this indictment of Marcia — wanted to with all his soul. But something — it might have been Curt Jennings' voice: "You're not fit to mention your wife's name" — uneasily prevented full belief.

Perhaps . . . perhaps . . . Marcia might forgive him even now. Perhaps if he went to her . . . and told her he had not intended. . . . If he could blot out that last painful scene from her memory . . . if he could only make her see that he was not what she had thought . . . if he gave her his word that she had suspected him wrongly. . . . Yes,— she *had* suspected! His stubborn pride took fire at the word. He wouldn't humble himself and beg her forgiveness when she had thought that of him. He couldn't. His thoughts made an abrupt turn. Leila!

His sense of injury deepened further. What had he done but try to make Leila's life a little more bearable — Leila, who was a friend of Marcia — Leila, who had had so much and had lost it and had found life so hard and so unkind — Leila, who in spite of all this put up a plucky front to the world and would not let any one see how terribly she had been hurt. Except himself. *He* had penetrated that courageous mask. He had discovered what a gentle and feminine Leila that glittering hard manner of hers hid from a callous world. He almost convinced himself that it was true . . . all this.

ALMOST, but not quite. A mocking little devil of common sense persisted in looking him in the eye and asking, boldly: "Well, what are you going to do about it? Do you propose to marry Leila after Marcia gets her divorce? That's what she's expecting, you know." And try as he would, Harleth Crossey could not banish that particular devil nor answer its impertinences. He stopped his restless prowling about his office and sat down at his desk and rang for his secretary. Work was a welcome alternative to thought. There were a lot of odds and ends of business that he might as well clean up. He dug them out painfully, called for letter files, reports and various collections of data, and concentrated on the task.

The news of Marcia's actual going did not reach Leila by way of Harleth Crossey, but, strangely enough, through her father, who remarked casually one evening at dinner that Ollie Clarke was telling him that Marcia Crossey and her husband had split, and that Marcia was going to get a divorce. Of his daughter's connection with the affair he was benignly ignorant, so much so that he asked Leila if she had seen Marcia lately and heard anything of her domestic tragedy. Leila shrugged her shoulders.

"Dear me, no," she said. "Marcia's had very little use for me since we've lost our money, father. Belle Percy's exactly the same — she's hardly civil to me." And Mr. Templeton, who had had some very unpleasant times with his womenfolk concerning the downfall of his fortunes, did not pursue the subject.

Indeed, what she said of Belle was quite true. They had chanced to be placed side by side at a morning musicale and, between numbers, had conducted an acrimonious conversation. Leila had smiled amusedly at Belle's cool "How d'ye do," and had whispered:

"You don't have to speak to me if you don't want to, Belle, you know. Don't let the mere fact of our having known each other from the cradle deter you from any rudeness now."

To which malicious challenge, Belle had made prompt reply:

"You needn't take that tone with me, Leila. I spoke to you before I thought, anyway."

Leila composed her features and answered with appealing frankness:

"I never thought that you'd turn on me and treat me as so many other people have done, Belle. It's hard enough to be poor, you know, without losing all one's friends, too."

Belle eyed her stonily. "Your being poor has nothing to do with the way I treat you and you know it, so don't bother to be pathetic. I know you perfectly, Leila, and I know your methods with men, but I never expected to see them used to break up the marriage of one of your best friends. How Harleth Crossey can be such a fool is more than I can understand."

"Thanks," said Leila. "You needn't say anything more, Belle. The mere fact that what you say isn't true will have no possible weight with you, I know. So go ahead and spread your scandal — you'll find it much easier because I have no way of defending myself."

Belle, being thoroughly aroused, could not forbear one more nasty scratch. "You hardly flatter yourself that he'll marry you after Marcia divorces him, I suppose," she said, "unless, perhaps, you can trap him into it in some way. No one thinks he will — he'll know you much too well by that time."

The hostess of the musicale was surprised to see one of her guests leaving in apparent agitation in the very middle of one of the baritone's best songs. She could not identify her at the distance, but she thought it was Miss Templeton. She wondered a little about it and then forgot it.

Sylvan solitudes had little charm for Leila as a general thing, but to-day she turned to the quiet and seclusion of the Park gratefully. She would not be likely to see any one she knew there and she did not want to see any one she knew until she had time to recover from her vicious encounter with Belle.

Nevertheless, though the conversation with Belle had been such a brutal battle, and she had lost, Leila had gained from it something of distinct advantage to herself. She was astute enough to know that what Belle had said about Harleth Crossey not intending to marry her when he was divorced, had a kernel of dangerous truth in it. She knew Harleth Crossey very well, far better than he knew himself, but, having gone so far, she had no intention of losing him at the last. She assured herself that she was not likely to do better.

She had not intended this dénouement when the affair commenced. All she wanted then was to make Marcia feel uncomfortable and amuse herself until some one more worth while should engage her attention. But Harleth had proved to be so amusing, so generous, so easily led along and flattered — and no one else *had* passed within matrimonial range,— that she had not found it hard to foresee a future wherein Marcia should be eliminated and Harleth quite free to marry again.

Whether or not she ultimately married Harleth, there was one thing she decided on,— that he must want to marry her. She could feel, however, that this separation from Marcia and the irritations and possible humiliations of a divorce suit might react on his impulsive nature to turn him violently and suddenly against her. She foresaw that he might very possibly blame her for all. She must, therefore, be careful. She must not seem to expect anything from him. She must be over-kind, over-generous, delicately solicitous for him, yet holding herself aloof from him, so that he might feel that it was he she was concerned for and not herself.

She reasoned it out, step by step, her long eyes narrowing thoughtfully, and her lips pressed together more firmly than was her wont. She finally convinced herself that the thing to do was to wait and let Harleth come to her. If he did that — if he made the first move, it would mean that he could not do without her. She would not write or telephone, or send any message. She would simply wait. If he came to her, she knew that she could hold him ever after. If he did not — but she would not go into that. She felt secure that he would come. The only concession she made was to be readily accessible. She would go home and stay there until . . . she knew.

She felt fairly assured that he would not fail her. He was the sort of man who needed sympathy, flattery, approval, and she was not mistaken in thinking that there was precious little of these emotions directed toward him at the present time by any one who knew both him and Marcia. Therefore, he must turn to her, Leila, unless, as she had imagined before, a revulsion of feeling stronger than his need for sympathy, might take him away from her forever.

Her uneasy mind see-sawed between the two ideas. It was a long day and a long night that drew themselves to a slow close while she waited. When the telephone rang, she hurried to answer it, in a tremor of nerves, but it was never Harleth.

She had a great deal of time for thought while she waited, and at times her forebodings drove her almost frantic. Was she to lose out now, after all she had endured? — she phrased it so to herself. It was unbearable — unthinkable. She grew feverish with the injustice of it — the miserable, rank injustice of it all.

But she would not give up her conviction that Harleth would come. He must come. He *must*. She forgot to look in the mirror. She did not dress. She ate only enough to keep her from actual hunger, mechanically, not savoring the taste of the food.

BUT at last, after a lapse of uncounted time, that seemed to her like weeks and months and weary years, the telephone rang and it was he.

There was relief and anxiety in her voice as she answered him, though she tried to keep them out. "Is that you, Harleth? . . . Yes, I'm very well, a little headache, that's all. . . . You want to see me? . . . We might go to dinner somewhere, I suppose. . . . Yes, I'll meet you . . . at seven. Some quiet place. . . . Just street clothes. . . . Yes. . . . Good-bye."

It was all utterly commonplace, but it gave her an immense hope. He *had* turned to her, and not away from her, as she had feared. (She acknowledged to herself now how much she had feared.) But the game was not won yet, by any means. She must keep her head clear for this meeting.

She made herself carefully a little late and he was there before her. He came to meet her, smiling, but there was a new gravity in his eyes and something of his look of reckless boyishness was gone. He seemed older, a little worn, gentler, more kind. Leila welcomed the change — it meant that he would be easier to deal with, and in that she was not disappointed.

They had a secluded table and while they were eating, he spoke quite frankly and simply. "Marcia's really gone," he said. "Perhaps you knew. She isn't — coming back."

Leila looked at him sympathetically and nodded. She was not quite sure what would be best to say and trusted to silence.

"The house is closed," he went on. "I've seen her lawyers and everything's settled. She wouldn't take anything from me — not even money for Junior."

Leila lowered her lashes to hide a flash of triumph. The more Marcia did not take, the more there would be left for —

"Of course I'm going to set aside a fund for him," went on Harleth, "and when he's old enough, he'll have it. They've gone over in New Jersey — and taken a house. As soon as she can establish residence there, and it will be legal, she's going to get a divorce." He had hesitated over this, but forced himself to say it.

Again Leila kept silence. She would inform herself of the divorce laws of New Jersey at the earliest opportunity, she resolved. But there was no need.

"It takes two years," Harleth was saying. "Of course I sha'n't put any obstacles in her way — not that it would be any use. The thing's done, and can't be undone now. She's determined to do it and everyone's urging her on and making me out all kinds of an impossible brute. I —"

"How mean, how unfair!" broke in Leila, spiritedly. "To attack you when you've done nothing."

"I've done enough," said Harleth, brusquely. "And I've made all kinds of a fool of myself. I can see that. But I — I don't know — I suppose I wasn't responsible most of the time. I've been drinking too much, I know that."

LEILA suddenly realized that he had taken only one cocktail and had not touched the wine beside his plate.

"I wouldn't have thought, though, that all my friends would have been so anxious to kick me when I'm down," he went on. "Curt Jennings came into my office and literally bawled me out. I thought he was going to hit me."

"Imagine fat, flabby old Curt trying to hit you," said Leila. "I think — don't misunderstand me, Harleth, but I think — indeed, I'm pretty sure that Curt always had a penchant for Marcia. That's why he's such a champion."

"Oh, that's all nonsense," said Harleth, frowning. "Don't get that into your head. He wasn't any more to Marcia than he was to me."

"Perhaps not," she yielded instantly. "I'll tell you now something that I hadn't intended to tell you. I sat beside Belle at a musicale the other morning and she — she attacked me — oh, dreadfully. She said such things — such things, Harleth—" She paused and looked at him. Histrionic tears glittered in her eyes.

"Poor Leila," said Harleth. "We're partners in disgrace, aren't we? You're about the only friend I have left. I've felt pretty forlorn over this thing, I tell you. I — I wanted to see some one who didn't treat me like a pariah. Even mother —" he stopped.

"Oh, Harleth," cried Leila, softly. "It's dear and good of you to say that to me. I — I needed it."

For the rest of the evening she was very gentle, very thoughtful with him. She had established her line. She knew how to make herself indispensable to him. She soothed him out of his despondent moment and then, by gradual stages and a little raillery, changed his mood into something brighter. After a while they were laughing together, and he had recovered his spirit. They talked no more of Marcia or Curt or Belle or anything that was troubling them.

But at the end of the evening, as on that night before when he had come to her after the scene with Marcia, Harleth left with a word of serious import for the future.

"I shall be hanging round you a great deal," he said. "You won't find me a nuisance? You'll try and put up with me, won't you, Leila?"

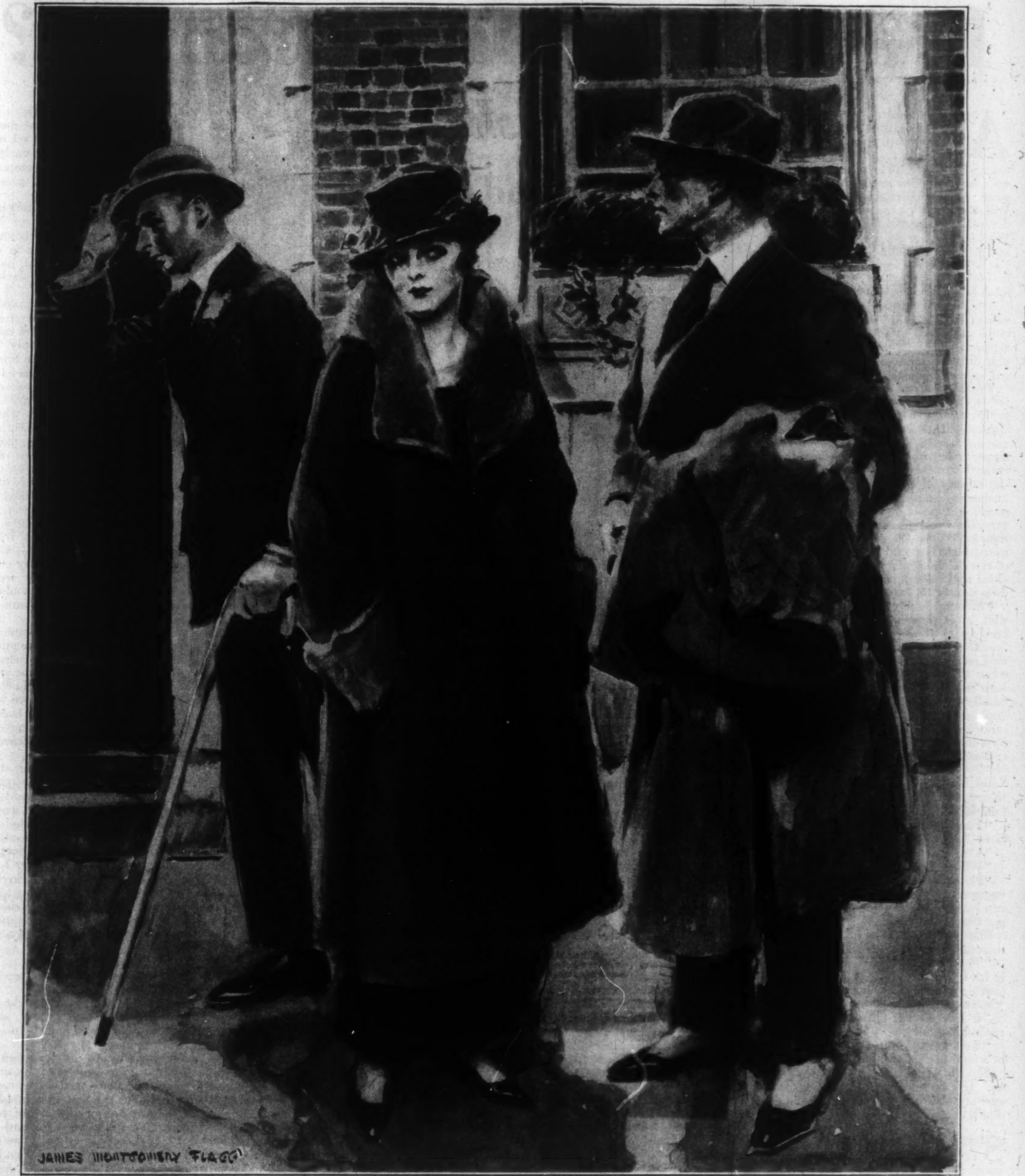
She gave him both her hands. "You know the answer to that," she said, smiling.

He took one of her hands and laid it against his cheek. "You have nice hands," he said irrelevantly. Then: "If you'll help me, we can get things straight after awhile, Leila. It's just a question of waiting. Do you — want to wait?"

"I want to wait," she answered.

After he had left her, Harleth Crossey walked slowly up the dimly lighted street. He tapped the pavement reflectively with his stick as he walked along.

"I've done one decent thing," he said slowly, aloud. "I've not shirked that responsibility, anyway. Even



"Funny!" he said. "I'd have sworn he spoke to you and never saw me. You don't know Otis Vail, do you?"

Marcia might be willing to grant that I'd done one decent thing — if she knew."

Chapter VIII

BUT Marcia did not know. Marcia was very busy. The house Curt Jennings had found for her was not over-large, but it had to be painted and papered and furnished and curtained and generally set in order. She would take nothing from the house she had just left — not even the smallest thing. Aunt Janey had protested against it.

"You're weakly giving way to sentiment," she said. "I should think you'd want the things from your own room, at least. And your china. And your silver. *And* your linen." Aunt Janey did not understand a woman who could leave linen like that untouched.

"Don't let's talk about it," said Marcia, coaxingly. "Let it go that I am weakly giving way to sentiment. It's better to give way to sentiment now and then and not try to be a Spartan all the time. At least, it is with me. Being a Spartan constantly is beyond me, Aunt Janey."

But Aunt Janey told Belle in confidence: "It's unnatural and unwise, I think,

[*Continued on page 33*]

Is a Woman's War Coming?

asks

Cleveland Moffett

And He Goes On To Say:

> "IF men try to force women back there will come a wage struggle between the sexes as violent as the suffrage struggle from which women all over the world have just emerged victorious."

AMONG reconstruction problems, few are more complicated than those of American women — matrimonial problems and baby problems, for example—that must be solved by war workers who have become accustomed to high wages in munition factories and elsewhere. Will these women go back contentedly to domestic drudgery? To nursery drudgery? With poor pay or no pay at all? Or will they say firmly but good-naturedly: "No, thank you! We have discovered new fascinations in life; we want three things — a vote, a latch-key and a bank account."

Also, as they free themselves more and more from economic servitude, as they become more and more independent of male support, our wage-earning women will find new difficulties in connection with the eternal marriage question.

To wed or not to wed? To bear children or not to bear children? To give up an excellent job for a doubtful husband or not to give it up?

Already there is a well recognized tendency among certain classes of women who are amply self-supporting (school-teachers, trained nurses, etc.) to remain unmarried. They like the society of men, but are shy of husbands, since husbands usually mean a curtailment of liberty and a sacrifice of income. If this tendency increases with the general increase of woman's earning capacity we shall soon have a great population of bachelor maidens living in complete financial independence, thousands and tens of thousands of marriageable women in our towns and cities who will not marry because — well, because they do not have to.

I know a comely young woman, a college graduate, who, after pursuing routine work for several years, grew weary of narrowing conditions and resolved somehow to come into closer contact with life. She specialized, accordingly, on mathematics and physics and when the War came she found her opportunity in a New York City electrical laboratory where she now handles dynamometers, potentiometers and resistance apparatus dealing with heavy currents up to ten thousand voltages. No woman ever held this position before, but she does the work, a man's work, to the general satisfaction; and — she draws a man's pay.

"I want to advance on these lines," she told me, "and I take every chance to study so that when the time comes, I may go up the next round of the industrial ladder, just as a man would go up."

"You want to fit yourself to fill a big industrial position?"

"Yes — some day. Why not?"

"With a big salary?"

"Naturally. If I can do the work of an electrical engineer or an industrial organizer — and I think I can learn to do it — there's no reason why I shouldn't get the salary, is there?"

She looked charmingly feminine as she made this reasonable and businesslike statement.

"That's true," I agreed; "but — suppose you fall in love, suppose, when you are earning your big salary, you decide to marry some nice-looking young fellow who happens to be poor? Then what?"

"If I loved him I would give up my position," she replied instantly.

"You don't think you could be an electrical engineer or a factory organizer and be married at the same time?"

She shook her head. "I couldn't. I wouldn't want to. *If* I ever marry I shall take care of my home — and my children, and give up business entirely; but I don't think I ever shall marry."

SHE said this with great positiveness, but I caught a twinkle in her dark eyes that belied her words. It is an even chance that this young woman will marry, and if she does and the man is poor, if she gives up her job, as she says she will, then what? Will they have children? Will she take care of them? Or will she go back to her dynamometers and pay some other woman to run the home and the nursery for her? Or will there be no nursery to run? Will there be more birth control or less — after this war?

Here is another case that may be typical of the poorer classes. I know a family of Russian Jews in New York City, where three daughters, by arduous toil in a garment factory, support their widowed mother and several small sisters. One of these toilers is a beautiful young woman with wistful dark eyes, joyous and sad, a tragic victim of our industrial life — ten hours a day at the sewing-machine and a swarming tenement at night; a brave young woman whose smile is always eager, even when her heart weighs heavy — for her wasted youth!

"How much do you make a week?" I asked her recently.

"About seventeen dollars."

"And your two sisters?"

"A little less. We make nearly forty dollars a week between us."

"Do you save anything?"

"Very little. We have sickness. One of my sisters is sick now — laid off."

"WHAT would you do," I ventured, "if you fell in love with a poor man?"

"If I loved him, I suppose I would marry him — if he asked me," she answered simply.

"Would you give up your job?"

"Oh, no! I couldn't, if he was poor."

"But you couldn't bring up a family and keep your job. You would have to give up your job sooner or later."

She pondered this, remembering that her mother had had eleven children.

"I couldn't give up my job, if the man was poor," she repeated. "We wouldn't be able to have any family!"

The national importance of these problems will be seen when we consider what a vast army of American women are to-day working in factories, in trade and in other gainful occupations, and how rapidly this army is increasing. In 1910 we had not less than eight million wage-earning women; in 1919 we have nearly ten million among whom are numbered a million and a half war workers, including not only factory women but women who, to the general surprise, are rendering valuable service as bank clerks, elevator operators, chauffeurs, street-car conductors, railroad-track walkers, section hands, locomotive wipers and oilers, locomotive dispatchers, block operators, drawbridge attendants, machine-shop workers, airplane workers, bootblacks and farmerettes.

And these women have done splendidly in these strange and strenuous callings. Just as they have in England!

I saw recently a private report to the British Ministry of Munitions in which, after commending women's services in engine building, gun making and various kinds of shop work, the writer says that "even in locomotive building, steel constructional work, boiler-making, bending, drilling and riveting, women are doing magnificent work both in regard to accuracy and output."

It is the opinion of a high British official that "England delayed the winning of the War for two years by delaying for one year the introduction of women into munition factories."

We have a similar situation here in America.

A report from the Portsmouth Navy Yard mentions a record made by a woman who drove 264 copper rivets into battery boxes in two hours!

An official of a motor company in Pennsylvania, says: "Tribute must be paid to the 1200 women in our factory whose earnest desire to help their country in its time of need, and whose mentality and courage have enabled them to make a success of a kind of employment entirely foreign to them in the general conception of their abilities."

Mr. H. E. Miles, chief of the training and dilution service under the Council of National Defense, has given me many instances of the efficiency of women workers in our factories and says that women's zeal, patriotism and honesty often inspire male slackers to better achievement.

In one case, for example, five unskilled women, after a few weeks' preliminary training (vestibule school instruction) were taken into a great Pennsylvania war supply factory to make specialized parts in the breech mechanism of big guns, and before very long they were earning $7 a day at piece-work. This they soon increased to $8 a day, then to $9 a day and finally to $11 a day; whereupon a sub-foreman, representing the Company, but really disloyal to the Company's interests, warned these women that they must ease up on their work and lessen their output. He said the men would not stand for women earning more than $6 a day. At which the women defied the men, endured ostracism and petty persecutions and finally won out.

I am told that the reason why male workers try to restrict piece-work production in factories is because they know that if they worked as hard as they could (as patriotic women have been working) they would earn so much that the week's total earnings would be obviously excessive and the Company would immediately lower the payment rates.

In another factory where women have been employed in making delicate parts of power machinery requiring great precision, the men threatened to strike because women were earning too much; but the Company put the men to shame (and the strike was declared off) by opening their books and showing that on piece-work at precisely the same wages the women were averaging $7.50 a day while the men were averaging only $6.50 a day! *The women were either more efficient or more conscientious!*

It may seem strange that women, except under stress of necessity, desire to work in factories where the grime and oil and roar of machinery create trying conditions, yet I know of several instances where college women or high school graduates have actually preferred factory work to equally well paid sedentary occupations.

"I feel that I have more liberty here in the factory, more chance for initiative and for growth than I had when I was teaching school," said a New England woman to me — I found her in the resounding shops of a vast shell and gun making concern, where she has advanced, by her ability, especially her understanding of women, to a position of large responsibility with good pay — a man's pay.

"YOU would not care to go back to school-teaching after the War?" I asked.

"Oh, no. I like this better. And yet I taught successfully in public schools and private schools, and I used to earn as much as two dollars an hour by private tutoring. But this work is more *real!*"

Of course the chief reason why American women will strive to keep factory positions and other positions where they have learned to replace men is the money consideration, the fact that for the first time hundreds of thousands of them have known the joy of being financially self-sufficing. This is a great forward step in female emancipation and, having taken it, we may be sure that our women will never voluntarily go back to the old condition of financial dependence. And if men try to force them back there will come a wage struggle between the sexes as violent as the suffrage struggle from which women all over the world have just emerged victorious. Equal industrial opportunity, equal wages to men and women for the same work — that will be the new feminist slogan, in a war of women that may still have to be fought.

Take a case that I know about of a woman who, before the War, was earning $6 a week in a candy shop, but who, since the War, has earned $4.68 *a day* in a torpedo factory. Does any one imagine that she will go back contentedly to

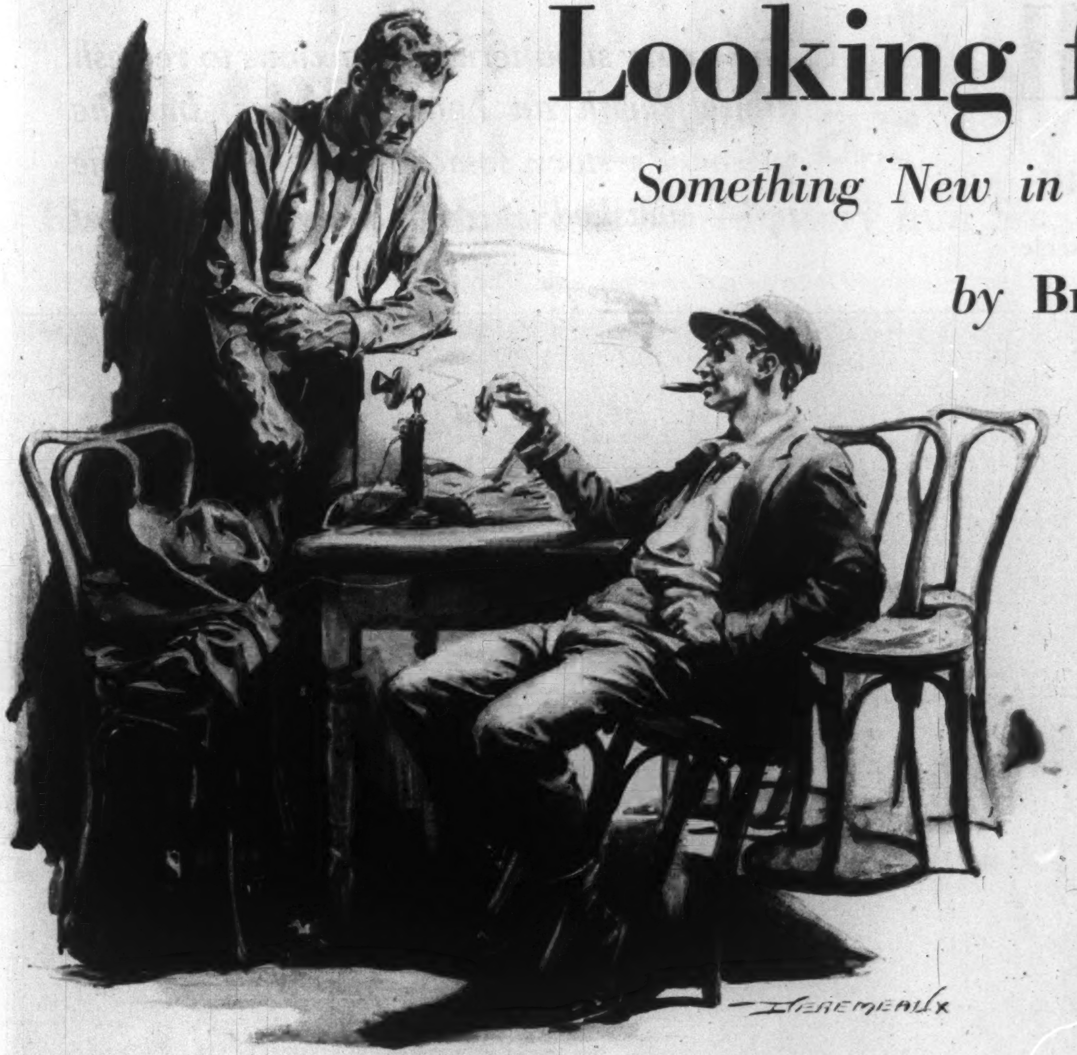
[*Continued on page 53*]

Looking for Levy

Something New in Comedian Stuff

by Bruno Lessing

Illustrations by Irma Deremeaux



Casey led his victim into the rear room. "Ye'd better get ready, because I'm going to lick the life out of ye!"

IT was strange that I should hear of Levy for the first time from the lips of Casey. Yet so it was. One never knows from whom one shall first hear of some one else. There is considerable food for speculation in this field of thought, but it does not affect the high cost of living.

Ritzoff & Salmovitch, dealers in second-hand furniture and bedding, had hired Aloysius Casey to drive their only truck. Casey was a born truck-driver. He stood six feet two inches high and, in an uncertain light, looked almost as wide and as thick. He had blue eyes, red hair, an amiable smile and a stubborn disposition.

One night he worked late and, on his way home through Delancey street, he saw bright lights in the upper windows of the Golden Star Lyceum and heard the strains of music. Being in the mood, he walked up the stairs. The hallway was darkened, but at the head of the first flight of stairs a kerosene lamp shed flickering yellow rays upon the landing. Within the area of this illumination stood a young man — he might have been anywhere between twenty and thirty-five — holding a girl tightly by the arm. And the girl was crying.

"You're just a brute!" Casey heard her exclaim. Now, there is an unwritten law whose origin extends far back into the mists of Irish history that nobody by the name of Casey who happens to be six feet tall and broad-shouldered and red-haired may ever hear a woman say that a man is a brute without taking part in the discussion. Casey gently — at least he thought he did it gently — pushed the man aside and said to the girl:

"Is he botherin' ye?"

The girl did not reply. Or, if she did, Casey did not hear her. A very hard substance that seemed to weigh 987,698,789 pounds struck Casey upon the back of his head and his consciousness became a perfect blank. It may be observed, parenthetically, that ever since this legendary law was unwritten, it frequently works out like this.

It was the next day, in Kobliner's coffee-house in Attorney street, that I met Casey. He looked very glum.

"Excuse me," he said, "but d'ye happen to know a chap by the name of Levy — a little fellow about so high? He's a plumber's assistant."

The height which he indicated might have been about four feet eight. I regretted that I had never met the gentleman.

"I'm looking for him," said Casey, grimly. And, there being no one else around, he told me what had happened.

"When I come to," he said — it serves no purpose to reproduce his brogue — "the girl is gone. So I goes up-stairs to the party and watches the dancing. And after a while a fellow comes up and says to me, 'Yer head's bleeding.' 'I know it,' says I, 'and I'm looking for the man what done it.' And when I told him about it, he says, 'That must be Levy,' says he. 'I seen him talking with a girl just a few minutes ago as I come up-stairs. Did he hit ye with a piece of lead-pipe?' I told him I couldn't swear to it but that's what it felt like or thereabouts. 'I guess it's Levy all right,' he says, 'because he works for a plumber and he always carries a piece of lead-pipe in his pocket.' But he can't tell me where he lives, only he says if I hang around here I'm sure to see him sooner or later. He says Levy's new in these parts and kind of mysterious."

During the next two weeks hardly a day passed that I did not come across Casey in some part of the Ghetto, looking for Levy. He told me he had patrolled every street from Grand to Houston and from the Bowery to the East River.

"But I guess," he remarked, philosophically, "when I'm on one street, he's on another."

HE waited for Levy outside the synagogue and on street corners. He asked for him in stores and of pedestrians. It was not exactly a methodical search, but it was persistent and showed great lasting qualities. He finally decided that Kobliner's coffee-house was the most likely spot in which to find his prey. He had arrived there several times only to learn that Levy had dropped in an hour before. Levy, however, never left word where he was going. Kobliner knew him by sight; but as Kobliner was taciturn and Levy, according to his description, talked too much, they had never reached the conversational stage.

During this time Casey told me the story of that first encounter over and over again. He never made any threats. He never abused Levy. He was merely looking for him. Once he asked Kobliner:

"Is that a room beyond that door, there?"

Kobliner nodded.

"When that Levy chap comes," said Casey, "I'll be asking ye to let us go in there. I want to talk to him private." And Kobliner nodded again. Kobliner's economy of speech was quite scientific.

A week passed during which I was compelled to forsake my East Side haunts. During that time the autumn had come to an end and a heavy snow-storm had ushered in winter. During that time, also, many people were born and many died and many people made good resolutions while just as many broke them. And during that week Casey met Levy.

"I'M sitting right in that chair over there," is the way Casey's account of it began, "when he comes into the place. I spots him right away and I gets up and takes him by the arm. 'Is it Levy, the plumber?' I says to him. 'Assistant plumber,' he says to me. 'Then I'll be troubling you to step into the back room,' says I, 'because I want to talk private to you.' Then he smiles — and he's a nice-looking chap, too — and he says, 'Suppose we have a drink first?' But I shakes my head and leads him into the back room."

It took many tellings of the story to get it straight in my mind and now, rather than let Casey tell it, it would, perhaps, be better to unify his various accounts of it, as a scientist takes the disjointed fragment of a prehistoric skeleton and pieces them together into a convincing figure.

Casey led his victim into the rear room and shut the door. Then he took off his hat and his coat and said:

"Ye'd better get ready, because I'm going to lick the life out of ye!"

Instead of getting ready, however, Levy seated himself at a small table upon which a telephone stood and lighted a cigar.

"What for?" he asked, calmly, smiling at Casey's excited countenance.

"For hitting me over the head with a piece of lead-pipe, or something like that," replied Casey, promptly.

Levy nodded and, for a moment, a far-away, reminiscent look crept into his eyes.

"That's right," he murmured. "It was a piece of lead-pipe." Then he folded his arms, leaned back in his chair and gazed squarely at his companion.

"So you're the chap, are you?" he asked. "Honestly, I would never have recognized you. But, instead of licking the life out of me, why don't you ask me why I did it? There's no use fighting a fellow unless you know what you're fighting for, is there?" Casey, despite his stubbornness, possessed a sense of logic and of justice.

"That's true," he said, "and I don't mind listening. What did you soak me for?"

"What did you push me for?" asked Levy. "Tell me that first."

"I heard the lady say you was a brute," said Casey. "That's enough for me. You was probably insulting her."

Levy nodded slowly as if the events of that evening were coming back to him.

"That shows how a fellow can make a mistake," he said.

"That shows," said Casey, determinedly, "that you're going to get up and fight."

"But wait a minute," protested Levy. "Supposing I proved to you that instead of insulting the lady I was trying to help her? Supposing I convince you that I was trying to do something to help that lady against her own will and that you spoiled everything by coming along and taking her part and that now she's in terrible trouble all on your account? Would you still want to lick me?"

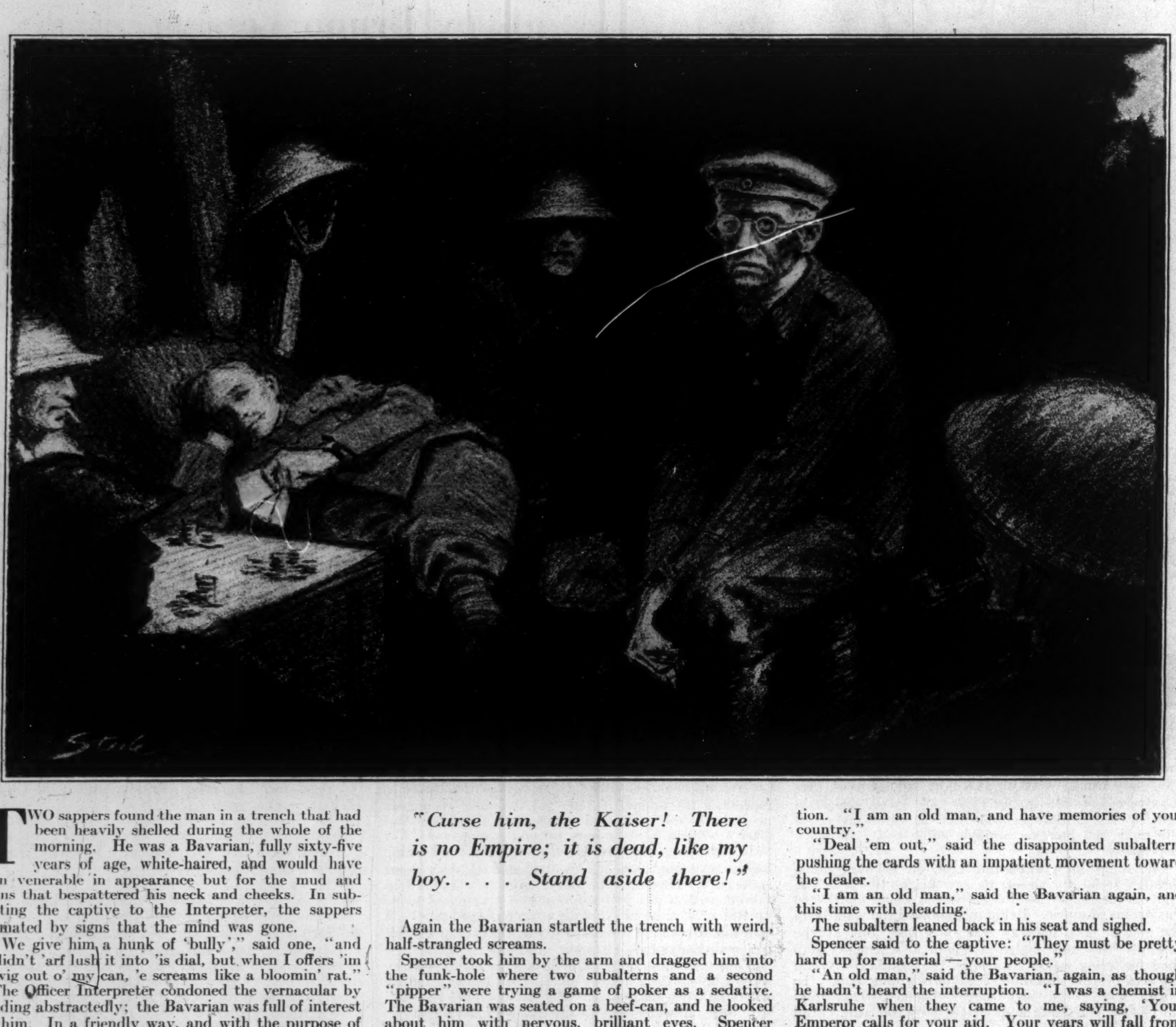
Casey began to scratch his head. Here was a question that strained his judicial [*Continued on page 50*]

The Well

by Andrew Soutar

Illustration by Frederick Dorr Steele

The weary subaltern was anxious to refresh himself with an hour of poker, but the prisoner's story somehow broke the game up — smashed it completely at the end



TWO sappers found the man in a trench that had been heavily shelled during the whole of the morning. He was a Bavarian, fully sixty-five years of age, white-haired, and would have been venerable in appearance but for the mud and stains that bespattered his neck and cheeks. In submitting the captive to the Interpreter, the sappers intimated by signs that the mind was gone.

"We give him a hunk of 'bully'," said one, "and 'e didn't 'arf lush it into 'is dial, but when I offers 'im a swig out o' my can, 'e screams like a bloomin' rat."

The Officer Interpreter condoned the vernacular by nodding abstractedly; the Bavarian was full of interest for him. In a friendly way, and with the purpose of allaying the fear of summary judgment, he tendered his cigarette case, saying: "Have a smoke?" The old man, who was wearing a pair of spectacles from which a lens had gone, was calmed by the steady, forceful voice. He accepted a cigarette, placed it between his lips, but shrank from the lighted match which the officer held toward him. One of the sappers, standing by, unslung his water-bottle and shook it to determine the amount of liquid remaining. In confirmation of the story told, the Bavarian fell on his knees, covered his face with his hands, and screamed so loudly that two or three officers tumbled out of their dug-outs to lay violent hands on the offender.

The Interpreter called out: "It's all right; the men have brought in a fossil. . . . Is Spencer there?" Spencer had given up a Mayfair practise to doctor the new army, or such members of it as came within his reach.

"Mind gone," said the Interpreter, as Spencer strolled up, "but it isn't trench funk. Try him with a can of water; that may bring him around."

"Curse him, the Kaiser! There is no Empire; it is dead, like my boy. . . . Stand aside there!"

Again the Bavarian startled the trench with weird, half-strangled screams.

Spencer took him by the arm and dragged him into the funk-hole where two subalterns and a second "pipper" were trying a game of poker as a sedative. The Bavarian was seated on a beef-can, and he looked about him with nervous, brilliant eyes. Spencer sponged the dirt from the wrinkled face and made some pretense at scratching it out of the stained beard.

"He's had a puncture in the neck," he said, professionally.

"Deserves it," said one of the subalterns, throwing down his cards since the hand was interrupted. "If I had the joker dealt to me on a desert island, some blamed idiot would burst in to rob it of significance."

"HAND me that case," said Spencer, "there's a good fellow!" He dosed the captive, and was as surprised as the others to see the Bavarian nod approvingly. The speck that denotes dementia left the eyes; the rather large head lolled forward and shook slowly from side to side; the hands, held between the legs, clasped and unclasped.

"Now, Micky, try a question or two," said Spencer to the Interpreter: "he's quite rational."

The Bavarian raised his head before the Interpreter could speak. "Gentlemen, I thank you for your kindness," he said, and there wasn't a flaw in the pronunciation. "I am an old man, and have memories of your country."

"Deal 'em out," said the disappointed subaltern, pushing the cards with an impatient movement toward the dealer.

"I am an old man," said the Bavarian again, and this time with pleading.

The subaltern leaned back in his seat and sighed.

Spencer said to the captive: "They must be pretty hard up for material — your people."

"An old man," said the Bavarian, again, as though he hadn't heard the interruption. "I was a chemist in Karlsruhe when they came to me, saying, 'Your Emperor calls for your aid. Your years will fall from you like dead leaves from the plant that awakens in the spring.' 'No,' I say to them, 'I am old, and have sons and grandsons; I have been a man of peace all these years — war is repugnant to my nature. I have been a servant of God — I know His teachings. Look at my shop! There you see the fruits of years of toil. My life is given to the healing of the sick. How, then, can I lightly turn to the slaying of the healthy?'

"They leave me, and I close down the shutters and go to my dear Hedwig. I take her dear hand in mine, and I say to her, 'The Emperor has called for men, even old men such as I. What shall I say, my Hedwig?' 'What would you say to God,' she asks, 'if by your hand a man should die?' 'But God is with the Emperor, they say,' I tell her; 'the Fatherland is in danger. We are beset by foes who seek to crush us out of existence.' She comes to my knee and rests her dear cheek against mine. 'Otto,' she whispers, 'if God is with the Emperor, He cannot be with you, else would He have given us a son and led him to England? Would He have given our son a baby

[*Continued on page 45*]

The Man with a Million Dollar Memory

How Any Man Can Improve His Memory in a Single Evening of Solid Fun

A MAN must have a pretty good memory to have it assessed at a million dollars. And yet this is what I have heard business men say was a small valuation of the memory of one of our big industrial leaders.

The man I refer to is one of the giants of American Business. He is the president of one of the largest corporations in the world and one whose employes run into the hundred thousands.

Ask this man anything about the history of his business—about the details of production in any one of his plants—about the characteristics of his thousands of important employes—or in fact ask him anything you can think of in relation to his business and its complex ramifications, and he comes back with the figures and facts without an instant's hesitation.

All who know this great man—and there is not a man in America who doesn't know him—say that perhaps the greatest factor in his marvelous success is his *memory*.

Memory and Good Judgment

Good judgment is largely a matter of memory. It is easy to make the right decisions if you have *all* the related facts outlined in your mind—clearly and exactly.

Wrong decisions in business are made because the man who makes them forgets some vital fact or figure which, had he been able to summon clearly to mind, would have changed his viewpoint.

The Power of Memory

A man's experience in business is only as old as his memory. The measure of his ability is largely his power to remember at the right time. Two men who have been in a certain business will vary greatly in their experience and value.

Remember Instantly

- Names and Faces
- What You Read
- Speeches and Notes
- Business Details
- Selling Points
- Legal Points
- Conversations
- Pictures
- History and Dates
- Streets and Numbers
- Business Figures
- Statistics
- Facts
- References
- Sermons and Lectures
- Business Reports
- Good Stories
- School Lessons
- Household Duties
- Business Appointments
- Social Engagements

If *you* can remember—clearly and accurately—the solution of every important problem since you first took hold of your work, you can make *all* of your experience count.

If, however, you have not a good memory and cannot recall instantly facts and figures that you learned years ago you cannot make experience count.

There is no asset in business more important than a good memory. The man referred to at the beginning of this article, whose memory is said to be easily worth a million dollars, knows more about his business than any other man in his field because he has been able to remember everything he has ever learned.

Mr. Roth's Amazing Memory Feats

Any man, woman or child of average intelligence can easily and quickly acquire a sure and exact memory.

When David M. Roth, the famous memory expert, first determined to cultivate his memory he did it because he had a *poor* memory. He actually could not remember a man's name twenty seconds. He forgot so many things that he knew he could not succeed unless he did learn how to remember.

Today there are over ten thousand people in the United States whom Mr. Roth has met at different times—most of them only once whom he can name instantly on sight. Mr. Roth can, and has, hundreds of times at dinners and lectures, asked from fifty to one hundred people to tell him their names and telephone numbers and business connections, and then, after turning his back while they changed seats, has picked each one out by name and told him his telephone number and business.

These are only a few of the scores of other equally "impossible" things that Mr. Roth does—and yet a few years ago he could not remember a man's name twenty seconds. *You* too can do these wonderful things.

A Better Memory in One Evening

Mr. Roth's system, which he has developed through years of study, and which he has taught in class to thousands of business men and others throughout the country in person, is so easy that a twelve-year-old child can learn it, and it is more real fun than any game you play solely for pleasure.

Not only will you enjoy every moment you spend on this wonderful Course, but so will your entire family—even the small children can join in the fun.

You get results in the first few moments. Fifteen minutes after you start the first lesson you will see an amazing difference in your power to remember. And a single evening spent on the first lesson will absolutely double your memory power—and may do even more, just as it has for thousands of others.

Just think what this will mean to you—to have twice as good a memory—to have a memory that will enable you instantly to see a new world of facts, figures, faces, addresses, phone numbers, selling points, data, and all kinds of mental pictures with less than one-hundredth of the effort you now spend in trying to remember without success.

The reason Mr. Roth can guarantee to double your memory in one evening is because he gives you the boiled down, crystallized secret right at the start—then how far you care to go in further multiplying your ability to remember will depend simply on how far you want to go—you can easily and quickly develop your memory to such an extent that you can do everything Mr. Roth can do. He makes the act of remembering an easy, natural, automatic process of the mind.

Try Before You Buy

So confident are the publishers, the Independent Corporation, of the remarkable value of the Roth Memory Course to readers of this magazine that they want you to test out this remarkable system in your own home before you decide to buy. The Course must sell itself to you by actually increasing your memory before you obligate yourself to spend a penny.

Only $5 if You Keep It

Mr. Roth's fee for personal instruction to classes limited to fifty members is $1,000, but in order to secure nation-wide distribution for the Roth Memory Mail Course in a single season the publishers have put the price at only $5. The Course contains the very same material in permanent form that is given in the personal $1,000 class.

And bear in mind—you don't have to pay even the small fee asked unless after a test in your own home you decide to keep it.

Send No Money

Don't send a single penny. Merely fill out and mail the coupon. By return post, all charges prepaid, the complete Roth Memory Course will be sent to your home.

Study it one evening—more if you like—then if you feel that you can afford not to keep this great aid to more dollars—to bigger responsibilities—to fullest success in life, mail it back to the publishers within five days and you will owe nothing.

David M. Roth

Terence J. McManus of the firm of Olcott, Bonynge, McManus & Ernst, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, 170 Broadway, and one of the most famous trial lawyers in New York, says:

"May I take occasion to state that I regard your service in giving this system to the world as a public benefaction. The wonderful simplicity of the method, and the ease with which its principles may be acquired, especially appeal to me. I may add that I have already had occasion to test the effectiveness of the first two lessons in the preparation for trial of an important action in which I am about to engage."

"I have examined and used the Roth Memory Course, and I wish to tell you how pleased I am with it. I have seven systems of memory training, every one of them of some value, some of very great value; but the Roth course introduces a new principle which excels them all. It is as simple as it is effective."

FRANK W. COLLIER,
The American University,
Washington, D. C.

"Memory Course received. Learned lesson No. 1 in one evening. Enjoyed it as much as I did 'Oliver Twist' or 'Mary Pickford' and have more as a result to think about and a better thinker to think with to boot."

W. H. C. JOHNSON.
Macon, Ga.

If a better memory means only one-tenth as much to you as it has to thousands of other business men and women, mail the coupon today—NOW—but don't put it off and forget—as those who need the Course the very worst are apt to do. Send the coupon in or write a letter now before the low introductory price is withdrawn.

Independent Corporation

Division of Business Education, Dept. R-462, 119 W. 40th St., N. Y.

Publishers of The Independent (and Harper's Weekly)

Please send me the Roth Memory Course of seven lessons. I will either remail the Course to you within five days after its receipt or send you $5.

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They Save Teeth Now in a New Way

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

They End the Film

Countless people are now cleaning their teeth in a new way. And modern dentists all over America are urging other people to join them.

The old ways proved inefficient. As millions know, they failed to prevent tooth troubles. Despite the tooth brush, tartar, decay and pyorrhea constantly became more common.

Some years ago the reason was discovered. It lies in a film—a slimy film—which constantly forms on teeth.

That film gets into crevices, hardens and stays. It resists the tooth brush, and most tooth troubles are now known to be due to it.

The film is what discolors, not the teeth. It hardens into tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. And many troubles besides tooth troubles are traced to this germ-breeding film.

After years of research, a way has been found to combat it. Able authorities have proved this fact by adequate clinical tests.

For general use the method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And we supply a special tube to all who ask, so the millions may quickly know it.

Let It Convince You

The Pepsodent results are quickly apparent. After a few days' use you will never forget them.

The basis is pepsin, the digestant of albumin; for the film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve the film, then to constantly prevent its accumulation.

But pepsin must be activated. The ordinary agent is an acid, harmful to the teeth. For long that fact made pepsin seem impossible.

Now modern science has discovered a harmless, activating method. Five governments already have granted patents. It is that method which makes possible this efficient application.

Four years have been spent by dentists in proving the value of this product. Now we urge all people to prove it by a home test.

Send the coupon for a One-Week Tube. Use it like any tooth paste. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

All this means that the film which wrecks teeth can now be effectively combated. And you will never cease to do that when you see what it means to you.

Cut out the Free coupon now.

One-Week Tube Free
THE PEPSODENT CO.,
Dept. 306, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Mail One-Week Tube of Pepsodent to

Name............................

Address.........................

Return your empty tooth paste tubes to the nearest Red Cross Station

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A Scientific Product—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

(148A)

Over the Top in Cooking

Our Food Job is Not Finished

by Mabel Dulon Purdy

MONTHS ago we freely cast our bread upon the waters. True to the old promise, it has come back. We have found it again not only buttered, but spread with jam, and many times multiplied. Under pressure of the most urgent necessity we gave up abundantly and gladly all of our great staple foods, and now, to-day, as our very immediate reward, numbers of other foods, offering infinite possibilities, have come to compensate us for those we did without. And this compensation is worth in many ways much more than anything our tribulation may have cost us. Ignoring for the moment the big food lessons of the War — knowledge, co-operation, thrift, control — we are far richer to-day as a nation, from a purely practical and technical standpoint in the art-science of cooking, than we were five years ago. What of it if the school that taught us was a hard one; if the way was an uphill climb; if we felt restricted, pinched, imposed upon, virtuous, weary, bored, as we pulled ourselves up over the top? We have come at last to the open spaces, and a great wealth of inspiration and new material now lies before us.

Denied our usual consumption of wheat, butter, lard, cream, meat, sugar, upon which all sound feeding and pleasurable living had been based, and urged to use so-called substitutes, our whole well-laid scheme of menu-planning and cooking was suddenly and rudely shattered. Patriotic, ready for sacrifice, resigned, we made the best of it, only to awake in the end to the fact that the food changes forced upon us were enriching us, and not — as we had felt at first — depriving us. We were in reality confronted not with a question of "substitutes" — something to be smilingly endured because it was war — but rather a blessed opportunity for improved feeding, more varied and more perfect cooking. Where before we had, or thought we had, only one food to give us some particular nourishment, satisfaction, pleasure, or to serve as a means to show our skill as cooks, we have now found many, and each with some added delight of its own in taste or in food value.

America's food pledge 20 million tons

The Food Administration warns us all concerning "the vital necessity of simple living, of economy in all consumption, . . . for the spectre of famine abroad still haunts the abundance of our table at home."

Eat Wisely — Without Waste

Protect Health and Strength

Save Food

FACED with the food materials we did not want, or did not know how to use, necessity forced their use, and experience opened our eyes. When we gave up wheat, step by step, the virtues of the substitute were disclosed. Hidden flavors never guessed, subtle textures long looked for but never found, revealed themselves. With every flour made to choose from placed before us on the kitchen table, we realized at last that each different product was a means to some desired end — potato flour for perfect gravy, barley flour for soups and stews with extra relish, ground oats for children's cookies. Never any more need we go stumbling along searching for that elusive crispness in waffles, for that mouth-melting gingerbread, now that we know from experience what a spoonful of rice flour or cornmeal will do. When we sacrificed butter and lard, more happy surprises greeted us. We soon found that butter, always previously used for cake, was perhaps the least desirable fat for the purpose. For years we had tried to make that cake of all the cakes, but not until the new vegetable fats, and the nut oils, and the thrifty chicken drippings pleaded their cause, was the master cake created. And only then, too, when working with these newer fats, were we convinced that fried food did not necessarily mean smarting eyes and a smoke-filled kitchen.

IN the same way, again, only when throwing milk away became a crime, did we truly appreciate that it was the sour milk biscuits and muffins that were invariably the best. Only when meat was taken from us, and we had learned by slow degrees how not to abuse its substitutes, did the real value of beans, and peanut butter, and cheese strike home, and then to overwhelm us with a sense of wasted years. Only when sugar must be measured, spoon by spoon, did we find a whole romance in our can of maple syrup, did we find the varnished crust and fragrant flavor that honey lends to cake and pudding. Only — but why go on — there is no end!

But we have discovered not only these delightful byways in cooking, with their very practical results; we have learned still more. The actual increased kitchen experience forced on us and into us by the food problem and the War has given us a skill in managing and a deftness in handling foodstuffs which we might otherwise never have acquired. Further, every woman's working, daylight hour has come to mean just so much more safety for the world. Its value has been estimated conclusively in dollars and cents — and not found mean in any service. And the world stands ready to pay its bill. Will a woman throw this money away groping, puttering in a kitchen? Never any more. She knows too well that that cooking is worth most which can be done most quickly, or with least effort.

Even this is not all. These thoughts may serve to show, however, that cooking has advanced many stages in the past, anxious, warring months; that the old order was the narrow one — not the new; that food conservation put to the test does not taste nearly as bad as it sounds. If those of us who are cooks may have trod much of the way blindfolded, we are finally seeing the light, and, thanks to the science and publicity that has guided and followed us step by step through all the long period of our food crisis, this wealth, variety, entire new outlook upon cooking is ours without confusion. It entails no added labor, it has rather decreased our labor. It is a power, not a burden — a fairy wand of magic possibilities.

To the woman who will use what the War has given her in this purely practical way — new food materials to work with, each suitable for some special end, intensive kitchen training, a realizing sense of relative values, particularly the currency values to herself and to the world of a woman's time — cooking can no longer be the deadly drag it was. To that extent, at least, the War has blessed us. A new day has dawned for us. We have entered the gates of a new kingdom. Let us take to the full what it holds.

En dépit de la Guerre

A la beauté déjà séduisante et ensorcelante, les Spécialités de Djer-Kiss ajoutent un charme adorablement français.

—Kerkoff, Paris

Translation: To beauty already bewitching, the *Spécialités de Djer-Kiss* add a charm quite adorably French.

In return for fifteen cents, Monsieur Kerkoff's importateurs, the Alfred H. Smith Co., of 30 West 34th St., New York City, will be happy to send you samples of Djer-Kiss Extract, Face Powder and Sachet

SINCE the dark days of 1914, courageously have the makers of Djer-Kiss, under sore trials, placed it within the power of the American woman to add to her beauty both the charm of France and the smartness of Paris.

In the *Spécialités de Djer-Kiss* which have come to her in spite of difficulties on land and hazards of the sea, she finds the assurance of Parisian smartness, the charm which sets the final seal of approval on beauty.

One *Spécialité* alone furnishes its meed of this final grace. All the *Spécialités de Djer-Kiss* produce the *tout ensemble* irresistible.

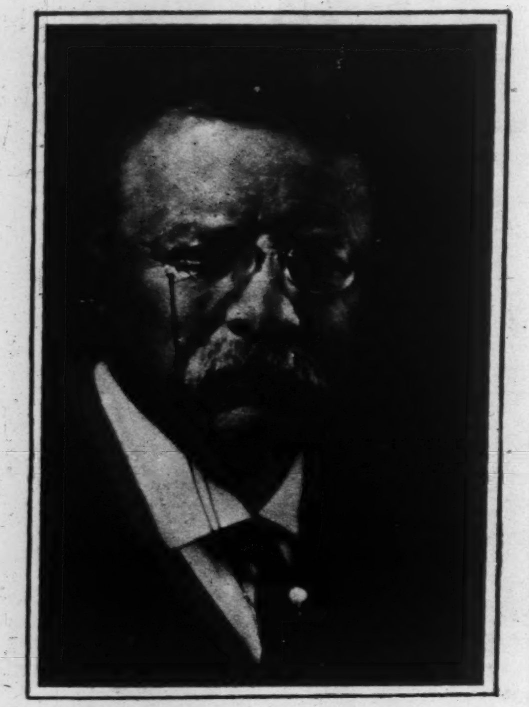
It is a compliment to France for you to use them all.

Djer-Kiss
Made in France only

EXTRACT · FACE POWDER
TOILET WATER · SACHET
TALC · VÉGÉTALE · SOAP

ROOSEVELT—

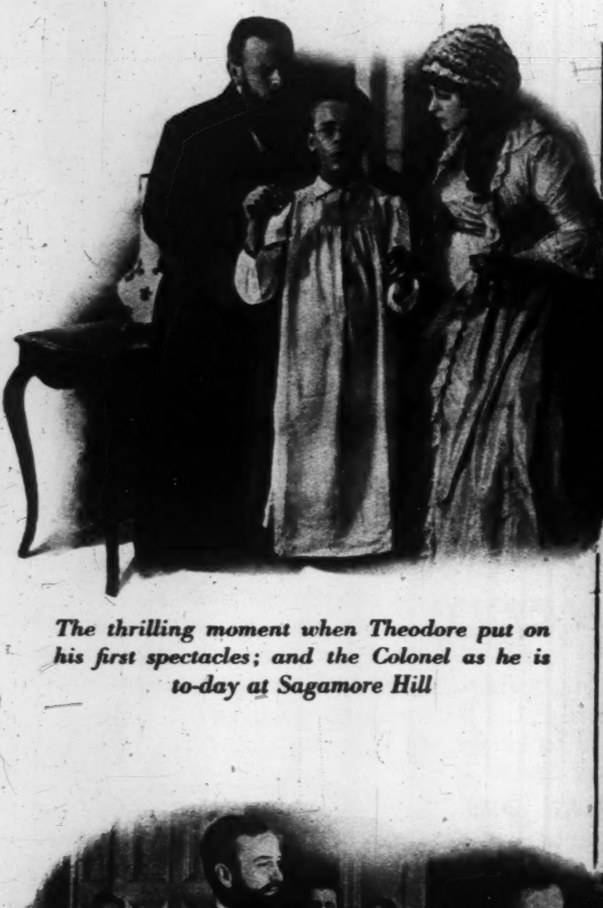
From the Roosevelt Motion Picture



Photographs by Pirie MacDonald

Ex-President Theodore Roosevelt

Roosevelt's old ranch friends thus imagined him heading the New York Police Department



The thrilling moment when Theodore put on his first spectacles; and the Colonel as he is to-day at Sagamore Hill

Roosevelt during his presidency directed the American Fleet to go around the world on a cruise of friendly conquest

Our Great Man

THEODORE ROOSEVELT has permitted the story of his life to appear in motion pictures. The most interesting American has thus been translated into the most interesting film!

The biographical photoplay is a new and intensely interesting development of the cinema art. Abraham Lincoln looms before the people of to-day as an intensely human and sympathetic figure because of the late Benjamin Chapin's interpretation of him for the screen. Ambassador Gerard's four years at the Prussian court have been made real and absorbing to the American people through the faithful filming of his experiences with the Kaiser and his people. Colonel Roosevelt, in permitting the narrative of his career to follow these masterly screen presentations, acknowledges the film as a truthful chronicle, a means of bringing him into almost personal intimacy with every family in the land.

The man who writes a book about the Colonel has little chance to do justice to the amazing activities of the man, but the film is not so handicapped. A medium adequate to mirror the actions of our slapdash motion picture heroes and heroines is by the same token able to reproduce adequately the many-sided Roosevelt, to show his development from a delicate boy to a supremely active man; to depict his boxing experiences; his big-game hunting; his political combats; his explorations; the big episodes of his life in the White House, and the sterling qualities that have won for him a multitude of devoted friends.

No matter how much one differs from the Colonel politically, every one will agree that there is enough action, adventure, romance, and inspiration in his career to crowd an evening with entertainment and uplift.

Truth is stranger than fiction on the screen as well as in print, and when a character is discovered who embodies in his life all the thrills and excitement that can be found in the fictitious episodes enacted by a dozen great actors, it is safe to predict that those who love history and biography, as well as those who love heart-thumping excitement, will throng the theatres to see the Colonel in "The Fighting Roosevelts."

In the Movies

The Greatest Film of the Year

Roosevelt took the measure of the Kaiser years before the War

Making the Picture

AS the human and appealing Roosevelt picture flashes across the screen, one drinks in the entertainment and the impressive scenes, without giving much thought to the mechanics of the film.

Yet, almost as interesting as the picture itself is the story of the way the material was gotten together so that Colonel Roosevelt as a living, breathing personality might flash before the moving picture audiences of the world.

The filming of the life of Roosevelt was no every-day task. Months of painstaking labor and research were devoted to assembling the material, preparing the scenario, and producing the film.

In order to portray the early life of Colonel Roosevelt, the old family album was brought into constant use, so that faithful pictures of the boy Roosevelt, his ancestors, family friends, and his playmates and pets, could be reproduced.

In none of the scenes is there an inaccurate detail. The Colonel's own writings and that of authorized biographers have been drawn upon for the panorama of scenes depicting his babyhood and boyhood, his romantic western life, his entrance into politics, and the many absorbing episodes of his career. Artists and camera experts visited Sagamore Hill and the Colonel's other haunts, in order to get the atmosphere for the picture and to reproduce faithfully the wonderful trophy room, which is the treasury of all the gifts, keepsakes, and trophies gathered by, or sent to, the Colonel. Photographers in Washington and New York who had taken pictures of the Colonel on a multitude of public and private occasions were called upon to furnish photographs, so that the various presidential episodes could be reproduced in the film with historical accuracy.

The dramatic world was exhaustively searched to find the actors best qualified to play the parts of President McKinley, John Hay, and the other eminent figures who appear in the scenes, and in filming the various stages of the Colonel's life, boy actors and men actors who were faithful types were secured. There are amusing episodes, and many exciting adventures shown in the picture; but throughout it all there is a spirit of dignity and fitness that is worthy of the great statesman who is its chief figure.

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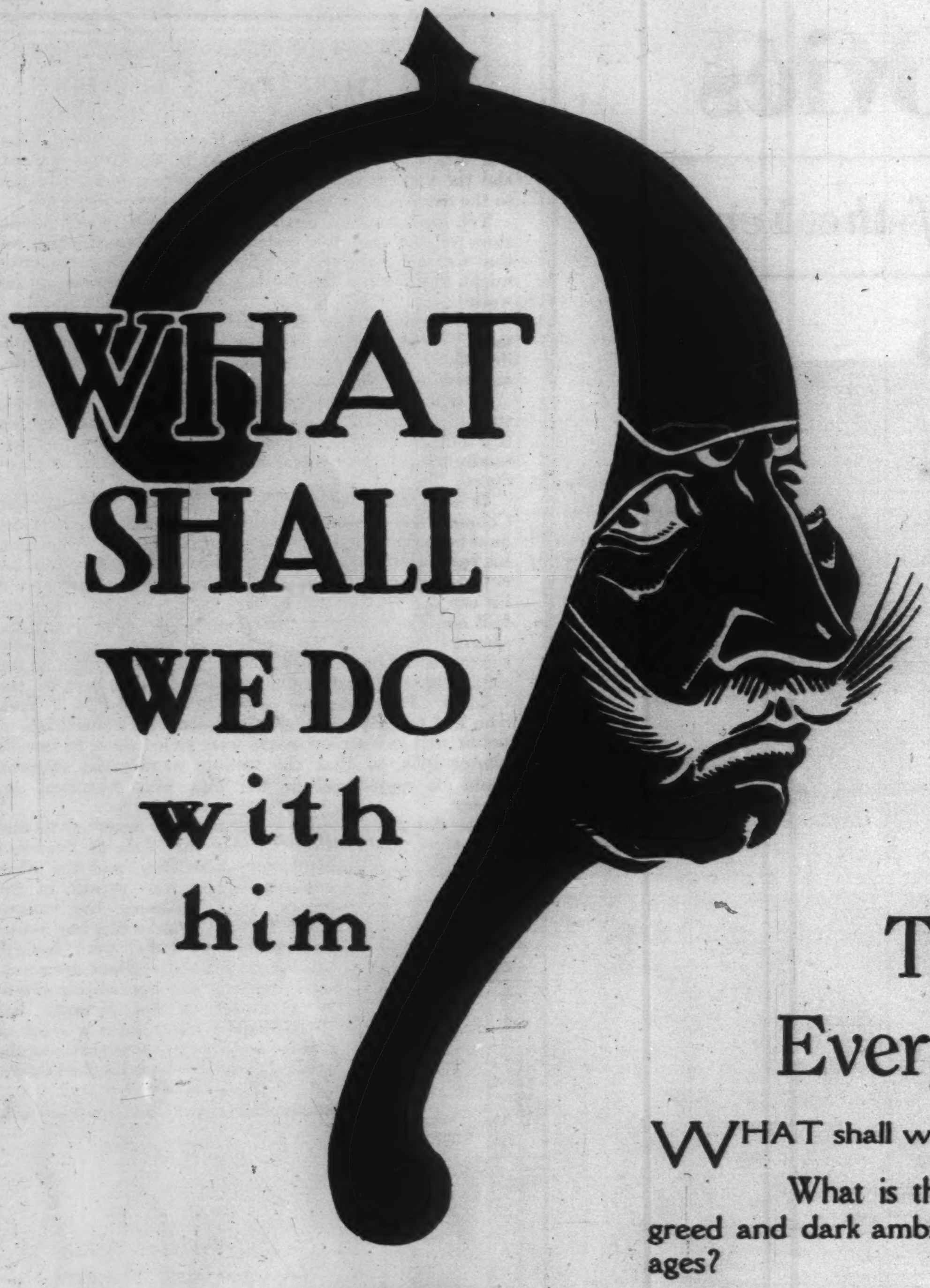
In childhood, Roosevelt enacted wild scenes of an imagined West

Later on, frontier life offered some real incidents just as dramatic



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The See-Saw

— Continued from page 23

the calm way Marcia takes it. She hasn't really told me a thing since I came, except the barest facts that she was going to leave Harleth and get a divorce. When I naturally pressed her for reasons, she said that he'd stopped caring for her and please not to ask her anything more. She's said nothing further about it and she goes along just as usual, so far as I can see, only now and then something comes up, like this exaggerated wish to take not the smallest thing from her lovely home. I don't understand it, Belle."

"Neither do I," said Belle. "But I suppose we must just let her work things out in her own way." Which delicate hint was not lost on Aunt Janey, whose impulses were as kindly as her methods were clumsy.

Marcia threw herself into the needs and necessities of her new dwelling as the one thing which gave her enough immediate activity to keep her from brooding. She superintended everything. She spent days in hunting just the furniture she wanted. It was not until the place was fairly well arranged, after three months of painstaking work, that she stopped to catch breath and look about her. This was due somewhat to a remonstrance from Curt Jennings, who was still her main reliance and who could say many things which Aunt Janey and Belle could not. He had been very downright about it.

"You shouldn't spend so much time on your house, Marcia," he said, "for, when it's all done, it won't mean much to you. Better get acquainted with some of the people out here and be in touch with something alive — not just wood and cretonne."

"Oh, yes," she said, "I must do that. I'm beginning to realize that, Curt. But, at first, you see, I couldn't. It was only by thinking very hard all the time about these things that don't really matter at all that I kept myself from going crazy. But now that first awful frenzy is over and I can bear to see people and talk to them."

"There are a lot of nice people out here," said Curt, stolidly, giving no hint of how much her confession of unhappiness moved him. "If you say the word, I'll have my cousins, the Burds, call. Justine Burd was Justine Jennings. They've been wanting to come, but I held them off. And then there are some people named Dashiell — two girls in the family — awfully nice. Musical — but not offensively so. You might like them. And you know Oliver Clarke lives over at Torreytown — Mrs. Ollie'll come like a shot if you'll let her. She's all right. Talks a lot. Makes things go."

"I may as well see them," said Marcia. "There's no good of my sitting about and acting forlorn, I know that. Only,— it isn't very easy to meet strangers and chatter and go out when you don't care a rap for any of it — now, is it?"

"It'll keep Aunt Janey amused," suggested Curt, lowering his voice. Aunt Janey bored him enormously.

"It is dull for her, I suppose," said Marcia, contritely. "Oh, I've got to make the plunge, I suppose. I couldn't have done it when we first came out here, but I can manage it now. I'm not going to be a blighted being, you know. If I may venture on a bromide, I suppose I've really got a lot to be thankful for. Money, for instance."

"What d'you mean, money?" asked Curt.

"Suppose I hadn't had any money of my own, Curt," she said, "and suppose Aunt Janey hadn't any. I couldn't earn a decent living at *anything*, to save my life. I know that. I'm not trained to do anything — Well, then. I'd have had to stay with Harleth, wouldn't I, and put up with conditions as they were, no matter how I felt? Unless I chose to threaten him with scandal and literally blackmail him out of enough money for my support."

"Blackmail's hardly the word," said Curt. "He owes you support."

"I don't know whether he does or not," said Marcia. "Alimony is only blackmail in a whole lot of cases, Curt. It's the money men pay for making mistakes. You see how it is with Harleth. He thought he loved me and we were married. After a while he finds out that he doesn't love me at all. For his mistake I'm saddled on him to support for life,— only in my case I had enough money that I didn't need to be. Oh, how terrible it must be for women who haven't any money when they find out — what I found out."

"That's the foolishest thing I ever heard you say," remarked Curt. "You just get that rubbish out of your head as fast as you can, Marcia. Of course I can see that you wouldn't want to take Harleth's money — and, of course, sometimes alimony is nothing but blackmail — levied by women who are too lazy to work for themselves and haven't any self-respect anyway. But take it by and large, a man who marries ought to provide for his wife — especially after he's practically deserted her. I can't see it any other way."

Marcia flinched at the word deserted. She looked at Curt wistfully. She was not so thin and pale as she had been, though she was far from being her old radiant self. "Have you — have you seen Harleth lately, Curt?" she asked, hesitatingly.

"No," he said, avoiding her glance.

"You have, Curt — you have," she said. "Where was he and how was he looking? I suppose he was with Leila and that's why you won't tell me."

Curt Jennings flamed an embarrassed crimson at this chance hit. "He looked all right," he said hastily. "He looked just as usual." And more than that he would not say, but bade her an abrupt good-bye and went away.

"The truth is," he told himself heavily, on the long way back to New York, "the truth is, I've got about as much chance with her as I ever had. But it won't be so very long before she'll be legally free of him, and that's something. As long as she was his wife I hadn't a chance, but maybe — after a while — if I'm very patient — and make myself so useful she can't get along without me —"

He began to plan his campaign of usefulness — not that he could do much more than he had done and was doing. Yet he was determined on greater effort. By the time the final papers of the divorce suit were filed he wanted to be sure of Marcia's gratitude and dependence upon him for counsel and companionship. If he could achieve so much, he might surely hope for something more from her. He had never cared for any one else, and he knew he never would, no, not even if every hope of her were denied him. And he would serve her faithfully, no matter what the outcome. Still — there was nothing to prevent hope. . . .

He made all haste possible to pass the word to Justine Burd that she might call on Marcia, and that he, Curt, would thank her to put some society in Marcia's way that would be enjoyable and not too rackety. Justine had rather resented the adjective, but had been, on the whole, sympathetic.

"I think you might trust me to do the right thing, Curt," she had remarked with cousinly freedom. "Of course I feel awfully sorry for her — it's just as if she were a widow, only you can't condole with her. But I suppose she wouldn't mind a little quiet bridge, or a luncheon, or maybe a round of golf."

"No-o, I suppose not," said Curt, still doubtful. "I know you'll like her. You might send some other people to call, too. Of course you can do a lot for her if you want to."

Which tactful speech saved the day for Marcia — for Mrs. Burd interpreted it, and rightly, to mean that she was the local leader of society and that whatever she did would be observed and followed. She called on Marcia forthwith and voted her and her house, Harleth Junior and Aunt Janey, individually and collectively, all that was delightful and charming.

She was quite a delightful and charming little person herself, Justine Burd, being blonde and vivacious, well-poised and keen-witted, yet possessed of a most disarming gentleness. She and Marcia were mutually attracted to each other. To Aunt Janey, who had been pining for a livelier life, Mrs. Burd was superlatively welcome.

With the friendship of Mrs. Richard Burd an established thing, other callers came. The Dashiell girls, of whom Curt had told Marcia, the Smalls, the Harbesons, the Grahames — in fact, the whole local Blue Book. Aunt Janey joined a bridge club of dowagers and though Marcia could not yet bring herself to go out freely, the meeting of new people and the renewal of her own hospitality, in a simple way, helped her through the winter without the devastating unhappiness that she had dreaded.

In the summer they went to a quiet little shore place made up of a single inn and a colony of cottagers, of whom the Burds were part, who had kept the place to themselves

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and excluded the general public and all so-called "amusements." Belle came and stayed with Marcia, and Curt was frequently at the Inn. Some of Aunt Janey's cronies were members of the colony and since she had secured her appearance by a "permanent wave," she did not mind the sea breezes; while Baby was so reckless a sailor boy that Marcia threatened to tether him with a rope at every bathing hour.

There was almost nothing to do. There was nothing to see except the crawl of the foam-tipped waves along the shallow beach. The life was primitive, but not uncomfortable, though Cook grumbled at having no gas stove and all the servants resented the kerosene lamps and the lack of moving pictures.

It all seemed strange to Marcia — dreamlike and unreal. She would sit on the beach under her big umbrella and listen to the babble of the children playing about, and she would wonder if it could be real, or if she would not sometime wake up and find out that the whole thing had been a troubled fantasy. Once in the night she woke suddenly calling "Harleth." And always she thought of him — thought of him with such an intensity that at times he seemed near to her very touch. She lived two lives — the life of everyday, ordering her house and her servants, playing with her child, talking trifles with Aunt Janey, taking her part in the community — and another life, which was all with Harleth, wondering about him, hoping and fearing for him, remembering each trifle of their life together.

BUT, dreaming or no, the sea air put more flesh on Marcia's bones and tanned her ruddily. She swam every day. And there was a tennis court beside the Inn where Belle and Curt finally teased her to go with her racket, and the victory she had over them as they raced plumply and perspiringly about the court provoked her into the first burst of real laughter that they had heard from her for all the weary months that lay between her and happiness.

"Oh-oh!" she laughed. "If you two could only see how you look! And that's game set, for me, I call you to notice."

Belle waved a racket in pretended wrath, but she turned to Curt and said softly, "I'd be willing to be twice as fat as I am to make her laugh like that. And that's a magnificent concession from a woman."

But Curt had not heard her. He was looking at Marcia, and for once his eyes forgot to be cautious. Belle was startled by what she saw therein. "Poor old Curt," she mused. "He, too! It's hard luck."

But when she looked again Curt had recovered himself and was picking up the balls with a humorous flourish. "A few more rounds like this," he panted, "and I'll be thin enough to beat you all to smithereens, Miss Marcia. So look out for yourself."

"All right," said Marcia, still laughing. "I'll play you any time you want."

So with tennis and laughter again among Marcia's accomplishments, the end of the summer came and the migration back to the house in Norristown. Marcia had made more friends and with the coming in of winter, she found that she was being drawn into a set of small social affairs that were neither interesting nor amusing. They filled the time and that was all, and she was not in the mood for trivialities like these. In her perplexity, she consulted Justine Burd.

"Let's do something real," she said, impatiently. "You're a clever woman, with a real mind — and I've got energy, at least. Isn't there something we could do with our spare time besides going to teas and card parties? I'm restless. I don't want so much time to think. Understand me, Justine," — for they had progressed to the first-name stage of intimacy — "I don't want to be charitable to other people; I want to be charitable to myself. My motives are purely selfish. But I'd like to cloak them in the mantle of charity."

Justine was a practical little person. "There's one thing we might do," she said, speculatively. "I've always wanted to, but I never had the courage to try it alone. You know the Italian settlement on the east side of the town? Well, I'd like to open night classes in English for the grown men and women. I talked with one of the old women once and she lamented to me that she couldn't read or write English and it left her so out of touch with her children. There aren't any night schools for grown-ups here. I'm not much of a teacher, but I'm sure I could teach them the alphabet and the first reader."

"It sounds possible," said Marcia. "Let's investigate a little and see what we can find out. Teaching the alphabet and the first reader is about the most I could do, I know."

Whereupon the two women put their heads together and conspired. The end of it was a little room rented in the Italian quarter, and furnished for a schoolroom. There, two afternoons and two nights a week, they started their classes. It was not long before they had discovered a whole new world, a simple, highly colored world with poverty and courage and gaiety in it, and a very beautiful gratitude for their amateur efforts. Once assured of the sincerity and friendliness of the two "lovely ladees," as they were called, the settlement took them warmly to its bosom and brought them all their problems. Family quarrels, the matter of the amount of a dowry when the girl was very, very plain, what to do for sore eyes, how to collect bad debts, where to invest certain meagre savings — all these and a hundred other problems were brought to Marcia and Justine.

What Marcia had jokingly said — that she was looking for a chance to forget herself — came partially true for her. The work was a charity to herself as well as to others. Aunt Janey did not approve of it and gloomily predicted that Marcia would contract some horrible foreign disease which would wipe out the whole household. Curt was lukewarm in his sympathies, having, if the truth were told, a little of Aunt Janey's fear, besides a little hidden jealousy of anything that absorbed very much of Marcia's attention. But outwardly he was helpful and more than usually kind, because he had astutely argued it out that if he weren't, he would inevitably lose ground with Marcia. The greatest encouragement and practical sympathy that Marcia received were from the older Mrs. Crossey — Harleth's mother.

She had come out to the new home on one of her rare visits and went with Marcia, in the afternoon, to the little school, and the sight of old Rosa Cristaforo, an old woman of seventy, laboring over the alphabet, engaged her lively sympathies. She took Rosa out and bought her a warm winter coat and shoes and gloves and would have bought her a hat, but Rosa would not have it, preferring her small shawl.

"It's perfectly splendid!" declared Mrs. Crossey, when they were at home again. "I wish I could come every week and help you. I'd simply love it. You're looking so well, Marcia — it agrees with you. Oh, I'm so glad you found something to do. I was afraid — I was afraid you'd never rally, Marcia. That just shows what an old idiot I am — I might have known better."

There was something so touching and so tender in the old lady's eyes that Marcia went over to her and put an affectionate arm around her. "Mother," she asked, "how is Harleth coming out of it? How is he doing? Tell me — it won't hurt me. I want so much to know. Has he been to see you lately?"

Mrs. Crossey returned the caress eagerly. "Oh, Marcia," she said. "It seems incredible, but she — that woman — is pulling Harleth up. He's not drinking half so much. Indeed, he's hardly drinking at all. He looks — he's getting to look like my boy again. I — I can hardly believe my eyes, but it's true. People have been telling me, too, so it's not just my imagination."

"I'm glad," said Marcia. "I'm glad, too."

"He's more serious, though," went on his mother. "He's not so light-hearted. He works harder, too, I think."

"Mother," asked Marcia, slowly, "do you know — is he going to marry Leila as soon as he can?"

Mrs. Crossey threw up indignant hands. "Yes!" she exclaimed. "Yes, he as good as told me so. And I said, 'Don't bring her here, for your father and I'll have nothing to do with her.' He didn't even flare up at that, Marcia — as he always used to do if I said anything cross to him. He just sighed. They go everywhere together. Oh — she's a *bad woman*. I hate her. It almost kills me to think that he'll do for her what he wouldn't do for you and me — and we loved him so."

"He isn't doing it for her," answered Marcia, with a little remote smile. "He's doing it for himself — at last."

Chapter IX

IN that flash of divination Marcia had seen truly, yet she had not seen all. Under the spur of unhappiness and a newly awakened and very wholesome shame, Harleth Crossey had abandoned much of his old self, and in every step of this abandonment he had been curiously conscious of Marcia. Marcia had said he was irresponsible — well, he would demonstrate that he could shoulder his responsibilities as well as any one else. Marcia had hated his lack of self-control — and so there was a special gratification in keeping his temper and his appetites alike under rein. Marcia had said he was thoughtless, selfish — he tried to see how he might be otherwise. It was all done with Marcia's standards set clearly in view, for he acknowledged to himself now that she had been just.

With this new development came also humility. He said to himself that he blamed her no longer for not being able to endure the things he had done. He could see where he had outraged her love and spoiled their life together with a ruthlessness that now he could only wonder at in bitter shame. He never thought that she might still care for him,— indeed, he did not see how she could. Besides, there was Leila. He had a duty to Leila, very plainly marked for him, and he had accepted that duty, though it was becoming more and more of a duty each day — and nothing better. But he must marry her. He knew that she expected it and though he had come to gauge her far more accurately than before and had learned to discount much of her pathos and to smile at her dramatics, she had made such a profession of companionship and interest and affection for him that he was hopelessly sure she loved him. On the strength of that supposed love he vowed to himself not to be unworthy — again. His romantic imagination took a perfectly legitimate pleasure in showing himself to be a hero. It was all very human . . . and sad in its cross-purposes . . . and pretty decent, too, if you look at it honestly.

As for Leila, she was the most thoroughly bored woman who ever set herself to play a tiresome rôle and found herself on the stage an interminably long time. She did not like nor understand a serious, grave, sober Harleth Crossey. She had really liked him when he was reckless and daring, careless of opinion, sure of himself, ready for any challenge. She found him very, very dull, now, but she set her teeth and endured him, fixed in her determination to get the marriage over and establish herself as his wife. After that, she meant to indulge generously in being herself again, and she looked forward to her release from the present irksome sham as a fat lady looks forward to taking off a tight corset.

She knew perfectly that the affair had left her under a cloud. The Templeton-Jennings-Percy-Crossey set had never been of the glittering uppercrust of New York society. They belonged to the next layer — the good, solid, wealthy folks, who are not in the public eye, but who have a well-arranged and even elegant social existence. Naturally, Leila Templeton fell under the ban of such people as these when her part in the Crossey divorce was generally known.

IT was easy to drift, therefore, into a lighter and frothier atmosphere,— the women who perpetually frequent hotels, the men who are perpetually leaning over luncheon or tea tables to talk to these women. A certain Mrs. Macoin, an ugly, clever little divorcée, who lived at the Hotel Palais, met Leila at her tailor's and struck up an instant intimacy with her, and Leila, tired and bored with Harleth, and very much out of everything with her old friends, at first languidly and then more warmly responded. She said very little about Mrs. Macoin to Harleth, but the two spent a great deal of time together, shopping, going to beauty experts, matinées and the like. They had known each other for several months when Mrs. Macoin said to Leila casually, one day:

"I know a man who's simply dying to meet you. He's seen you with Mr. Crossey and he admires you — oh, wonderfully. He's an awfully amusing sort — suppose I telephone him and tell him to come up here to tea?"

Leila, always avid of admiration, had consented and, an hour later, a man was announced who was, when he appeared, curiously familiar in appearance to her. "I have a strange sense of knowing you," she said, with her most alluring sidewise dropped-lashes glance. "Have we met somewhere, before this?"

"We've never met before," said the man, whose name was Otis Vail. "If we had, you wouldn't have to say that you couldn't remember me, for I'd have made you remember me. I've seen you — a great many times — and I've stared so much at you it's no wonder I seem familiar to you."

"Oh!" cried Leila, suddenly, "I *do* remember you now! I saw you at dinner one time, months ago, and I asked the man who was with me who you were and he told me your name."

"I am profoundly flattered," said Vail.

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No matter who or what you are, whether young or old, strong or weak, ill or well, highly educated or unlettered, a recognized success or a moderate personality, whether you graduated from universities and colleges such as Yale, Harvard, Cambridge, Oxford or merely from a country school, Conscious Evolution can demonstrate to you that you possess not one-half the creative, thinking, reasoning, memorizing, planning, concentrating power, penetration power, or logic sensing and scheming power which you may easily acquire through self evolution. In fact, Conscious Evolution can prove that you have thus far relied solely on blind evolution, and Conscious Evolution can demonstrate to you that you may easily and quickly double your mental power, bodily power, health power, heart power, nerve power, brain power, executive power and business power.

A New and Higher Life Awaits You Now

The fact is that regardless of whether you are rich or poor, Conscious Evolution can prove to you readily, by demonstration, that you are living an inferior life; and you owe it to yourself to give Conscious Evolution the opportunity to show you the way in which you may completely and easily, without inconvenience or loss of time, and without contrivances, apparatus, chemicals, study, special bathing, or dieting, come into possession of a new dynamic life, an unusual vigor, a higher type of dominant energy and power of personality—*a new realization of the meaning of life and success.*

Conscious Evolution gives such unlimited courage, confidence, self-reliance, dominant personality and positive will power that the troubles of life seem to dissolve, and the joy of existence becomes all the more real, permanent and unlimited.

Conscious Evolution destroys the blues, worry, melancholia and irritability by creating abundant self power, will power and power of life. A new and optimistic view of life under these conditions is something no one can afford to miss.

Are you living the full and successful life? Why not always be at your very best—thoroughly well, virile, energetic, vital, zealous, keen, alert, fearless, dominant, dynamic, magnetic, masterful, creative, supreme? Why not invest in yourself? Why not raise yourself above the level of blind evolution and make the most of your every opportunity? Why not improve your power of life?

The more dynamic your personality, the greater is your power of decision, the keener is your power of judgment and the more aggressive is your power of action and the greater is your power of reasoning.

The more dynamic you are, the more precise, exact, definite, clear and positive become your ideas.

A dynamic personality is not only more conscious of its status or situation in life, but has a greater power of sensing its environment and taking advantage of it.

Your fate—your failure or success—your position in life is the result of your personal power. Conscious Evolution can improve your fate by increasing easily, quickly and wonderfully your power of personality.

Become an Aggressive, Fearless, Positive Personality.

Many men and women have amazing memories, wonderful education, excellent health and even unusual strength, many are good looking and are good talkers and possess every advantage that education plus whatever mere blind evolution gives them, and many have read practically every book ever written on how to be a success and attain a dominant will power, and yet these men and women are failures in life, because they do not possess a vital, dominant and dynamic power of personality. Their energies and knowledge are not co-related and activated; they do not possess the dynamic, conquering personal power such as Conscious Evolution develops and which is so essential to intelligent and concrete crystallization of the personal factors leading to real creative success.

Why Accept the Crumbs Instead of the Rich Prizes of Life?

Blind evolution means blind fate. Conscious Evolution means conscious selection of a better fate.

Conscious Evolution makes men and women of all ages and conditions vitally alive, vitally dominant, vitally aggressive, vitally well, vitally conscious and vitally ambitious.

Conscious Evolution gives greater power to live the superior life, the better life, the higher life, the more successful life, the life worth while, and the life in complete accord with the ultimate laws of life, evolution and creation.

Conscious Evolution can increase your combative, fighting, aggressive, motive, forward and persistence power.

Conscious Evolution can increase your power of continuity.

Conscious Evolution is the easy and direct means to the attainment of dominant personality, dominant will, dominant mind and dominant body.

Conscious Evolution is the way to a forceful personality, forceful mentality, forceful will and forceful mind.

Attain The Conquering Attitude and Type of Personality

Conscious Evolution can give you the spirit to advance, the spirit to do, the spirit to accomplish, the spirit and the will and the power to succeed.

Live the creative life, the productive life, the fuller life, the life of consequence—be a real worthwhile "somebody."

Do not be satisfied with the non-productive, inconsequential, empty, mediocre, non-creative life.

Conscious Evolution has given thousands of men and women of all ages and conditions a conquering courage, genuine self-assertiveness and great power of persistence, endurance and concentration, also greater power to learn, sense, reason and comprehend.

Make Your Life a Triumph

Everywhere throughout the land, men and women, through Conscious Evolution, are secretly and privately advancing themselves—through consciously employing the principles of evolution.

Do you intend to admit and live the inferior life, or do you intend to join the procession of men and women in all walks of life who are advancing to higher evolution and to higher power and to higher success—through progressive and conscious evolution?

You cannot afford to be outdistanced by this procession of self-evolutionists.

Unusual success comes not through reading and doing only what others have done, but through new ideas, new equations, new concepts, new creations.

Make yourself forceful, alive, vital, powerful, dynamic, constructive, creative.

Testimonials

Problems that formerly worried me are now so easy as to seem almost unreal, since I gained power of personality through **Conscious Evolution.**

Conscious Evolution has made me conscious of new energy, of a better power of mind. I seem tireless. I seek action, instead of stagnation, as formerly.

I am filled with a new zeal.

I would not take fifty thousand dollars for the power which in six weeks **Conscious Evolution** has given me.

I am happy to say that I received your instructions, and that in spite of travelling a good deal, my health is remarkable at ninety years of age.

I am certain I am gaining in every way, for I feel as full of "fight," and energy, as a wild cat.

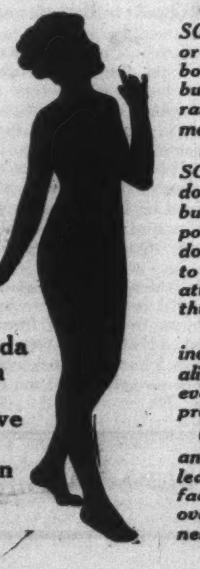
I owe my rise from the position of a country insurance agent to virtual head of one of the largest insurance companies of the world entirely to the power of personality **Conscious Evolution** has given me.

My weak will and personality for years made it possible for my business partners to rob me of my proper share of profits. **Conscious Evolution** gave me courage, self-reliance and power of personality, and I made my partners pay me $160,000.00 out of which they had bulldozed me during my feeble and powerless days.

These Amazing Books Are For You

Swoboda has published for distribution two remarkable books which explain his system of Conscious Evolution and what it has already done. Write for these books—not because Conscious Evolution has meant so much to 262,000 other men and women, not because there is scarcely a prominent family in the country that hasn't at least one member a pupil of Swoboda. Conscious Evolution is being personally used by many of the most prominent physicians and such men as Charles E. Hughes, the Rockefellers, the Vanderbilts, the Goulds, the Huntingtons, the Cudahys, the Swifts, and McAdoos for advancing themselves in energy, health, vitality and power of personality.

Write for these books because they mean so much to YOU in multiplied living power, earning power and personal power. They are big books filled from cover to cover with the vital facts about yourself and how you can acquire the degree of perfection in body and mind that you so much desire. They explain the dangers of excessive deep breathing, excessive exercise, and excessive muscular development.



The Swoboda System is as effective for Women as for Men.

CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION and THE SCIENCE OF LIFE show how to double or even treble your power of mind and body; not by tedious prolonged study, but by a process of energization which raises the very level of your life and mental powers.

CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION and THE SCIENCE OF LIFE supply the key to dominant personal power, dominant business power, dominant success power, dominant mental power, and dominant will power. They show how to change your aimless and fruitless attitudes into ambition, inspiration, enthusiasm and the highest success.

These books show how to amazingly increase your power of will and personality, as well as your power of body for every action and for every purpose and process.

Conscious Evolution is a new science; and no one can afford not to know at least the simple facts about it. These facts show how Conscious Evolution overcomes weak will, poor health, feebleness of mind and body. They show how to overcome the inferior, pleasureless, feeble and unsatisfactory life, by giving the means to the successful, superior and abundant life.

Conscious Evolution also shows how to arrest the aging of the body, and how to remain young, energetic, vigorous and active all of the days of Life.

These books are absolutely free and there is no obligation now or after. These books are yours to keep, that you may attain a higher understanding of yourself and of evolution and the means to a higher existence.

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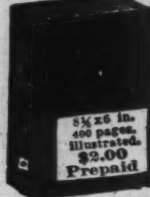

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"I remember that night perfectly. I was hoping that Crossey might ask me to come over and have my coffee with you. But no such luck — not that I blame him for his selfishness."

Dorothy Macoin had sat by listening to this dialogue, her small green-gray eyes sparkling with animation. She did not mind that they ignored her — she adored the sensation of "starting something," and she felt that Vail's hunting of Leila was something more than the chance fancy of a man-about-town. She knew that Leila intended to marry Crossey, and she knew, too, that Vail was not the marrying sort, but she had judged Leila as possessed of an insatiable appetite for attention, and — well, Mrs. Macoin was very well aware that a woman who is generous with the men she knows never lacks women friends. And Mrs. Macoin meant to keep Leila for a friend — she would be useful when she was married.

It was all very much as she had foreseen. The understanding established between Leila and Vail was instant and favorable and it was presently tacitly arranged that he was to make a third whenever possible with Leila and the little grass widow. It turned existence very much livelier for Leila, for Vail loved to be seen with chic, well-dressed women, loved to spend money lavishly and was an expert in finding new ways and places of urban amusement. Mrs. Macoin was never obtrusive and found many opportunities to give Vail a chance for a tête-à-tête with Leila at her apartment. When they went out, Leila would not consent to Dorothy absenting herself. She would use her presence for an excuse if it came to Harleth's ears that she was going about with Vail. She said nothing about it to him herself, for it was too near the time of his release and their proposed marriage for her to create the slightest obstacle. But her friendship with Vail and the Macoin woman improved her spirits and made it easier to play her rôle of gentle sympathy to Harleth, now that she had an adequate outlet for her natural inclinations.

SHE found Vail much to her taste. He was "dangerous," "hard to keep in order," she complained to Mrs. Macoin, but what she really liked best in him was his cool impertinence which was so delightfully near to license. He was a great resource for what Leila called the "interminable wait" before the courts could set Harleth free. But as soon as the end of the "interminable wait" began to approach, Leila drew a little away from her intimacy with Vail and Mrs. Macoin and set herself to the various unpleasant things to be done before her marriage. For instance, there were her parents to be told. With Mrs. Templeton's long absences from the city and Mr. Templeton's habit of seeing nothing and hearing less, together with Leila's long established habit of silence about herself to them, they were not expecting any such announcement and neither of them liked it. Leila faced them down sharply.

"What are you going to do about it?" she said. "Please, mother, don't cry — there isn't the slightest need for any tears. It's simply this. Harleth Crossey and Marcia didn't hit if off together and decided to part. Everything's been done quietly and with as much respect for the conventions you so love as is possible in a divorce. There's no scandal, no *cause célèbre*. And as soon as they're free from each other, Harleth wants to marry me. I shall certainly marry him — I'd be mad not to. He's a man I've known all my life, practically; he's able to give me all the things I've had to forego since we lost our money — I can't see for the life of me what you're so distressed about. I should think you'd be thankful."

"There's never been a divorce in the family," sobbed Mrs. Templeton.

"We have to begin sometime," said Leila, with impatient humor. "Come — don't be so agitated about something you really ought to be glad about. I'm marrying much better than Daphne did, and as soon as I *am* married you'll have all your income for yourselves. Why do you think I ought to keep living in this horrible, squalid way just because Harleth Crossey is divorced? Do be sensible, mother."

She did not address her father. Her reference to their present poverty had silenced him — and he had not been averse to the thought of having all his remaining income for himself and his wife. Leila was an expense and not a great comfort to her parents at any time. As she said, everyone got divorces nowadays — there was no use being prejudiced about it.

Something of this he expressed to his wife when they were alone and with such success that Mr. and Mrs. Templeton presented placid and cheerful countenances at the ceremony of marriage which followed no later than a week after the final decree of divorce in the case of Crossey vs. Crossey, and Mrs. Templeton wrote quite an enthusiastic letter to the absent Daphne.

"DEAREST DAPHNE" (wrote Mrs. Templeton, in her delicate, slanting hand). "I can hardly believe that Leila is married, but it is true, though I had not the slightest idea that she intended it until a few days before the ceremony — just after I wrote you last. It seems that Harleth's divorce was granted and settled about a week ago, and they wanted the wedding at once. It was all so strange, and so different from yours. Leila would not hear of a church wedding — not even of a quiet traveling dress affair in St. Michael's chapel. Nor would she ask our rector to marry them, although he is very broad in such matters. I felt quite dreadfully about that, but there was no use in arguing with her.

"Of course you will want to hear the details. The ceremony was at the Palais — Harleth had rented a suite of rooms and it was all very smart. There were charming decorations — quite a bower of flowers, and very tastefully done — not too much. Perhaps it was wiser to go to a hotel in this way, but it was something of a shock to me, nevertheless. It seemed really theatrical.

"Leila had a very beautiful gown of white cloth and sables and a little sable hat. She looked beautiful and was in the highest spirits. He has given her some beautiful jewels — diamonds and emeralds, which she likes better than anything else, and she literally demanded a string of pearls for a wedding gift, but for some reason he would not get them. She was quite angry about it, flew into one of her typical rages about it. It seems Marcia had a string of fine pearls he had given her and I suppose Leila thought of that. She had a bouquet of white orchids and lilies of the valley and a sable coat to put on when they went away.

"We had a delightful little breakfast served in one of the rooms of the suite after the ceremony and they left to go on a motor tour through the Berkshires. Harleth has bought a new car, a French one, big and comfortable.

"You are doubtless waiting impatiently for the list of guests. That is the painful part. Harleth's mother and father would not come — it seems they intensely disapprove this second marriage and resent Leila's entry into the family, which, as you know, is perfectly absurd. The Crosseys, while they are pleasant people and well enough, were never anybody in particular. Of course our relatives came — the Pardees, the Davises and Cousin Lewis Stearns and his wife. Leila did not ask *any* of her school friends, but she did ask a Mrs. Macoin with whom she has recently struck up a great intimacy. I do not like her at all — she is divorced, heavily painted and, to my mind, conspicuously loud in dress and manner. She lives at the Palais. Of course, on such short notice, it was impossible to invite many people and I believe Harleth wanted it to be as quiet as possible.

"Harleth seems to me to have changed a good bit from the harum-scarum boy he used to be, but he is still very good-looking and his access of dignity and gravity do not lessen him in *my* eyes. He has been wonderfully successful. Leila is to have a house in town and one on Long Island if she wants it. The house at Wellridge, which he and Marcia lived in, has been shut up ever since she left him and he will not sell it, nor live in it again. Quite sentimental for a man, isn't it?

"I will not deny that I am glad the wedding is over and it is gratifying to have both my daughters so well settled from a material standpoint. Ever since your dear father's misfortunes I have felt so keenly the privations of our poverty that I am thankful that you and Leila are to be spared it. You must write to Leila, Daphne, and send her a really worth while gift. While I know that you have never been specially congenial, you would be very foolish to quarrel with a sister established as Leila now is. I enclose clippings from all the papers. With dearest love, always,
Mother."

From her own angle, Mrs. Templeton had described the wedding very well. She had omitted some things, notably, that it was Harleth who would have to pay eventually for the white gown with sables in which Leila was married, as well as for the sable coat and all the rest of the trousseau. Leila had gone to her dressmaker and told her that she was about to marry well, and wanted clothes accordingly — the bills to be paid after the honeymoon.

Though Mrs. Templeton had told of Leila's fit of temper over the string of pearls which Harleth would not buy for her, she said nothing about another and still more violent scene about the house at Wellridge that he would not open. On her father and mother Leila visited her rage for Harleth's obstinacy. To him she was sweetly acquiescent, but obviously disappointed. She would not risk a quarrel with him before the marriage. Afterward, she promised herself a string of pearls that would make those he had bought for Marcia look like a débutante's, and she further flattered herself that they would shortly establish themselves in the Wellridge house — for the summer — and face down the disapproval of the Wellridge people.

But they would winter in town. She had chosen a particularly attractive house in the East Seventies — gray stone with window boxes, and a beautiful iron grille on the entrance door. The whole exterior pleased Leila. Inside it had been put in the hands of a decorator, a devotee of the newest art, with a particular passion for black and white marble floors, old Italian furniture, and the mauve shades. The result, though interesting, in no possible way resembled a home.

A few days before their wedding Leila had insisted that Harleth accompany her to see their future residence, and they went in an early dusk that did not make the house any more cheerful.

"It seems gloomy," Harleth objected, trying to find the mildest possible word of condemnation.

"We'll make it lively enough, though," promised Leila, tucking her hand under his arm. She was in high spirits and looking very piquant in her animation. As they got out of the car at the door of the house, a man and woman passing had turned to look at her, in open admiration, and Harleth saw them. He looked at her, too, and wondered what they admired so much. An utter blank sickness of soul came over him, and he felt a powerful physical revulsion from his marriage that he knew he must go through with. She'd never be his wife,— he knew that. She would never be anything to him but a mistress, a mistress he had wearied of before he had ever possessed her.

"Let's go," he said, suddenly, "I'm tired."

Leila shrugged her shoulders prettily. "You never used to be tired," she said.

HE did not answer that and they went out to the waiting car. The chauffeur had been obliged to run down the block to get out of the way of some passing trucks and they stood on the sidewalk waiting for him to come back. As they were waiting there a man passed and took off his hat. Harleth glanced after him in surprise.

"Funny!" he said. "I'd have sworn he spoke to you and never saw me. You don't know Otis Vail, do you?"

Leila looked at him warily from under her long lashes. A week ago at this time she had been sitting in Dorothy Macoin's little reception room with Otis Vail beside her, and he had kissed her wrists and begged her to hurry and get this marriage stuff over and come back to him — that New York would be a desert without her.

"I've never met him," she said, "but I've heard Dorothy Macoin talk about him. He's quite a friend of hers, I believe."

She told the lie quite coolly and convincingly. "It's just as well to begin right," she said to herself.

[***To be continued***]

Next Month: "If We Feed the World," by Edward Mott Woolley, an article of moment

Our Mothers Come to Town

[*Continued from page 18*]

I don't say that we liked to fabricate in this fashion. We didn't. But we had got into the thing and we couldn't get out without worrying our mothers to death, and the only possible excuse girls with impaired constitutions could offer for staying out so late was the doing of more good to others than harm to themselves. So we laid stress on the philanthropic motives and waxed more and more dramatic until, all of a sudden, we both realized that we were describing the kind of club we ought to be officering — a place where rather tired and work-worn actresses enjoyed a hot supper and a pleasant hour of chat after theatre hours.

"But it must be very gay," my dear little mother quavered out anxiously. "Does anybody sit up late except to be gay?"

We cleared our throats. It occurred to me right there that one doesn't have to belong to the Night Cap Club to know a thing or two, and whether in Iowa or the great Metropolis people seldom sit up all night for business reasons. But Maude assured her that it was not gay to *us* as we had to be very executive. "Look at business men," said Maude. "All so able and so dull."

THE mothers were much relieved and Maude and I went to bed sounding Jesuitical phrases to take the load off our consciences. Although, as Maude broke out at dawn: "The end may justify the means but what is the end?" Of course the end should be our mothers going home perfectly happy in the consciousness that we had been restored to health through their efforts. But that would take time. Maude advised emptying the whole bottle of olive oil and springing into the room crying out that she was cured. And that annoyed me, for it would seem that Maude was trying to hurry my mother off. I had been getting more and more disturbed, anyway, over my mother fussing all the time over her, and not paying me any attention, and I said so just as the sun came up. I didn't think Maude minded about Mrs. Hertey's devotion to my case until she broke right down and cried in the borrowed twin bed.

Then we both cried and each told the other that it was a penance we must pay for deceiving them, and we must go on suffering until, as we lay in the dust, our mothers would be sitting in the high places. Maude said "hitting the high places," but I appreciated she was rather strung up and didn't mean it, so I didn't correct her.

The time came when they *did* hit the high places. It came about simply enough. The next day they expressed very delicately a desire to have these poor actresses to tea. They were too sweet! folding pleats in their skirts with nervous fingers while they assured us they had not wanted any social attentions — they were not equipped for them as Mrs. Biller had failed them sadly — but they would possibly be able to hold their own among the ladies of the Night Cap Club.

Maude and I were frozen with horror, but we appreciated that if we hesitated an instant our mothers would think their clothes were not good enough even for poor actresses, so we both exclaimed that it would be doing the club members an enormous honor to meet Mrs. Sylvanus Hertey and Mrs. Jerome B. Geyer and we would invite them that night. But we were awfully gloomy at the theatre. Maude would exclaim in the wings or anywhere: "Can you see that big hat of Fanchon Meredith's," or, bitterly, "I suppose Dahlia Maginn will bring her pet snake."

No light came to us stronger than a baby spot until the very end of the last act. I was saying hard-heartedly to the juvenile: "I measure love by money — the gardenia in the shop for me; some other girl can have the daisy in the field," when I saw a way out as plain as an illuminated exit.

As soon as Maude and I could get over to the club we unfolded the scheme to the girls, who snapped it up like a summer's engagement. The men thought they ought to be allowed to come, too, but I would not countenance that. If my mother had seen the little watch in Ronny's cuff-link she would have felt too underdressed to sit in the parlor with him. We said that he could do something handsome for them later, which he agreed to, and if I hadn't been so intent on my own plan I would have noticed the ominous way he sequestered Fanchon Meredith in a corner and began to laugh and whisper.

The tea came off two days after that, all of the girls promising to come in garments a little out of date, and the best of the character women to be made up to look sort of decrepit and old. We were to have the shades down and candles burning, which is Iowa's idea of a tea-party. There wasn't to be a velvet Tam or a smock, a high white boot or a higher skirt in the crowd. And if any girl smoked a cigarette, or asked if she could have a high-ball instead of tea, she was to be suspended from the club.

They warmed right up to it, and, as morning came on, filled the air with "Good old Hat!" and "Dear little mothers!" until Maude and I went home bored to tears. People from Iowa get awfully tired of too much emotion. It would have been better if we had stuck around but we couldn't "watch at all points" any more than they could at the siege of Lucknow.

I can't say I appreciated it. I was never so mad in all my life as I was when those girls began streaming in at the tea hour. They'd played up to the situation all right. They overplayed it. There wasn't a rouged lip or a chalked nose in the crowd, but there was, instead, the most remarkable collection of costumes that ever was borrowed out of a Down East melodrama.

There were dolmans and Paisley shawls, lace barbes and poke bonnets. There were prunella shoes, basques, godet pleats and polonaises. There were montagues in the hair, French twists, and white wigs. There were — or tried to be — one bustle and one hoop shirt. They didn't get any further than the hall, for I saw them trying to squeeze along the passage and I shut the parlor door and began clawing at their clothes like a maniac.

"Oh, let us go in, Hat," whined Fanchon Meredith with the bustle.

"If you knew how hard it was to get this hoop shirt out of the taxi — " protested Dahlia Maginn.

"Well, you can just get it back into the taxi," I blazed. "And quick, too. Our mothers haven't caught on yet, though you would think they would with the room looking like a madhouse. It's a blessing actresses are supposed to rig themselves out in any fool bit of finery they can find. But you two would give the whole snap away."

Their lips quivered. "Can't we stay? We've done our best." And I suppose they had. Those poor, ill-bred, town-bred girls actually thought they could fool two ladies from as up-to-date a state as Iowa.

"If you take off the bustle and the hoop skirt," I decided, "and send them down in the elevator to your taxi, you can come in."

They sighed heavily but hated to miss anything and entered the room a few minutes later, while at the same time a delighted elevator boy encased in something like a bird-cage, with a sort of beehive in one hand, went taxiward.

It was a terrible, terrible afternoon for Maude and me, but the mothers enjoyed it.

In our anxiety not to let them be undeceived, Maude and I stalked among the guests like a couple of guards at a female reformatory until Fanchon Meredith, who had attached herself to Mrs. Hertey, whispered: "Hat Geyer, if you don't stop glaring at me I'll pull a cigarette out of my bead reticule — yes, and offer one to the mothers!"

I LET her alone, then, although I remained nervous, for I recalled how she and Ronny had snickered off in a corner as though they were hatching some plot. What I didn't know, and hadn't sense enough to appreciate, was that Fanchon who came to scoff was remaining to pray, and that she was working just as hard as I to make the day a success.

She was made up to look very old, and as she is an excellent character woman she was getting away with the rôle. By stretching my ears until they hurt I could catch her telling Mrs. Hertey of the pleasure it gave her to enter such a nice parlor again, the like of which she had not seen in a long while. At this, Mrs. Hertey excused herself from the others and showed the possessor of one of the most charming apartments in New York our modest ménage.

In such fashion Fanchon scored an enormous triumph over me and my stringent laws for the guests of the day. For in such fashion they came upon Pearlie easing her labors by

How it Feels to Earn $1000 a Week

By a Young Man Who Four Years Ago Drew a $25 a Week Salary. Tells How He Accomplished It

HOW does it feel to earn $1000 a week? How does it feel to have earned $200,000 in four years? How does it feel to be free from money worries? How does it feel to have everything one can want? These are questions I shall answer for the benefit of my reader out of my own personal experience. And I shall try to explain, simply and clearly, the secret of what my friends call my phenomenal success.

Let me begin four years ago. At that time my wife and I and our two babies were living on my earnings of twenty-five dollars a week. We occupied a tiny flat, wore the simplest clothes, had to be satisfied with the cheapest entertainment — and dreamed sweet dreams of the time when I should be earning fifty dollars a week. That was the limit of my ambition. Indeed, it seemed to be the limit of my possibilities. For I was but an average man, without influential friends, without a liberal education, without a dominating personality, and without money.

With nothing to begin with, I have become the sole owner of a business which has paid me over $200,000 in clear profits during the past four years and which now pays me more than a thousand dollars a week. I did not gamble. I did not make my money in Wall Street. My business is not a war baby—on the contrary, many others in my line have failed since the war began.

In four years, the entire scheme of my life has changed. Instead of living in a two by four flat, we occupy our own home, built for us at a cost of over $60,000. We have three automobiles. Our children go to private schools. We have everything we want, and we want the best of everything. Instead of dreaming of fifty dollars a week I am dreaming in terms of a million dollars—with greater possibilities of my dream coming true than my former dream of earning fifty dollars a week.

What brought about this remarkable change? What transformed me, almost overnight, from a slow-going, easily-satisfied, average man—into a positive, quick-acting, determined individual who admits no defeat, who overcomes every obstacle, and who completely dominates every situation? It all began with a question my wife asked me one evening after reading an article in a magazine about a great engineer who was said to earn a $50,000 salary.

"How do you suppose it feels to earn $1000 a week?" she asked. And without thinking, I replied, "I haven't the slightest idea, my dear, so the only way to find out is to *earn it.*" We both laughed, and soon the question was apparently forgotten.

But that night, and for weeks afterward, the same question *and my reply* kept popping into my brain. I began to analyze the qualities of the successful men in our town. What is it that enables them to get everything they want? They are not better educated than I—indeed, some are far less intelligent. But they must have possessed some quality that I lacked. Perhaps it was their mental attitude; perhaps they look at things from an entirely different angle than I. Whatever it was, that "something" was the secret of their success. It was the one thing that placed them head and shoulders above me in money-earning ability. In all other ways we were the same.

Determined to find out what that vital spark of success was, I bought books on every subject that pertained to the mind. I followed one idea after another. But I didn't seem to get anywhere. Finally, when almost discouraged, I came across a copy of "Power of Will." Like a bolt out of a clear sky there flashed in my brain the secret I had been seeking. There was the real, fundamental principle of all success—Power of Will. There was the brain faculty I lacked, and which every successful man possesses.

"Power of Will" was written by Prof. Frank Channing Haddock, a scientist, whose name ranks with such leaders of thought as James Bergson and Royce. After twenty years of research and study, he had completed the most thorough and constructive study of will power ever made. I was astonished to read his statement that, "The will is just as susceptible of development as the muscles of the body!" And Dr. Haddock had actually set down the very rules, lessons and exercises by which anyone could develop the will, making it a bigger, stronger force each day, simply through an easy, progressive course of training.

It is almost needless to say that I at once began to practice the exercises formulated by Dr. Haddock. And I need not recount the extraordinary results that I obtained almost from the first day. Shortly after that I took hold of a business that for twelve years had been losing money. I started with $300 of borrowed capital. During my first year I made $30,000. My second year paid me $50,000. My third year netted me $70,000. Last year, due to increased costs of materials, my profits were only $50,000, though my volume of business increased. New plans which I am forcing through will bring my profits for the present fiscal year up to $65,000.

Earning a thousand dollars a week makes me feel secure against want. It gives me the money with which to buy whatever will make my family happy. It enables me to take a chance on an investment that looks good, without worrying about losing the money. It frees my mind of financial worries. It has made me healthier, more contented, and keener minded. It is the greatest recipe I know for happiness.

Prof. Haddock's lessons, rules and exercises in will training have recently been compiled and published in book form by the Pelton Publishing Co. of Meriden, Conn. I am authorized to say that any reader who cares to examine the book may do so without sending any money in advance. In other words, if after five days' reading, you do not feel that the book is worth $3, the sum asked, return it and you will owe nothing. When you receive your copy for examination I suggest that you first read the articles on the law of great thinking; how to develop analytical power; how to perfectly concentrate on any subject; how to guard against errors in thought; how to drive from the mind unwelcome thoughts; how to develop fearlessness; how to use the mind in sickness; how to acquire a dominating personality.

Never before have business men and women needed this help so badly as in these trying times. Hundreds of real and imaginary obstacles confront us every day, and only those who are masters of themselves and who hold their heads up, will succeed. "Power of Will" as never before, is an absolute necessity—an investment in self-culture which no one can afford to deny himself.

Some few doubters will scoff at the idea of will power being the fountainhead of wealth, position and everything we are striving for. But the great mass of intelligent men and women will at least investigate for themselves by sending for the book at the publisher's risk. I am sure that any book that has done for me—and for thousands of others—what "Power of Will" has done—is well worth investigating. It is interesting to note that among the 250,000 owners of "Power of Will" are such prominent men as Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, Ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Gov. McKelvie, of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster-General Britt; General Manager Christeson, of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas, and thousands of others. In fact, today "Power of Will" is just as important, and as necessary to a man's or woman's equipment for success, as a dictionary. To try to succeed without Power of Will is like trying to do business without a telephone.

As your first step in will training, I suggest immediate action in this matter before you. It is not even necessary to write a letter. Use the form below, if you prefer, addressing it to the Pelton Publishing Company, 12-B Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by return mail. This one act may mean the turning point of your life, as it has meant to me and to so many others.

The cost of paper, printing and binding has almost doubled during the past three years, in spite of which "Power of Will" has not been increased in price. The publisher feels that so great a work should be kept as low-priced as possible, but in view of the enormous increase in the cost of every manufacturing item, the present edition will be the last sold at the present price. The next edition will cost more. I urge you to send in the coupon now.

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the noxious weed. Fanchon continued in her rôle successfully — she was seemingly as horrified as Mrs. Hertey. In fact, enjoying the situation, she pretended to swoon, and Mrs. Hertey brought me hurriedly to the room where she lay gasping on the bed.

"What can I give her?" Maude's mother asked me as I stood by controlling a desire to pitch the ancient actress out of the window. But at that anxious query I thought of a much better remedy — one that I was sure Fanchon would not decline if offered by Mrs. Hertey, but would suspiciously refuse if tendered by one of her kind hostesses.

So I could but indicate the tonic bottle containing the olive oil and return to my patroling of the other guests. This was disappointing to me, for I never knew entirely what transpired after Fanchon had drunk a full wine-glass of the slippery stuff. I only know, as she took her departure, the while she gazed balefully at me, she was all the more on the side of our mothers, her last word to Mrs. Hertey being one of enthusiasm for the setting-up qualities of the beverage she had gulped down.

"Remember!" she called up to Mrs. Hertey, who went to the elevator with her. "*Both* of you!"

"I'll manage it," replied Mrs. Hertey to the top of Fanchon's disappearing head. And not being my mother I couldn't ask her what it was all about.

Indeed, there was very little time to ask anything, for we seized a few minutes' rest, a hasty mouthful (from the hands of the protesting Pearlie, who had assured the mothers it had been a cubeb for a cold), and flew to the theatre. The mothers promised to lie down and rest awhile before going on to fresh conquests.

The evening was to be Ronny's. That is, he was to call for them before our curtain was down and we were to meet them afterward at some discovery of his, which he was still keeping a secret, where he was to give them an elaborate supper. It was to show our mothers, as Ronny expressed it, "how the other side lived." Presumably meaning the rich side.

I want it understood that Ronny was none of my picking — nor did he pick me. He was in love with Maude because she was something of a celebrity and beautiful. I feared at times she liked him — his ease — his display of wealth, and the way he talked French to the waiters — so perhaps it was just as well that he took our mothers on this little journey into the world, where we secured not only our mothers' numbers, but Ronny's as well. We were tired that night and it was hard to get through the performance.

But we didn't lag in the last act. Just as it was called a note was handed me. My brain absolutely reeled, for it was mother's handwriting on Night Cap paper! I didn't think anything could be more paralyzing than the address on the familiar envelope, but the note itself added to my stupefaction. "Come quick as you can (it read). Something wrong with Mr. Manship. Sarah B. Geyer."

I tell you from that moment Maude and I went through our lines like snapping turtles. How we hated the actors who made dramatic pauses — how we hated the audience, wasting time on laughter and applause! Our dressers had a cab waiting when the curtain fell and our long coats ready, and we walked straight from the stage to the taxi. All through that terrible last act we had not been able to have one word together, but now in the security of the cab exclamations popped like champagne corks.

"HE'S taken them to the club," I gasped.

"Instead of to a restaurant," Maude cried.

"It's what he meant by contrast. They'll all be coming in — "

"Dressed to the guards."

"That's what he was telling Fanchon."

"And Ronny — *now?*"

"You can guess what's the matter with Ronny."

She began to twist her hands. We had heard rumors of Ronny's occasional lapses. Maude had contended that there was a certain elegance about his drinking, for he took only sweet liquors — in quantities. Personally, I see no difference between a keg of beer and a keg of green chartreuse. In our mind's eye we could see him: a goblet and bottle before him, our mothers sitting in an agony of embarrassment beside him.

But the eye of the mind is not always accurate. There were two surprises in store for us, one as astonishing as the other. The first was Fanchon Meredith standing outside the vestibule of the club rooms (which were part of a hotel) sternly on guard.

"I came as soon as I could from the theatre. No one's come in yet — no one's going to," she said curtly.

There was no time to be grateful. "But — Manship?" we asked.

"HE'S inside with them, the club servant told me. He planned something he called funny — it had been so long since I'd seen a mother I thought it would be funny, too. Then this afternoon I knew it was just rotten. You must understand he didn't tell me about offering them anything — I just grew kind of nervous about the possibility and — "

"I'll kill him," Maude said and started in, but Fanchon caught her by the arm. "Don't you worry about *their* condition — " a flicker of amusement passed over her face. "The mothers are all right — if they followed my instructions."

We crossed the empty Lounge and plunged into the little dining-room. The three of them were there, Ronny as I had expected with his head upon the table, the mothers watching him solicitously. *And they were standing up.* It was lovely the way Maude's mother turned to her and my mother to me. They didn't care a bit about any daughters but their own.

"Hsh," cautioned Mrs. Hertey. "He's asleep. He's a little better, I think."

"Better dead," cried Maude bitterly. She found their wraps in a corner and began putting them on even as they protested.

"We can't leave a sick man," cried my mother.

"Sick," I exclaimed, beside myself with anger. "Why, he's been drinking!" It was the first truth I'd uttered in a long while and it was most relieving. Fortunately, we had told so many lies it didn't have any effect on them.

"You mustn't say such things," commanded my mother sternly. "We have had nothing but this pleasant punch. *We* are all right — why wouldn't *he* be all right?"

Our eyes fell upon the table — there were two empty bottles of chartreuse and three empty goblets!

"Did you drink as much of that stuff as he did?" Maude managed to articulate with lips working stiffly.

"Certainly — with ice," said Mrs. Hertey. "While waiting for you we've had several large glasses."

Large glasses!

"I think it's the ice that hurt him," decided my mother. "Ice paralyzes, you know."

At this my mother crossed the floor to lay once more a hand upon the forehead of her charge. Maude and I followed her straight sure locomotion. Ronny stirred, made an effort to sit up, and, catching sight of Maude, bobbed his head in solemn greeting until it went down again with a whack upon the cloth. "Mosh ashtonishin' ole ladies in worl'," he managed to announce before he relapsed into unconsciousness again.

"You see," said Mrs. Hertey, "he's out of his head."

"No," said Maude, watching her parent galloping easily over to the water pitcher to wet a napkin for his forehead. "He's not entirely out of his head — you *are* the most astonishing old ladies in the world. But we're going. The old ladies of the Night Cap can look after him. Rule of the club — only members after twelve." This was Maude's last and I may say noblest lie.

They gave way to us with that pathetic deference age pays to sturdy, inexperienced youth, — to us who would by this time have been lying under the table singing songs had we taken one-fifth of that green chartreuse our elders had freely quaffed. Without so much as a glance of recognition at Fanchon, policing in her brilliant array, they were conducted to the taxi by Maude. The guard, too, kept her eyes on the nether limbs of our western visitors, but she was not astonished — only triumphant.

I paused awkwardly. "I don't know, Fan," I began, "but somehow or other I feel we've to thank you for it all."

"No," she drawled, "upon looking back I fancy you have Pearlie to thank." Then she turned into the club. Pearlie! Were they all mad? Pearlie!

Late that night as I was rummaging in the medicine chest for the olive oil Mrs. Hertey squeezed mysteriously into the bathroom with it. "Are you looking for your tonic?" she asked. I admitted that I was.

"It's wonderful stuff," she whispered. "It did that old lady so much good. I must tell you a secret: at her advice I took a glass just before I went out with Mr. Manship."

The bottle almost fell from my fingers. "Say that again!" I commanded my elder.

"I drank a glass to sort of set me up. I was quite tired."

"And mother?"

Fat Mrs. Hertey shook with delight. "She never knew it was a tonic that I had brought from home, of course. I got her in the parlor and brought it to her in a wine-glass."

Everything was going around in my head. Whoop! Whoop! Pearlie smoked a cigarette. Fanchon swooned. Mrs. Hertey gave her olive oil. The oldest actress in captivity recognized it. She feared Ronny would offer them insidious drinks. She in turn advised the tonic. It made a little floor on the mothers' stomachs for the insidious drinks. They had been saved. Pearlie smoked a cigarette — it kept on circling in my brain.

Mrs. Hertey prepared to squeeze out of the door again. "I've but one regret — if Mr. Manship had just had a glass of it!"

But I had no regrets. The Night Cap Club was canned. Ronny was canned. The villains had been worsted, the old ladies became heroines, without any assistance from their daughters whose business in life it was to play heroines and knew all about how to do it. Up to that time Maude and I thought being heroines had something to do with youth. And we weren't sure, until the last and third triumph of the mothers was achieved, what a beautiful recognition simple goodness receives from the world.

We found it awfully pleasant to go home right after the theatre. Sometimes our mothers would put on their wrappers and sit with us through supper, and afterward they would hear us our lines. For Maude and I had begun to rehearse for a curtain-raiser that was to go before our rather short comedy.

OUR business had fallen off a bit and the management thought it might pick up if they put on a novelty. The novelty was to be US in serious rôles for the first time, and while it doesn't take much space to write this down it took hours of wakeful anxiety and long black nightmares in the preparation of ourselves for this new line of work.

"Dim Guardians," the little play was called. Just a story of two girls, from the country having a struggle in the city to earn their bread honestly, tempted to follow the easiest way, starting on it, yet held back unconsciously by a long line of decent ancestors. Can you imagine two comediennes trying to get away with anything like that?

It was one of those fantastic plays that takes the town by storm or is dismissed as ridiculous and dies on the second night. "It's up to you," the stage manager would say to us, until we thought we'd die of responsibility. Besides, it wasn't up to us. It was up to their pulling off successfully a procession of spirit ancestors all dressed up in different periods. They began in the middle of the action, as Maude and I were wavering, and passed in silent review along a high platform which ran like a gallery across the back of the set. Narrow steps led up to it from the stage as though it were a sort of loft where we poor starving girls slept. All unseen by us they were to pass — mere ghosts of ancestors — kind of making us feel we were protected.

Maude and I said from the first it was going to be tricky and they had better begin rehearsing the ancestors at the start. But nothing like that for *our* management. They believed in the inspiration of the moment. So, if you please, there wasn't a sign of a super or a rag of a costume for them until the very Monday we were to open. Then we had a full rehearsal — scenes, props, and supers — in costume.

I heard the first ghost coming along as I began on my long speech. He had on squeaky boots. I heard a groan from the manager sitting out in front in the dark. Even while shouting lines I took time to observe the next spirit ancestor. I could see in a mirror set on a dressing-table. Its back was modestly to the audience — the mirror's back was to the audience, not the ancestor's. He was dressed up like Peter Stuyvesant and stumped proudly along on a noisy wooden leg. The fourth one — a woman — was making an American flag as she walked, and catching her toe in it nearly fell down the steps. The sixth flounced her hoop-skirts so high that an audience could see up to her waist. The eighth — but what's the use!

"Cut 'em out!" roared the managerial voice from the darkened auditorium. "Cut 'em all out!"

"BUT you can't cut them out," expostulated Maude in terror. "They're the meaning of the play."

"Convey in your reading the influence of your folks," insisted the Prince of Darkness out there. "You can do it."

"You can do it," echoed the stage manager, always backing up the strong. "You girls can do anything."

"I can't look like three centuries of ancestors and I ain't going to try," I retorted vulgarly.

"It's better than parading a country circus through your best lines," argued the manager with some cunning.

"You can do it," reiterated the stage manager.

"Get your curtain up at eight-twenty," said that devil out in the darkness. We could hear the lid of his watch snap, a signal which we knew — he never looked at his watch. He simply meant he was going. He walked out toward the foyer. The subject was closed. We *had* to do it.

We didn't eat any dinner that night and the mothers were much worried. They thought we had been picking up splendidly with the early hours we were now keeping and, work accomplished, they were to leave us in a few days.

"It isn't that we don't feel well," explained Maude. "It's that we can't swallow."

"Not swallow!" from the pair in panic.

"We'll swallow all right after the play," I hurried in. "It's temporary."

There was no use trying to explain stage fright to a mother — or to anybody who hasn't had it. It was so bad we had to ask them not to sit out in front — not to come at all — to stay miles away from the theatre. And that, of course, only added to their bewilderment. Each mother concentrated entirely upon her own child.

"Are you going to faint on the stage?" asked Mrs. Hertey of Maude.

"Don't you want your mother, my dear, even in your dressing-room?"

I did want her most awfully but I couldn't let her witness that silent, sweating terror behind the scenes before the curtain rises. So I dissuaded her, and we girls took a taxi to the theatre hoping it would fall into the subway excavations — that we might be covered over with beautiful, beautiful rocks.

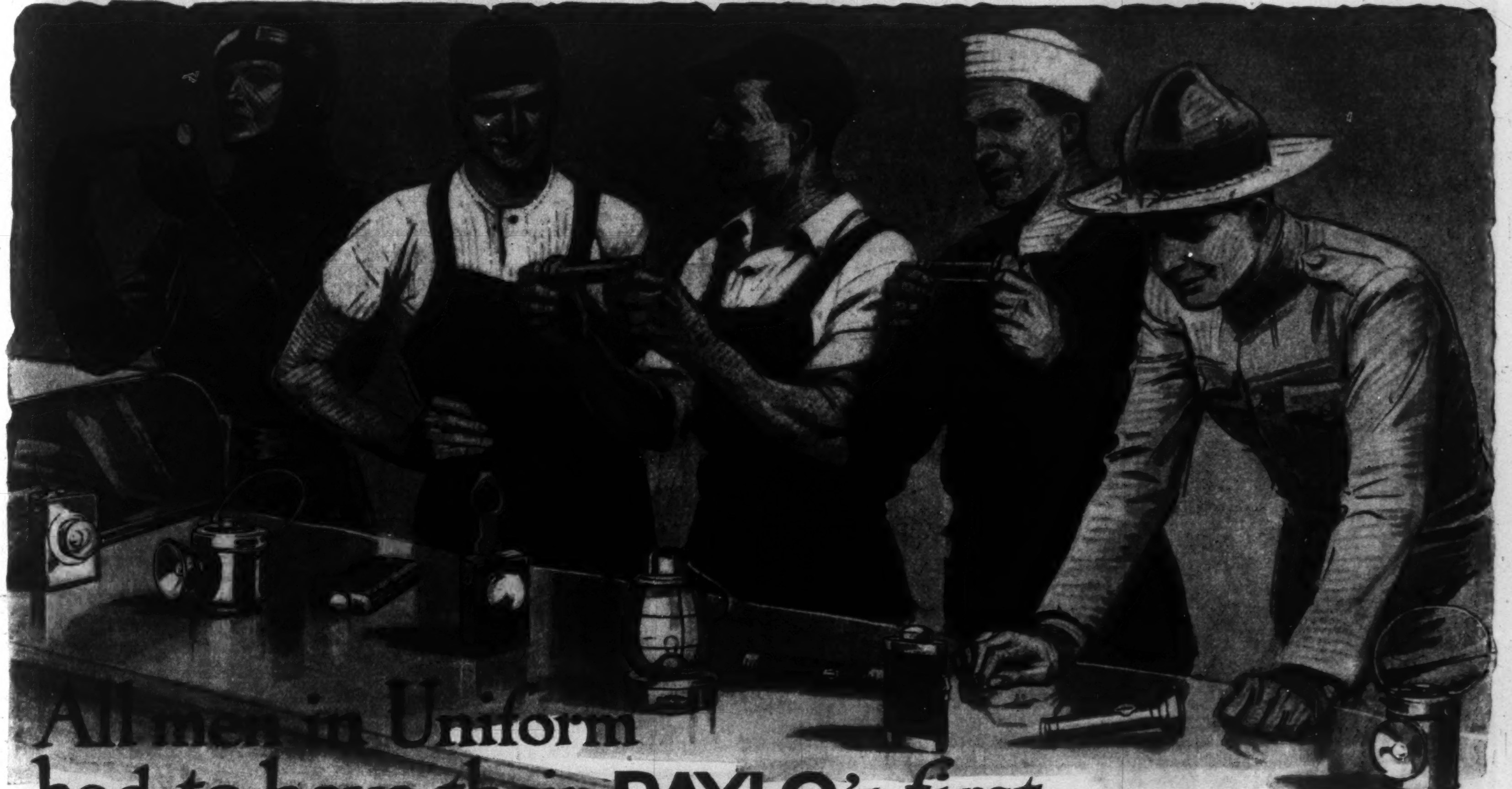
Yet nothing happened, and by eight-thirty we were emoting away for all we were worth before a lenient house. At least the house was lenient until the psychological moment arrived when we should have felt the influence of a marching host behind us. Then we knew the scene was going down and the audience was getting restless. The ghosts should have been there. We were failing to get it over alone. With vicious energy I launched into my first long reckless speech — a despair in my heart which the resonance in my voice did not betray. Yet a phrase kept going through my mind like the tolling of a bell. "Losing ground — losing ground — " tolled the bell. I went on with my lines "Losing ground, losing — " there was a stir in the audience — a rustle of aspirates which seemed to have nothing to do with my words, then the house settled down into stillness.

The Nights Remember

by Sara Teasdale

THE days remember and the nights remember
  The kingly hours that once you made so great;
Deep in my heart they lie, hidden in their splendor,
  Buried like sovereigns in their robes of state.

Let them not wake again, better to lie there,
  Wrapped in memories, jewelled and arrayed —
Many a ghostly king has waked from death-sleep
  To find his crown stolen and his throne decayed.



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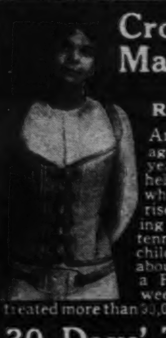

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PATENT SENSE
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I was down stage and Maude was up at the back pulling ancient finery from a trunk in which to array ourselves for our first grim marching of the streets. I could just see her out of the corner of my eye. Her head was bent, yet I distinctly heard her whisper. "Come down. Come down the steps," she was whispering. I could not turn about. I continued with the business of the play, took from the table my hat which I had been gaudily trimming and walked over to the little mirror which reflected the back of the scene. "Do not speak — do not look disturbed," Maude continued whispering. I put on my hat and as I looked into the mirror I saw our mothers descending the stairs from the high platform as though in a trance!

I went on with my lines. Maude continued to command, unheard by the audience, as she bent over her work. "It's all right. Sit down on the sofa by the steps. Sit down." The two old ladies sank upon the sofa, folded their hands, and never moved a muscle. I went on with my lines, softening my tones as though the dim sweet influence of early training was overcoming me.

I could understand it perfectly. In their anxiety for us they had disobeyed us. They had passed through the stage door, and, confused by the intricacies of the stage, had walked along the platform until they stood, paralyzed, before the audience. Maude had done the rest. Jewel of an actress that she is, she knew the ready acceptance by an audience of any situation if we players ourselves accept it. If those Dim Guardians had been shooed off the stage, the house, now thrilled and touched, would have rocked with laughter.

The play went on. Seemingly unconscious of their presence we acted up, down and around them, and there the darlings sat, tender statues of concern. At the end Maude laid aside her furbelows, I my gaudy hat, and we sat down to the meal which we had felt, as the curtain rose, could no longer sustain our rebellious bodies. And the old ladies stayed right through every call, the audience not at all surprised when at the unexpected rise of the first curtain we were found madly kissing Mrs. Hertey, fat, and Mrs. Geyer, lean, who had come from Iowa to save a play.

"Great! Immense!" said the manager from the front of the house as he knocked on our dressing-room doors.

"They're our mothers!" cried Maude.

"Sure they are. Keep 'em in the play."

"Our *real* mothers," I screamed, perfectly wild with excitement.

"What the — excuse me— " perceiving them in the room beyond.

Maude and I began to swallow and the comedy went on. We swallowed a great deal later, for we four supped with the manager. The new heroines withstood his future offers, but they asked in return for their services that night the privilege of picking two old ladies for the Night Cap Club to take their places. After that, there was nothing for it but a complete revelation of the truth. It rolled out — like olive oil: the first lie — the tonic — the club supper — Ronny's baseness — it caused, as the heroines themselves said, a very stimulating evening. But they forgave us. On the night an actress makes a hit she can forgive almost anything.

"At least we can go back with our minds relieved," sighed mother, looking at me fondly.

"Guess you needn't ever worry about *your* daughters," said our manager. "They've got what every girl must have who has to make her way about."

Maude and I knew what he meant, but the old ladies continued modest. "You refer to their health?" approved Mrs. Hertey.

"No, their Dim Guardians," said our manager, snapping his watch, which means — that the play is over.

The Spectacular Lover

[*Continued from page 14*]

tea," said Emmy briskly. "The hot drink will stimulate you."

She rang for the maid, and the tea things were brought in. Talk centered heavily on "how many lumps?" — "just a little cream — no lemon" — "thanks."

Christopher drank his tea. A second cup. But he didn't appear much stimulated.

"Been a gloomy kind of day, hasn't it?" As the words passed her lips Emmy inwardly kicked herself. It wasn't her habit to snatch the weather for fuel lest the conversational fire die out.

"Yes. It feels like snow."

"Oh, perhaps you shouldn't have come out!"

"Why not?"

"With your cold."

"Oh, it doesn't amount to much."

A silence ensued. It made itself curiously felt, almost like an invisible, hostile third person. Christopher was gazing out into the hall again. What could be the matter with him? As she searched for some topic to brighten him up, Emmy's eyes fell on Lucile's portrait above the fireplace.

"Oh, I wonder if you won't 'show' me Lucile's portrait! Tell me what I should and shouldn't admire in it, you know!"

She laughed a little, but to her own ears it sounded forced. Christopher's echo, too, seemed the empty ghost of a laugh. He rose and walked over to the fireplace. He screwed up his eyes.

"Can't see it very well — it's so dark in here."

Emmy's eagerness to get the light turned on was only equaled by her fear her blushes would show when it was. When she glanced at him furtively in the glare, she could see he was looking decidedly awkward. Perhaps he had caught the unwitting significance of his remark — perhaps it hadn't been unwitting. The last possibility didn't help her poise.

But as she saw him apathetically looking at the picture, something in his attitude, in his dejected passivity, made her suddenly recall what Lucile had told her: the girl who had looked like Lucile, like this very picture he was so somberly contemplating — Imogen! Could it be that memories of the girl he had loved were the cause of this curious restraint? Lucile had mentioned something similar. Was Imogen's "presence," as in Lucile's experience, even now, here with them — between them? If so, she'd like him to know it wasn't between *them*.

A little conscious of the weird romance of it all, she impulsively put out her hand. Not stopping to think concretely, she said softly:

"You don't have to tell me about it — I think I know."

Christopher removed his eyes from the picture to look at her inquiringly.

"Think you know what?"

"The girl you're thinking about."

He continued to stare at her. "It is odd you should say that."

"You don't mind my speaking of her?" she asked gently. She remembered he had been willing to discuss his grief with Lucile.

"No, I don't mind," he said.

She led the way to a sofa. Her feelings were mingled, but, predominantly, she felt an exalted kind of sympathy. A grief that abided through the years! —he was not like most men. And for all his worldliness unable to hide it!

"How sad that she had to die!" she commiserated.

He turned and looked at her.

"How did you know she died?"

"Oh — I suspected it. But I *know* how you must have felt — still feel."

"Ah, yes!" Her sympathy did seem to dissolve the stiffness that had been encasing him. He was not uneasy nor awkward now, but preoccupied; sad, yet seeming to find relief in expressing that sadness. Emmy, thinking her understanding was responsible for the change, felt inexpressibly tender toward him.

"Was it very long ago?" she asked softly.

"Very long ago." He seemed to have sunk into a reverie.

"Oh, such a pity! With all her life before her. And so beautiful!"

"The most beautiful girl in the world," he said abstractedly.

They sat for a long minute, saying no word.

Then Christopher slowly brought his eyes back from space; they were alight with a strange, deep kind of glow; he fixed them on her.

"You know you look like her," he said.

Emmy drew back, startled.

"Who — *me?*" she stuttered ungrammatically.

"Yes. I noticed it the first minute."

"But I thought she looked like ——" Emmy caught herself barely in time. "I thought she was beautiful," she amended.

"She was — in just the way you are beau-

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tiful.” He held her with those dreamy, luminous eyes. “That same shining kind of beauty from within. The same quick smile — like a sudden flood of sunshine over a serene landscape. And then, all at once, the landscape serene again. Divinely serene.”

He paused. Emmy, gazing at him as if fascinated, said nothing. He resumed:

“Yes; the expression is identical; it's remarkable. The features are similar, too, but it's the expression which is astonishing. It's the same kind of soul in you both — the shining, celestial beauty of the spirit.”

Again he paused. Emmy was still gazing at him. An odd expression had come into her eyes. Her voice, too, had an odd note as she asked:

“Would you mind telling me her name?”

“Alice.”

Emmy waited a second before she spoke again.

“And what — did she — die of?”

“It was an automobile accident.”

EMMY'S face was taking on an odder expression every second. There can be a surfeit of romance when the hero becomes, apparently, a plain romantic liar. But she had no further chance to probe this unexpected revelation of Christopher, for there was the sound of a latch-key in the hall, an opening door, and Lucile's high-pitched, sweet voice.

Christopher leaned hurriedly toward his companion.

“I'll have to be off — a dinner engagement — but I want to thank you for this hour. It's been wonderful” — with a lingering gaze — “I'll never forget it. I couldn't have talked this way to another human being — but you're a woman who understands.”

They had both got to their feet as Lucile came swaying gracefully into the room.

“Why, hello, Chris!” she cried in surprise. “What on earth are you doing here?”

“I invited him up to tea,” explained Emmy demurely. “I got lonesome and called on Mr. Dix to help me out.”

“My word!” commented Lucile. She turned on Christopher with assumed sternness. “I'm not going to have you breaking Emmy's heart, you know! Have you been making love to her in my absence?”

“I've been having a wonderful time,” said Christopher. With an eloquent afterglow still in his eyes, he looked as if he were speaking the truth. And his manner as he bent over Emmy's hand at parting, caused Lucile, as the door closed after him, to demand:

“What were you two talking about that Chris is moon-eyed and mumbling about a ‘wonderful time’?”

Emmy dropped her handkerchief and stooped to pick it up.

“He was telling me about the girl he loved — the one who died, you know.”

“Oh,” said Lucile. Her look of suspicion softened as she glanced up at her portrait. “Oh,” she said again. And then: “Poof Chris!”

“Yes,” agreed Emmy, somberly.

The fact that Christopher had displayed himself unworthily didn't suffice to render him unworthy of her thoughts. She was mystified — which propagates speculation; and, in addition, despite everything, she really liked him. She liked the way he looked: his bright dark eyes, his handsomely cut nose, his quick expressive smile, his way of tossing back his hair. She liked his long, thin, capable hands with their spatulate fingers — the gifted hands that could do such gifted things. She liked the way he wore his clothes. And the way he looked at you so interestedly, so devotedly — sometimes. And his fame — as a painter. She liked everything — *almost* everything. She even liked the way he fidgeted when ill at ease; there was something naïve and appealing in his inability to conceal his uneasiness. But *why* was he uneasy? Why should he be uneasy! It was strange. Very strange. And why had he, all of a sudden, lost his uneasiness when Imogen — that is, Alice — came to the fore? The lost beloved! Emmy was cognizant of the absurdities of that dear, doubtful departed, yet she cherished her puzzlements.

They remained puzzlements till one day Mr. Barton dropped her a clue far from the intent of that unpicturesque but earnest young man. Mr. Barton was earnest because he was interested in Emmy; though unconsulted by Lucile, he'd been doing his best to carry out that artful hostess's plans. But as his best wasn't matched by the other member of the duet he, like many young men who reach an earnest stage, allowed jealousy to make him rash: he made open reference to the rival he (correctly) feared might be hampering his own game. He mentioned Christopher, not with vulgar animosity, but delicately, as he considered, under a guise of playful generalities.

“Now, take the case of Christopher Dix — women keep falling for him. He's a nice fellow, but they fall for him because they think he's a devil. It's funny.”

“Funny?” echoed Emmy, masking her deep interest.

“Yes — to think he's a devil!”

“But isn't he?” asked Emmy idly.

Barton laughed.

“He's the most timid man with women I've ever known — he's actually scared to death of 'em.”

Emmy stared at him wide-eyed.

“You can't expect me to believe that!”

“You don't want to believe it,” said Barton sagely. “None of 'em want to believe it.”

Emmy wasn't too lost in amazement to inquire:

“How do you know they don't?”

“Because I've tried to make 'em — *I've* got the real dope on Dix.”

“The real dope?”

“Yes. Why doesn't he ever follow up any of these wild flares of his? Why does he have to run from one Dulcinea to another so fast the last one can never catch up?”

“Well, isn't that the way of Lotharios?”

“Lotharios!” Barton laughed again. “Lotharios aren't afraid to carry a thing to a seething climax! *They* don't tremble at the bare thought of being left alone with a woman!”

“One would scarcely suspect Mr. Dix of trembling at such a prospect.”

“That's just where you're wrong. He's scared of women, I tell you. He's got all you women buffaloed, but I know Chris. I've known him for years. When we were boys we went to the same dancing-school, and they used to have to drag him out from under chairs, he was so bashful. Same way in college. Got so he could act pretty brash at parties with a crowd around, but scared to death when he had to take the girls home. I know — I've talked to the girls. Well, he learned to act even brasher in time — needed to in his business. Chris is a nice fellow, but he likes to play a rôle — so long as there's an audience to buck him up.”

“I can't imagine such a thing!” reiterated Emmy firmly.

But she did.

Never did hapless suitor eject a more potential boomerang. Emmy's new clue was not impeded by a little talk with a young lady Lucile had pointed out as a former object of Christopher's devotions. Emmy contrived to engage the young lady in a discussion of the painter and the scarcely less striking side of his reputation.

“Oh, yes, Chris and his ways are quite famous,” asseverated the young lady. “He seems a Don Giovanni — but that's only on the surface.”

“What, then, does he keep concealed in the deeps?”

THE young lady was silent a minute, then, with a little hesitant flutter, said confidingly: “Well, I don't mind telling you that Chris was attentive to me once. At two or three parties he scarcely looked at any one else — it embarrassed me in a way since everyone knew I was engaged. He was so — so devoted I was almost nervous about ever seeing him alone.”

“But when you finally did see him alone, I suppose, he revealed the deeper nature.”

The young lady nodded affirmation to Emmy's perspicacity. “Yes — that was just it.” But there was a slight change in her manner; one might say her fluttering feathers subsided a bit, as she continued: “I found I had no reason to fear at all. He was so reserved — so sort of *restrained*, if you know what I mean.”

“I think I understand,” assured Emmy.

“It was queer — it put me on a strain, too. I sensed how he must be holding himself in.”

“But why did he have to hold himself in?” queried Emmy after a short pause.

“Why, I was already engaged — don't you see? Chris is very — intense, but he's the soul of honor. That's why I'm glad to defend him when I hear others criticizing. *I* know.”

“Ah, yes,” said Emmy.

Now Miss Emmeline Smith had a good little brain and a quantity of courageous sense tucked away, as well as a “shining soul,” and she arrived at a resolution. Perhaps she would have been more hesitant had she not liked Christopher so much and had she not been convinced — almost — that Christopher really liked her. Of course she

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knew that the other women always convinced themselves likewise, but — well, on an occasion or so, as she continued to meet Christopher about, he nearly forgot to play up to his usual fervid pitch, and talked quite rationally about his mother, his ambitions, his diet, and other subjects one discusses only with persons one likes. He still avoided being alone with her but despite that, or possibly because of it, Emmy let a queer little smile do things to her eyes and the corners of her mouth and decided to put her resolution into effect.

Her chance came one night when she encountered him, across the table, at a dinner-party. He was in fine fettle, evidently on terms of very pleasant sentiment with the pretty girl at his left. However, it was on Emmy, as she brushed near him in the out-trailing crowd, that he bent a lingering gaze.

"It's nice to find you here," he murmured. "Still splashing sunshine wherever you go?"

"Not to-night, I fear," dolefully. "I've a splitting headache."

This would surely have been news to any one who could have witnessed her, just a short while before, zestfully making herself lovely for the occasion. Now she drooped by the second.

"I'm so sorry," with tenderest sympathy. "Is there anything I can do? Command me."

"Oh, if you really mean that! — I'd hate to ask you — but ——"

They were momentarily alone, just outside the drawing-room door.

"Please don't hate to ask me anything," he reproached.

"Well, then," flushing a little, "if you'd call a taxi — Lucile's so radiant I hate to spoil her evening — if you'd just quickly call a taxi and sneak me off home."

For just the shadow of a second Christopher seemed to hesitate. Then he said:

"Of course. You get your wraps. I'll meet you in the lower hall."

"This air feels good," murmured Emmy, lapsing back into her corner of the taxicab a few minutes later.

"Yes, nothing like fresh air," agreed Christopher absently.

"I wonder ——" Her voice trailed off.

Christopher roused himself from his growing abstraction.

"What do you wonder?"

"I was just thinking — but it would be a shame to keep you so long from the party."

"Oh, no," said Christopher, in a mechanical tone.

"I was just thinking how nice it would be to ride around the Park once. The fresh air ——"

"OF course we'll ride around." Christopher rapped on the window-glass and called an order to the chauffeur. Then he settled back into his corner. Emmy settled into hers. The car squeaked and rattled.

"Well," said Emmy presently, "why don't you make love to me?"

Christopher started up and then subsided again.

"*What?*" he ejaculated.

"Why don't you make love to me?" she repeated calmly.

"Why — er — do you *want* me to make love to you?" he stuttered.

"Well, you make love so beautifully when there are hordes of people about. And I thought ——"

Her voice quavered. Christopher made a little indefinite move toward her, then fell back.

"I thought you liked me a little," she went on, "but ——"

"Why, of course, I like you," he protested helplessly.

"But you have avoided me!"

"Oh, no!"

"Yes, you have," she sighed, a little wistfully and wholly stubborn.

Christopher sighed, too, but made a desperate effort.

"Perhaps I have the wisdom to avoid temptation."

"Isn't that cruel to temptation?" she suggested softly.

"Why — er — then I've been busy. Much as I'd have liked to see more of you ——"

"Yes ——?" she reminded, as his voice seemed to stick in his throat.

"I had to stay at my easel," he concluded lamely.

"Well, I'm glad you're not at your easel now."

"Why?" he muttered.

"Because I've never had a chance to thank you for the pretty compliments you've paid me — for the honor in wishing to do my portrait." She extended her hand so openly he had to take it; he held it limply.

"MISS SMITH," he began nervously, with a do-or-die manner, "when I made those compliments you refer to, when I talked of painting you, my chief interest was that of a painter. But since I've had the good fortune to know you better — since ——"

He faltered. Emmy waited.

"Since then my interest has changed into that of a — of a ——"

"Of a what?" asked Emmy dreamily.

"Of a friend," he finished. The word "friend," as he uttered it, had the warmth of a refrigerator, but his hand tightened round hers. She gave a little sigh of contentment.

"Then you do like me — a little."

"Oh, very much, I assure you." But he edged a trifle closer.

"Do you think that's up to your best form?" she murmured.

"How shall I do better?" he stammered. But his free arm went out and, without disturbing the hand clasped tight in his own, crept around her shoulders. She drooped a little. His head came an inch nearer hers. Her hair brushed his cheek.

"How shall I do better — Miss — er ——"

"Call me Emmy," she breathed.

"Emmy," said Christopher.

She moved closer.

He moved closer.

A silence; then:

"I suppose I'm going to die pretty soon," she said.

"*Die!* — why?" exclaimed Christopher, horrified.

"They all seem to do that."

"*Who* seem to?"

"The girls you care for — Alice — and Imogen ——"

"Oh!" he said. She felt his arm relax and for a moment feared he was going to remove it. There was a sort of stricken hush. But his arm stayed in place; she thought it tightened a little. Then:

"Emmy ——" her heart stirred agitatedly — "I wonder what you'd say — if ——"

He hesitated; she held her breath; he resumed:

"—if I should tell you there never was an Alice — or an Imogen."

"*Never was?*" She made her tone startled.

"Never was," he repeated doggedly. "I'd like to tell you all about it — it doesn't show me up very well, but I'd like you to know the truth. I grasped at 'Alice' that day as a drowning man grasps at a straw. I didn't know what you were driving at, but anyway she seemed a godsend. The fact is I'm bashful — I know you won't believe it, but it's true. I've always been so. Girls scared me as a boy. Women scare me now. Awfully."

"You try to make me believe that?" scoffed the shameless Emmy.

"It's a fact," insisted Christopher. "It's a matter I've never mentioned to a soul. I've always been that way. When I got out into the world I tried to take myself in hand." He was going along more easily and simply now, feeling the curious relief we all derive from a long-pent confession. "I wanted to make good with women, partly so they'd become clients."

"But I couldn't become a client," she put in. "I couldn't afford to have my portrait done if I wanted to."

"I didn't want *you* for a *client* — I'm just trying to tell you," Christopher said humbly. "Those other cases were different. I learned to fake bravado after a while, if there were a sort of audience and stage and everything — but the minute the *ensemble* faded away I'd get frightened. Women expect one to go on, and on, and on, so. They're insatiable. I know it sounds idiotic — and it *is!* But I want you to know. And that's why I grabbed hold of Alice or whatever her name was."

"You mean you were afraid of *me?*" She was beautifully incredulous.

"Well, not so afraid as of the others. I liked you so much I nearly forgot to be afraid."

"You *ought* to be afraid," commented Emmy. Then, being a woman, she pressed: "Surely you liked some of the others, too?"

"Oh, well, I admired this one or that — I'll admit that now and then I'd have *liked* to rise to the heights, but ——"

"Poor, helpless little Christopher!"

"You can jeer all you want to," said the benighted male drinking in her protestations. "But I was really lonely. You don't know how lonely a man can get. And I had dreams of a little home and some one waiting for me and the chops cooked just right —— Oh, Emmy! Tell me you won't go back to Bloomington and leave me!"

"I know how to cook chops," said Emmy demurely.

After awhile, Christopher said:

"You're the one woman, darling, who understands me."

"Well — yes," said Emmy.

He kissed her. "How happy I am! How happy we're going to be!"

Happy? Well, yes, reflected Emmy, resting there on his shoulder. She knew she was fortunate in being able to see her Christopher as he really was. She knew that his emotional equipment was far from what it was generally imagined. Well, so much the better for her! So much the better that he could play the heavy lover in the spotlight only! It was a virtue, that, as well as a weakness. True, she must probably see him in the rôle of quasi-adorer to lovely ladies innumerable; but she need never fear he'd be playing that rôle when there was no audience to see. Yes, she did "understand" her Christopher! And she liked him as he was, loved him, yearned over him as he was. That is one of the inexplicable things about love: we would never have a single fault of the beloved changed — for then he would be some one else.

SO, wise Emmy faced the future. Radiantly she received the felicitations of Lucile and the engaged young lady and all the rather unfriendly-eyed women who had cherished each her exclusive and absolutely distinct "understanding" of Emmy's betrothed.

But her smile took on an extra crooked twist when she received an ejaculatory letter from her best friend out home, a girl who had never seen Christopher, but who, of course, had heard of him. "What a perfect romance!" said the letter.

That was when Emmy's mouth went up in its characteristic way. Never in the world, probably — so she thought to herself — was there a match less "romantic" than that of the Spectacular Lover and the one woman who had found him out.

All the romantic adventure of life has not ceased because Peace is on the way. Our young airmen will find an opportunity to vent their daring spirits as "Flying Postmen." Porter Emerson Browne has written an article on the new mail service, and it will be one of the most brilliant pieces of writing in the March McClure's

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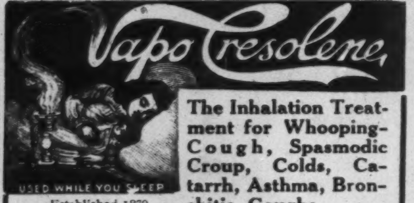

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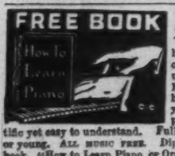

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The "My America" League

We Must Build Up What the War Has Torn Down Will You Do Your Share?

Eighty Thousand Members Enlist

THE "My America" League enlisted, 80,000 strong, to meet the problems of war, and now that the War is won, we are re-enlisting for the equally vital and inspiring problems brought by victory and peace.

The most immediate problem confronting us is what we are going to do for our soldiers when they come marching home. They will need a number of things, and our "My America" Leagues are already planning committees in each town to see that these needs are met.

For one thing, they will need their old jobs back, or others equally good. Then, they will need sympathy, understanding, a friendly, welcoming hand to help them over the hard transition period from war to their old pursuits of peace. Here our Leagues can do much.

After the Boer War, Kipling wrote of the returning Tommy:

> Peace is declared, an' I return
> To 'Ackneystadt, but not the same;
> Things 'ave transpired which made me learn
> The size and meanin' of the game.
> I did no more than others did,
> I don't know where the change began;
> I started as a average kid,
> I finished as a thinkin' man.

This applies to our own returning soldiers. They went away boys—many of them—they are coming back to us, men. We, as well as they, must do some readjusting. We must be ready to meet their larger ideas, and ideals. We must show them that we, too, have grown in this period of war.

The "My America" League in every town, village or community is urged to appoint a committee of welcome for the boys who marched away from that town; a committee to welcome them back heartily, and find out just what are the conditions to which they are returning. The "My America" League must do what it can to help them slip easily into the old grooves of life, or into such new ones as are now best adapted to them.

Here is work for each one of us. The boys have fought and worked for us;—what are we going to do for them? Write us immediately and we will help give your committee practical suggestions for this splendid work.

Stamp Out the Red Flag!

THERE is only one flag for America. There is only one emblem for the "My America" League: the Stars and Stripes.

Out of the blackness of the Great War, another flag has arisen—the red flag of revolution, anarchy, Bolshevism. It made its first appearance, shortly after the peace celebration, in a socialistic parade in New York. American soldiers and sailors, recognizing that here was an even more dangerous menace than autocracy, promptly trampled it. It must never be raised again. Our "My America" Leagues located in centers where Bolshevism is at work are urged to adopt the slogan: "Stamp out the Red Flag," and to stand guard against it.

We are putting into operation patriotism of the most constructive kind when we steel ourselves against the banner of lawlessness and mass oppression; when we set ourselves against the hostile tongue and the foreign thought that, born in the plague spots of Europe, would now pollute America.

Not long ago, we asked "My America" Leagues to rally around "Old Glory" where it stood embattled on the frontiers of freedom in France. To-day we ask that they rally round it against the irresponsible agitators who slop over on our shores from Europe; the kind who are never at rest unless they are in a ferment, whose sole idea of liberty is demolishing the rights of others. These have as their emblem the flag that brought chaos to Russia; that threatens other parts of Europe with a reign of terror superimposed on the sufferings of war; that now would raise its sinister folds in our own peaceful and contented cities and villages.

The Bolshevist claims that the red flag symbolizes the blood of all nations, shed in the common cause of mankind. Those given to see things as they are know that the red flag signifies a greater menace to mankind than ever was threatened by tyrannical monarchies. Royalty, when it grows oppressive, can be separated from the people and crushed. The red flag makes tyrants of the whole human race; stamps out individuality, genius, and industry, reducing all to a common level of inefficiency and irresponsibility that makes for the extinction of the individual and national soul.

There is red enough in the Stars and Stripes to answer every Bolshevist requirement. It is crimson with the blood of all breeds, poured out in the common cause of liberty, justice and brotherhood. Here at home it is the flag of every class and creed. During this momentous period of the nation's history it has flown beside the service flag equally on Fifth Avenue and Hester Street, equally in councils of capital and labor; indeed, all sorts and conditions of men have been brought together in a new and closer union by this flag of the square deal.

Nor can the most ardent internationlist justly claim that from a universal viewpoint, the red flag typifies more than our nation's emblem. The Stars and Stripes stands for the highest ideals of France, Britain and Italy. It has been the symbol of protection and succor for Belgium, Poland, Serbia, Armenia, and weak nations everywhere. It has been a torch to darkened Russia; a sign of brotherhood to Canada and South America; a banner that represents all that is best in our own national life, and that is also a symbol of our fellowship with races of every color and speech.

Therefore, we repeat: Let no red flag uprear itself in the United States. When a man or a woman dares to raise it, let it be snatched from him or her as gently as practicable, and trampled in the dust. Let it be so buried in good American soil that a dirty dish rag will look like silk beside it.

Our trained and efficient factory Leagues are not abandoning their League work simply because the fighting in France is over. There's a big fight on still — here, right at home! There is the deadly poison gas of Bolshevism to which office, factory, shop, mill and other industrial workers will be left unprotected unless the Leagues do bigger and stronger work than ever before. German propaganda is using this as a weapon, now that their guns have been silenced. There is a big work ahead for the factory Leagues. Write to us for the new plans.

Chocolate for Overseas

MADAME DE HEMPTINNE, the noble Belgian woman who has been working with the French Government for the welfare of homeless French children, and through whom we adopted the "My America" League's French baby, Hélène Thibault, has now appealed to generous League members to help some other hungry children — this time in her native Belgium.

She has asked for so little, but that little may mean the difference between life and death to many of her small charges. She wrote in her last letter to the "My America" Editor: "If I could only take back with me a bar of chocolate to each child in my old home (Ghent), how much it would mean to them — and to me!"

We believe that every member of the League, and reader of McCLURE'S will want to give at least one bar of this nourishing chocolate, and the League is therefore starting a Chocolate Fund so that we can all give together. Ten cents will put a cake of sweet milk chocolate into some hungry Belgian child's hands. Just fill out the little coupon below, as you did so promptly and generously for the soldiers' Cakes and Syrup Fund, and mail it to us with your ten cents in either a coin or stamps.

We have had so many letters here at the "My America" headquarters telling us how much members appreciate being given the chance to help in various small ways which lie within their means, and which, when thousands of willing givers work together, can accomplish such really amazing and incredible things. With the signing of the Armistice, our various relief work does not cease. The suffering of the Allies still goes on. The "My America" League stands undiminished in its strength and its enthusiasm, and its work will continue. We shall welcome any suggestion from readers for work along these reconstruction lines, in which they happen to be particularly interested, and for which they believe the League could do much through its members.

The "My America" League

Send a bar of chocolate to a hungry Belgian baby for me
Here's my ten cents!

Name..

Address..

The Well — *Continued from page 26*

daughter who speaks not our language? Would He have taught our son to love the English and take the oath of allegiance to the English King? Otto, does God smile on war, since it means the destruction of the most wonderful of His handiwork?'"

"Can anybody open to a jack-pot?" inquired the lugubrious subaltern in a weary voice.

Spencer tapped the Bavarian on the shoulder and nodded, encouragingly.

"All night we sit in our little room, Hedwig and I. In the morning there is heavy tramping of soldiery — firm tramping, followed by weaker and less resolute steps. We look from behind the blind. The young soldiers are in the van; there is loud music; the people are shouting and cheering. Then come the old men on their way to the depot. They are smiling bravely, and some kiss the flowers that are thrown to them from the windows of the houses. I see old Pachmann, a chemist, as he turns his eyes to my window, and waves his hand as if he would bid me come. 'Hedwig,' I say, 'I dare not stay behind. For God and the Emperor! I must go.'

"And so I am enrolled. Hedwig has lived with me in my laboratory; she will conduct my business while I am away. I say to her, as I am leaving, 'There will be gentle work for the old men to do. Pray God, no task may be assigned that shall stain my soul. . . .'"

"I'LL see you at ten shillings," droned the gloomy subaltern, as he dropped his cards. "Two pairs."

The Bavarian's eyes blinked. "War! What is war?" he said, horror in his voice.

"Mud," said the gloomy subaltern, laconically; "mud, and — and lies."

"Chuck it," said Spencer, admonishingly, and nodded to the Bavarian.

"I met the Emperor — "

"Lucky devil," — from the subaltern. "I know a million and more who would give their chance of heaven to meet His Oiliness."

"We were paraded before him" — the Bavarian's eyes shone with greater brilliancy. "All the old men were paraded that they might hear his words. . . . 'Fathers! Parents!' It is the Emperor speaking. 'God is with us. We march forward to a glorious victory. The world outside the boundaries of our Empire awaits the dawn of Progress.' Old Pachmann is by my side. 'Otto,' he whispers, 'I have lost my boy — ' I cannot hear the rest, for my ears are straining lest the words of the Emperor should slip away unheard. 'We are the chosen of God. You, old men, who are to march in the wake of the flower of the Empire, shall share with them the glory of victory. Regard your service as a God-given privilege.'"

"Give him another dose, Pills," from the subaltern. "Crabtree's bluffing me to blazes."

The Bavarian paid no heed.

"The Emperor's voice sinks deep into my heart. I feel that God is with him, and so I say to Pachmann: 'Courage, old friend, whatever the task.' And scarcely are the words spoken when I spring to attention, my years falling from me even as they had said. For the Emperor is near me. He smiles upon me. He speaks. I tremble with pride and fear. 'Chemists,' he says; 'we need chemists. You brave old men,' — how the Emperor thrills me — 'you brave old men will know how to meet the insolent foe that threatens our gates. God's eye is on ye. Kings of men shall ye be, marching to your great white throne along paths that are strewn with stars'. . . ."

"At last!" broke in the subaltern. "And I take the jack-pot. . . . Whose deal is it?"

"I was at Brussels, which our brave soldiers had taken — "

"Who keeps the pub there, now?" — from the weary subaltern, slightly elevated by the change of luck.

"And at Brussels I am made much of, because of my knowledge of chemistry. 'There are laurels awaiting you,' says the captain of my company. 'I wish that I'd gone in for chemistry instead of languages.'"

"Biff him, 'Tongues,'" from the subaltern to the Interpreter.

"I write to Hedwig every night," the Bavarian went on, "and remind her that God is with us. I am ordered up to Ypres. I go into the trenches. I weep when I bind the stump of an arm that a boy holds out to me. I kiss him. 'God is with us,' I say. And he answers . . . no, I will not say it, for his mind is unbalanced. . . . Then the gas! Ah! You feared the gas, you Allies. You did not reckon with the chemists of Germany — the old men! I am feeling the lust of blood. I want to kill those who menace our Fatherland. The Emperor's words have sunk deep into my heart, and God is with the Emperor."

The Bavarian's head was nodding to the rush of recollections.

"The trenches reek with blood. I say to Pachmann, 'God is with us, friend. I feel young again. I have the strength and will to kill.' Pachmann shakes his head, for he loves not the Fatherland as I do. He does not believe that God is with us, but has not the Emperor said so? Still, I have some pity for Pachmann, for last night I helped him to dig a grave for his brother, who was even older than himself. I am stronger than Pachmann — stronger of resolution. And yet I lived as godly a life. Hedwig and I have lived in the faith since first we met.

"I hear the Emperor is to inspect the line that we hold. The next morning he comes — a great, gray-cloaked figure that inspires us. I am envious of the youthfulness of the men on both sides of me. I think my Emperor looks upon them with pride, forgetting me. And then . . . oh joy! . . . he speaks to an officer of his suite, and we old men, we professors and chemists, are ordered to stand forward. The Emperor addresses us as his brothers. He speaks of the glory awaiting us. He calls God to witness that we have left the peace of our homes to save the Fatherland from the rapacious wolves that snarl at the gates. That night I write to Hedwig and tell her of my youth, of how strong, how great and burning is the ambition to stand well in the sight of the Emperor. I have forgotten all else. My mind, that could once have embraced a thousand subjects, is concentrated now on the one aim. . . .

"To the south, our brave line is forced back. They have fought like lions. Our dead look up at the sky — look up and smile to God. . . . There is an English battery posted in the remnants of a village. The position juts out from the main line like the nose of a dog. I get into that village. How? I do not know. I must stand well in the eyes of the Emperor, and what if my life is to be sacrificed? It were well to die with the eyes of the Emperor upon me.

"It is a strange sight, this village, all débris. Even the dead have been disturbed by our mighty artillery; there are tombstones in the roadway. It is in the nature of a miracle that I am able to elude the sentries. But they are so stupid, so stolid; once, it would have been so easy to strike, for he was sleeping as he stood there, resting on his rifle. I reach the house in which the officers are quartered. This house in which the officers are quartered — it is half demolished, but there is a sound of merriment within. They are at dinner. They are singing. I watch from the shadow of a stable door, and soon an orderly comes from the house. There is a well in the middle of the courtyard. I watch this orderly lower the bucket, then dip a jug into the bucket and drink before he returns to the house. 'Otto,' I say to myself, 'God is most certainly with you. From that well the battery takes its water, since our great artillery has destroyed all other conveniences.' I creep to the well. There is no one in sight. I drop the poison down into the dark shaft. . . ."

THE weary subaltern had dropped his cards, and, leaning back, was softly whistling Schubert's "Serenade." He stopped so suddenly that all save the Bavarian looked at him sharply, as if they had been listening only to his whistling, and not to the story.

"I creep back from the well. I reach the shadow of the stable door. Some one — a British soldier without his tunic — springs upon me. I am armed only with a revolver, but I dare not use it. He strikes twice at my throat. It must be a bayonet that he has in his hand. Strange that there is no pain, although, as I fall back from him my hands that I hold to my neck are wet and warm. There is a loud shouting. Soldiers come from the stables, from the house, from everywhere. I am bound hand and foot with belts taken from their bodies. I cannot move. I cannot speak, although I try. I want to cry out, 'Yes, I am a German! I have fought for the Emperor. God is with us.' But the power of articulation is gone. They take me to the door of the house, and two officers question me. Not only is it impossible to answer, but I cannot shake my head. The nerves of the neck are paralzyed. One of the officers says, 'He is an old man, but he is a spy. Give him the night to think it over. He will talk to-morrow.'

"I AM taken back to the stable and tied so that I cannot move. I do not care. I know that soon there will come a great silence on that house. Do I feel remorse? No. Have I no pity in my heart for these wolves? None. War is war. War is right, since it is natural evolution. . . . It is dark in the stable, save for the horn lantern that stands on the top of a barrel in the corner. The two sentries posted at my side begin to nod. One is snoring. The door opens. I cannot see the face of the man who has entered, because the faint blue light of the night sky is behind him, and the opening of the door cuts off the light of the lantern from his face. He has been to the well. I know that, because in one hand he carries the bucket, in the other a pannikin. He calls to the dozing sentry — and I want to shriek, because I recognize the voice. My voice is gone, but my heart cries to God, 'Have pity!' . . . Karl comes nearer. He laughs as the sentry on my left awakens and challenges. 'Who's the old party, Herbert?' he asks. Then our eyes meet. He sets the bucket of water on the floor and comes near. His poor face is white, and his lips are apart and quivering. The sentry laughs brutally. 'All right, Charlie; he won't bite,' and Karl says, 'No,' and raises his hands and drops them again. He is a soldier of the English king. He has taken the oath of allegiance and nobly keeps it. He has changed his nationality, but who can change the filial love? He comes close to me and looks into my eyes. The thongs with which they have lashed my arms and legs are cutting deep into the flesh, but there is no pain. It is in the heart that all the knives are thrust. And I know by the expression on his face that his own heart is torn with agony. He speaks. 'God punish those who brought about this War. Son against father!' I cannot speak to him, and one of the men guarding me tells him of my dumbness. He turns to one of the man and laughs to mask his emotion. 'I speak a little German,' he says, and addresses me, quickly, and in a voice all shreds and sighs. . . . 'God might have spared me this, father. I never dreamed the Kaiser would take you, with your gray hairs. What can I do?' And as I do not speak—as I cannot speak—he takes my silence for newborn hatred. 'I am still your son,' he whispers. 'Has the Kaiser robbed me of your love? . . . Father, my little girl is six this very day. Have you forgotten her?' I can see the vision of the beautiful child beyond his shoulder. The child I had dandled on my knee until she fell asleep as softly as a lily closes its lips at even. . . . 'Father, I know not what is in your heart — in mine there is only love for you and the sainted mother at home. The War will soon be over. I had meant — if God were kind and shielded me to the end — I had meant to send for you and her so that you might spend the remainder of your days with us.' . . . The drowsy sentry on the left breaks in: 'Soldier's wine, there, Charlie? Eh? Give's a swig.' My boy dips the pannikin into the bucket. 'Water,' he says, good-humoredly, 'and it's my little girl's birthday.' The sentry holds high the pannikin. 'Many happy returns,' he says, 'I got one of my own.' And he drinks deeply. And Karl, my Karl, he fills again the pannikin. 'To your little girl, and mine,' he says. . . . God spare me! Spare me! He is drinking . . . drinking! I have killed him, my boy, my great-hearted boy. . . . Look! Look! At the eyes . . . of his child! Staring at me, in horror. . . . Spare me! . . . Curse him, the Kaiser! There is no Empire; it is dead, like my boy. . . . Stand aside, there! . . . The flowers! They fall in showers from the windows! . . . Forward! God is with us. We are the chosen of God! Ha! ha! Make way, there! The old men are marching in the wake of the flower of the Empire. . . . Hedwig! . . . Karl — "

Spencer and the Interpreter led him out into the open, and as the shrieks died away, the gloomy subaltern picked up the cards.

"Dotty," he said, as he shuffled. "Absolutely dotty" — as he fumbled the shuffle, and dropped the cards on the ground.

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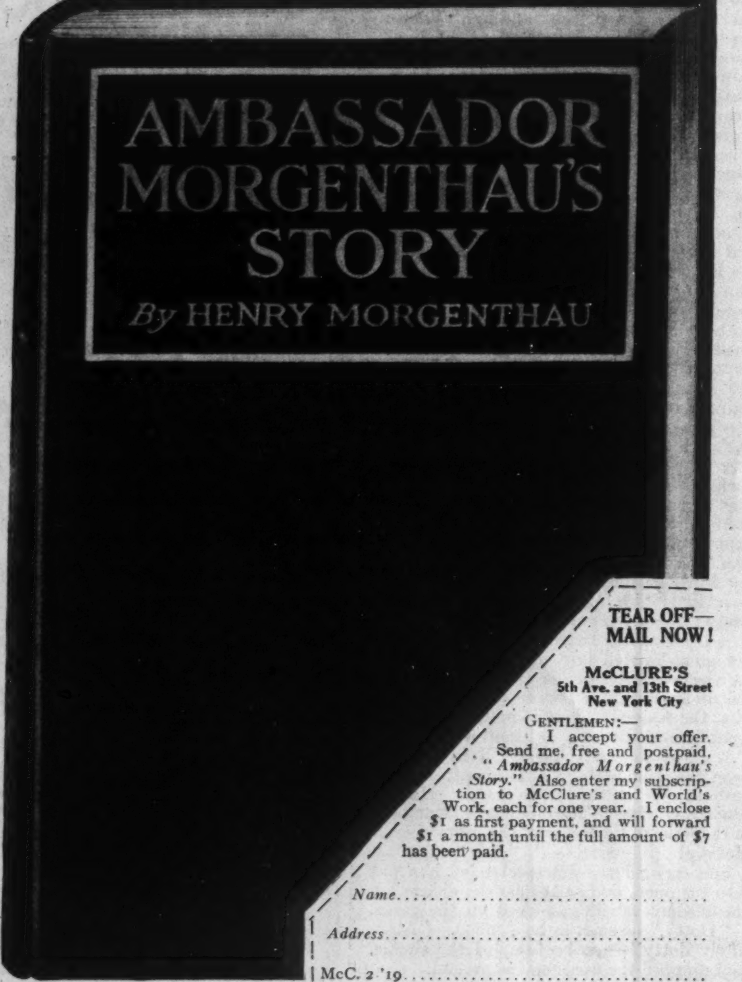

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The Silk Hat

— *Continued from page 9*

the two found Mrs. Blagdon's landaulet awaiting them. Connoisseurs will understand all that is implied when it is said that the car was a large, newly imported Durden-Bayne. You could fill a block with flivvers for the cost of it. It was long, low, heavy, swift and silent. The coachwork (by Blenkinsop) was of a golden yellow tone set off with slender dark blue traceries; the hubcaps and the band about the radiator were like polished silver; the interior upholstery was of blue and gold brocade, and the fittings within were marked "Sterling." These colors were repeated in the uniforms worn by the two men attached to the machine as chauffeur and footman. They wore blue coats piped with yellow and adorned with double rows of silver buttons.

"We're going in this?" asked Skinner, as the footman opened the door.

"Yes," Blagdon returned. "I borrowed it from Letty because we can get out there quicker in it than in my machine."

"I have several matters to go over with you," Skinner said as they started.

"Fire away."

"We've got to do something about that situation in Springfield," said Skinner, drawing a batch of newspaper clippings from his portfolio, and holding them flat against it, in his lap, to prevent their blowing away — for the top of the landaulet was down and the front windows were open to the rush of balmy air. "Every other paper in the city is blaming us for the assassination of the mayor. It's a fact that some of our editorials against him, just before the assassination, were unfortunate. He seems to have been a harmless old fellow, but we wanted to beat him in the next election because of his attacks on us, so we compared him with Louis XVI and the late Czar of Russia, and indicated that when the people woke up he might share their fates.

"The man that shot him had a copy of our paper, containing the attack, in his pocket, so the other Springfield papers are tying it to us. The *Gazette* is the worst. Here's a savage editorial they ran day before yesterday. It's headed 'Blagdonism,' and calls us accessories before the fact."

He began reading aloud fragments from one of the clippings:

" 'With the entry of Blagdon into journalism dawned the era of six-inch headlines, noisy fake "extras," colored inks and general debauchery. Decent men in politics began to be scurrilously attacked for no other reason than that, being decent, they were naturally opponents of Blagdon's pirate crew. The reign of pruriency commenced. Murder trials, divorce cases, all manner of unsavory scandals began to figure as matter of first importance in the news, and the "sob sister" was invented to write with palpitant tenderness of criminals, to make a heroine of the adulteress and the murderess, and of the poor old scrubwoman drowned in a park lake, a "beautiful young woman, richly dressed." ' "

"That's not such bad stuff," said Blagdon, with his one-sided grin. "Let's have a little more of it."

Skinner jumped to another paragraph and read:

" 'Never before have such aggregations of clever weaklings, cynics and scoundrels been assembled in buildings without barred windows and armed wardens, as are to be found in the Blagdon newspaper offices in various American cities, of which Springfield has the misfortune to be one.' ".

"Sounds like something *you* might have written, from the other side of the fence," Blagdon said, grinning again.

"Listen to this," replied Skinner. "They're raking up the Delano letters, too." He read again:

" 'And now, in addition to the pencil and paper of the old-time newspaper man, and the more recent typewriter, there came into use, through the enterprise of Blagdon, another tool: The burglar's jimmy took its place as a part of the equipment of his newsgatherers. For, with the growth of Blagdonism, the filching and publishing of private correspondence came into vogue; and when a venal clerk willing to betray his employer could not be found, it sometimes became necessary for Blagdon's men to break into offices at night, and themselves rifle the files.' "

"You say that's from the *Gazette* — Murchison's paper?" asked Blagdon.

"Yes."

"Tell Clayton to rake up that old story about Murchison's having broken up another man's home before he came to Springfield, and refer to it every time he gets a chance."

"You remember," said Skinner, "that Murchison disproved that story?"

"Sure," Blagdon answered. "That makes no difference. And find out who wrote that editorial. We ought to hire him."

Skinner made a note on the clippings and returned them to the portfolio.

"Here," he said, drawing out a file of correspondence, "is a complaint from the British Embassy about that story we published of an attempt on the King's life. They're attacking us through the State Department, dragging up our German affiliations, our attitude on the Irish question, and our anti-Japanese policy. It's pretty serious, Chief. They're threatening to cut us off entirely from use of the British cables."

"How did we get the story?" asked Blagdon. "I didn't see it in any other papers."

"That's just it," Skinner explained. "A tipster came in with a rumor that the Amalgamated Press had such a story and was about to send it out to all the Amalgamated papers. We couldn't afford to let them beat us, so we faked the story in the office and ran it with a full-page head under a London date line. Then the rumor proved to be false. The Amalgamated Press sent out no such news. Of course we killed our story in the next edition, but the British were glad of a chance to use it against us. They know, through their cable censorship, that we received no dispatch of the kind from London. And, of course, they are familiar with our actual attitude toward the War and toward England. They realize that although this temporary outcry about patriotism forces us to make a show of supporting the War at present, we'll pound for peace upon the first opportunity, and that with our big German and Internationalist following, we'll pretty certainly favor peace without victory or indemnities. So, of course, they welcome the excuse to attack us."

"DO you think they'd let up on this if we'd agree to let up on the Irish question?" suggested Blagdon.

"No," Skinner replied. "I sent Beamish to sound them out. They intend to fight us."

"Then," said Blagdon, "this is the time to pull our strongest wires — our very strongest." He looked significantly at Skinner.

"You mean — ?" Skinner did not mention the name of the high official he had in mind, but Blagdon understood and nodded.

"That's what I mean. Telephone Beamish, in Washington, when we get back this afternoon, and tell him to make our friend understand that he's absolutely got to call the British off."

Skinner made a memorandum on the top sheet of the file of papers and returned them to the leather case.

"I've completed the investigation of the Knickerbocker Light and Power matter," he said. "We can begin to hammer them next Sunday."

"I was going to mention that," rejoined Blagdon. "We may have to drop it."

"Entirely?" Skinner's face showed his surprise.

"Possibly," said Blagdon.

"Personally, I should be very sorry to give up the idea. It would have an immense popular appeal."

"I've got something even better," Blagdon said. "I'm going to try to corral Dr. Rivers Nutley to run a big anti-vice campaign. What do you think of that?"

"Immense, if you can get him."

"And I have good reason to believe we can. He's going to officiate out here at the wedding. I expect to broach the subject afterward."

"But even then," said Skinner, "I see no reason why the Knickerbocker Light and Power story should not — "

"You know that Willy Jones is a big stockholder?"

"Yes."

"Well, perhaps you don't know that Nutley is a brother-in-law of Mrs. Willy Jones. I'm going to hint to him a little something of the Knickerbocker Light and Power story and see how he takes it. Maybe I'll

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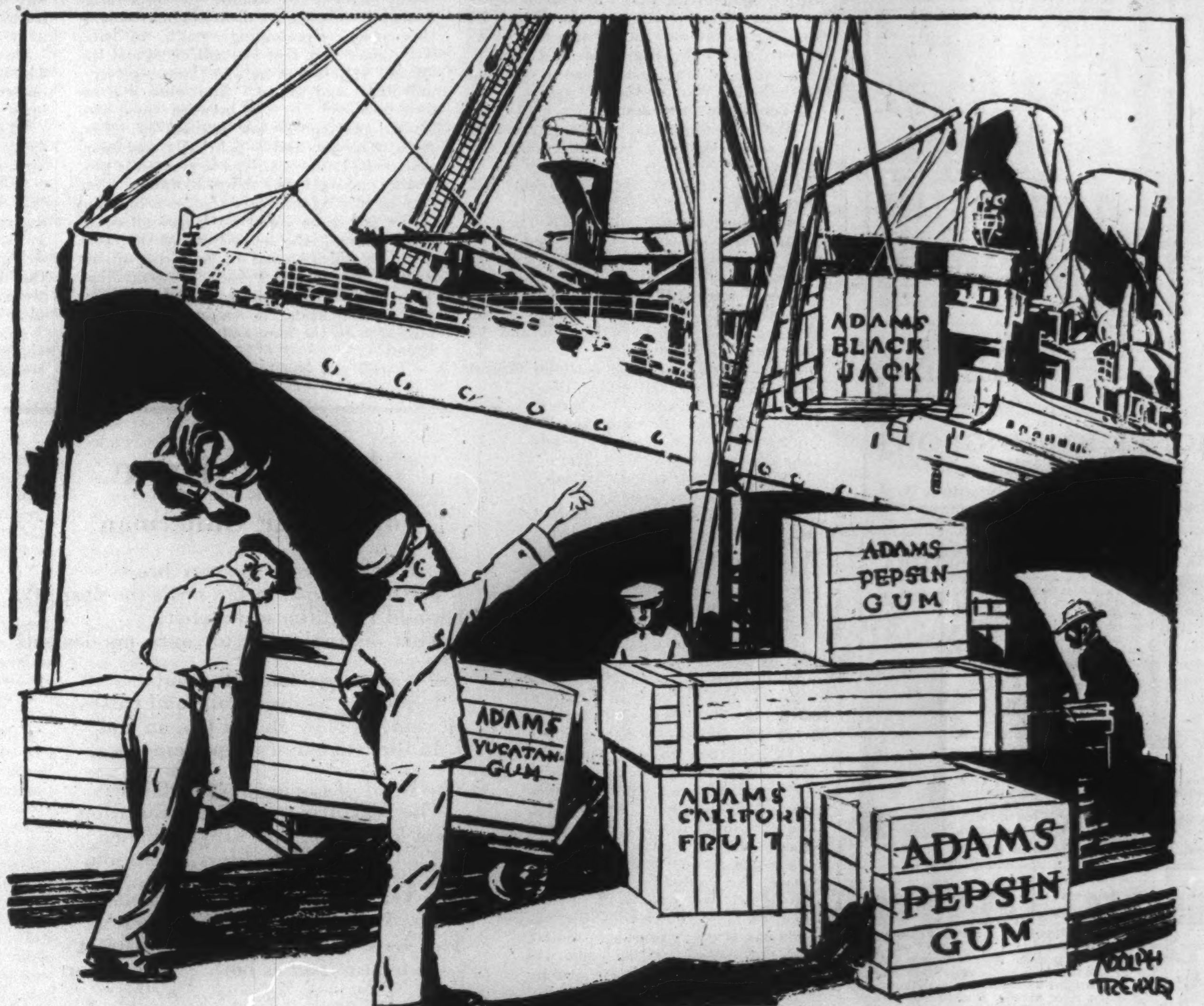
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let him win me over — get me to abandon it. See? It's a cinch we'll never get him unless we do abandon it. And I want to get him. Men like Nutley love to make erring mortals see the light. Well, I'll let him make me see it. Why, to get Nutley for the *Patriot* I'd let him convince me that our attacks on Wall Street aren't quite justifiable. I'd even be tempted to let him persuade me to drop our 'Rich Man's War' cartoons!"

"You're not in earnest?"

"Well, not *drop* them, perhaps, but change them some. After all, you and I know this *isn't* a rich man's war."

The last statement surprised Skinner still more.

"Of course it's not," he said. Then, in almost the words Blagdon had used to his wife, he added: "I thought that we were talking *policy*."

"Well," returned Blagdon, "put it on that basis then. Have you got a copy of this morning's *Patriot*? Let's have it and I'll show you what I mean."

From the all-containing portfolio Skinner produced the paper. But when Blagdon took it and attempted to turn to the editorial page the wind from the front windows of the car very nearly blew the sheet out of his hands.

"Pull up for a minute, Jevens," he called to the chauffeur.

The latter, who, as it chanced, had just begun to brake the machine out of respect to a railroad crossing immediately ahead, put more pressure upon his foot-brake, and came to an easy stop a few yards short of the tracks.

"We'll have the windows closed," said Blagdon. Then, while the footman was carrying out the order, the *Patriot's* two guiding spirits permitted their eyes to wander idly over the scene in the immediate vicinity.

Though they had by this time passed from the city to the country, just here was naught of rural loveliness to look upon. The highway, graded through a sandy knoll, traversed a cut, the banks of which, at either side, showed a sharp cleavage where the railway tracks went through at the road's level. In the sand, forming the banks of the cut, a few weeds were precariously rooted, and the summit of the banks was fringed with a growth of scrubby trees. Beyond the tracks the road reached off, an invitation to the speedy motorist, in a wide, smooth, tree-bordered straightaway, a mile or two in length. There was not a house in sight — unless, perchance, the dingy little shanty of the crossing gateman were to be so classified. It stood unbeautiful, unpainted, at the roadside, close at hand, with the white gates looming above it like gigantic spectral arms pointing at the heavens. A shelf-like wooden seat was fixed to one of the shanty's outer walls, and upon this seat, still as a statue, sat the warden of the gate, a one-armed man, with shaggy hair and mustache, very black, high cheekbones, and small, dark eyes, somewhat tilted and greatly lacking in expression.

"One of our readers," remarked Blagdon drily, upon observing that the paper, resting across the gateman's knees and held there with his single hand, was the *Patriot*.

"Yes," said Skinner. "Old 'Constant Reader' himself, I should say. Have you noticed the display inside his shanty?"

Blagdon had not. Glancing through the open door of the hut he now saw that the walls within were pasted over with cartoons. All of them, so far as he could see, had been clipped from the *Patriot*; all were drawn by Grady; all showed the figure of a pig in a silk hat.

The gateman had looked up from his newspaper as the motor stopped beside him, and thenceforward he stared with a blank, unblinking stare at the glittering chariot and its occupants.

Partly because of the cartoons, partly because he felt the impact of the stare, Blagdon was impelled, as the car began to move again, to give the man a parting nod. Having done so he became mildly annoyed for a moment — with himself for nodding; with the gateman for failing to return the slight civility. For the latter only stared as the machine drove off.

"Idiot!" muttered the publisher of the *Patriot* under his breath.

Then he forgot the gateman, and bethinking himself of the paper in his hands, turned to the editorial page and studied the day's cartoon.

Certainly there was something enormously effective in that recurrent porcine figure Grady drew. No wonder the proletariat adored it, since it gave them a definite obnoxious image, representing wealth, to hate. No wonder, too, that the cultivated and the affluent abhorred it as something aspersive, untruthful and unjust. And what was his own position? It was between these two classes, playing the one against the other. As a publisher and a politically ambitious man he had always striven to please the proletariat, giving it the things it wanted; but now he had begun to see that as a husband and a father he could no longer afford to ignore entirely the sensibilities of the other world, to which he and his, by virtue of vast wealth, belonged. A nice problem, this. The rogue in him was charmed by it. For there was nothing he enjoyed more than holding with the hare and running with the hound.

"I tell you how we'll handle those cartoons," he said to Skinner. "In the first place, we'll not call the series 'A Rich Man's War' any more; we'll change it to 'Profiteers.' Of course we'll hang onto the figure of the pig in the silk hat; it's too good to lose and we don't need to lose it. But instead of labeling it 'Wall Street,' Grady can tag it 'Profiteer.' You see the advantage? An attack on profiteers is patriotic. You can say anything you want about a profiteer, and no one can object. As we won't be specifically naming Wall Street any more, Nutley and his crowd can't feel hurt. But all the while, of course, the mob knows the old pig in a silk hat, and understands what it really means, no matter how it's tagged. What do you think?"

A Valentine

by Arthur Guiterman

A PATH there is to every heart,
  (Or many paths, but one's the nearest)
I would I had the secret chart
  That shows the way to yours, my dearest!

For many eager hours I spend
  Exploring byways, trails and passes —
In vain! — They always find an end
  In the tangled or deep morasses.

The Road of Loving Service failed;
  The Way of Sprightly Conversation
Soon lost itself; and naught availed
  The Lane of Speechless Adoration.

The Trail of Absence proved a cheat;
  The Path of Presents, little better;
The Walk of Tears and Sighs, a street
  At least as bad as both, — and wetter.

But see! There goes by Courtship Knoll
  An honest road, my search repaying;
For, though it fail to reach the goal,
  It will not leave me idly straying.

Enough of rambling trail and lane!
  Those doubtful paths no more pursuing,
I'll take the Shortcut, straight and plain,
  Of Downright Take-or-Leave-Me Wooing.

"I don't like to change anything in a series that's making such a hit," Skinner said.

"I've studied it out pretty carefully," said Blagdon, "and have definitely decided on the change. Blame me if it goes wrong. I wish you'd see Grady when you get back this afternoon and tell him how I want it handled."

"Very well, I will," said Skinner.

But he did not keep his promise. He never said a word to Grady about changing the cartoons.

IV

THE copy of the *Patriot* which Blagdon saw the crossing gateman reading, had come into the latter's hands through channels by which, for several years, it had reached him daily. It had been thrown to him, as usual, by Jerry Bresnahan, an amiable trainman attached to the outbound local that passed at 8:03 A.M. Liking the *Patriot's* attitude upon the Irish question, Jerry bought the sheet every morning on his way to work; and having finished with it before he reached the crossing, always threw it, in passing, to the one-armed gateman.

On this particular morning a passenger who often rode on Jerry's train, and had observed this regular proceeding, remarked upon the matter.

"I see," he said to Jerry, "that you're still furnishing that gateman with his daily reading matter."

"Oh, sure," Jerry returned. "I been doing that for five or six years now. It begun one day when we broke a brake-beam and stopped at his crossing. I was done with the paper, so I give it to him, and he was so stuck on it that I've kep' on throwing it off to him ever since. He's a queer cuss, that fellow. Some kind of a wop or bohunk or something. Name's Joe Zwaaf. You wouldn't think that there was no such name as that, now, would you? But that's it — Zwaaf — he wrote it out for me once. Oh, sure! He can write his name all right. I don't know how much he can read, though. Lots of them foreigners that can't hardly read at all likes the *Patriot* for the cartoons. Joe's got his shanty papered with 'em. And he kind of seems to read the editorials, too. Anyhow, he's studying the paper all day long, and he's got a lot of notions out of it about rich folks grinding down the poor, and all that kind of bunk. It's getting so that if his pipe goes out he thinks the rich done it. The boys kid him about it. They lead him out by talking like they thought millionaires was fine folks, and pretty soon Joe gets wild."

"How did he lose his arm?" asked the passenger.

"That happened before I knew him, but I've heard about it. Seems he begun as a track laborer when he first come to this country, and one day he was working with a gang down by Davies' Cut, when No. 4 — the limited — stopped for something, and Joe was on one side, and he wanted to get a crowbar from the other side, so what does he do but start to crawl under a Pullman; but before he gets through she begins to move, and there's Joe in the cinders with one fin gone at the elbow. Mostly they wouldn't of made a bohunk like him a crossing gateman, but the Old Man was on the observation platform and seen Joe, and fixed it up for him. They tell me Joe's got it figured out that the rich was to blame for his accident, too."

. . . .

Joe Zwaaf would not have been gratified could he have heard — and understood — the amiable trainman's remarks upon his command of what he called "der 'merican langwich." For though Joe had never become a citizen of the United States, he had been in this country a good many years and was strongly under the impression that he spoke and read the tongue in which the *Patriot* was printed.

It was not until after his accident that Joe Zwaaf's more intimate acquaintance with "der 'merican langwich" began, or that, more or less coincidentally and simultaneously, he became acquainted with the *Patriot*.

The accident changed many things for him. Lying in his cot in the hospital he was conscious for the first time of his brain, and the consciousness was in some way associated with the fact that when the wheels took off his forearm, some projection on the bottom of the car had struck him on the head. The wound upon the head was, however, pronounced superficial by the railway doctors. Some stitches were taken in the scalp, and that was all. But Joe knew that with that blow upon the head something wonderful and strange had come to him. He was slyly, pleasantly aware of great new things going on inside of him. He could feel his brain lying in the bony cup of his skull, like buttermilk in a white bowl. And when he thought of complicated things about the world, and people in the world, that was like lighting a fire under the bowl: the buttermilk began to boil, bubbling and tickling just a little. Pleasant tickling. He wondered if the brains of other persons tickled, but upon cautiously sounding his nurse upon the subject, discovered that they did not, and that, moreover, his question was regarded as peculiar.

Stop Snuffling!

Sneezing, hawking, spitting and coughing. Why do you have catarrh anyway? You were not born with catarrh—you contracted it. This offensive, unwholesome, disagreeable complaint fastened itself upon you and grew. Nature in trying to prevent more serious consequences due to the congestion in your body, finds an outlet for the accumulated waste, by way of catarrh. You cannot get rid of it the way you are going—sprays, lotions, snuffing powders, drugs and medicines won't stop it. You know catarrh leads to other troubles—serious ones—throat, lungs, stomach, intestines—all become affected. You can never enjoy good health if you have catarrh; you won't be efficient in anything as long as you have catarrh, and it detracts from your personality to be hawking and snuffling around others.

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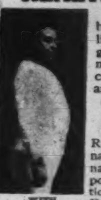

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After that he never spoke of it again, nor of the voices whispering softly in his ears.

When Joe Zwaaf seemed quite well again they put him at the crossing to raise and lower the gates. It was not a very busy or important crossing; for the most part of his time Joe had only to sit there listening to the voices and brooding on the things they said — things not always comprehensible at first.

And then, one day, into his life came Jerry Bresnahan, and through Jerry, the *Patriot*.

The *Patriot* became Joe Zwaaf's Bible; its publisher his deity. It explained things. Slowly the mysteries of life began to clear, and as they did so, the whisperings of the voices in his ears grew more coherent.

"THINK," urged the *Patriot*. So Joe THOUGHT. And the more he thought, and read the paper, and looked at the cartoons, and listened to the voices, the more apparent certain things became to him.

More and more clearly he was beginning to perceive one great outstanding fact: The world was ruined by the rich. Over and over, the *Patriot* told him that, in stories and in pictures. Over and over, the voices echoed the same tale.

Joe began, from his point of vantage at the crossing, to study the rich as they went by. He saw that they liked shiny things: shiny trains with shiny observation platforms at the rear, shiny automobiles, shiny hats. Everything shiny, until it almost hurt your eyes.

They were pigs — pigs in silk hats, like that picture in the paper. He knew the Grady figure well, in its various presentments, but the guise in which it meant the most to him was that revealed by one of the cartoons upon his shanty wall, in which the silk-hatted pig, riding in a shiny motor, was running over a poor little man tagged "The Ordinary Citizen." Joe knew how it felt to be run over. Change the automobile to a train and he had been that little man himself. He began to hate the trains and the automobiles, but of all the things he hated, he hated most the high silk hats that rich men sometimes wore; for the cartoons had taught him that as gold crowns are the sign of royalty, such hats are the invariable sign of power, cruelty, wealth and greed.

Joe's passion had, as it happened, been stirred anew on the morning upon which Blagdon passed. Two block-signal men, aware of his feeling for the *Patriot* and against the rich, had dropped in at his shanty and spent some twenty minutes of the company's time in baiting him, telling him that the *Patriot* printed lies, that Blagdon ought to be in jail, and that the rich were the best people in the world.

Without avail Joe had shown them the cartoons upon his walls, pointing out, in his broken English, how the rich, as proven by these pictures, flogged the poor, robbed the widow and the orphan, and ran over "The Ordinary Citizen."

When these evidences of the soundness of his views failed to impress them he became excited, and pressing the day's issue of the *Patriot* into the hands of one of them, pointed to an editorial headed "The Day of Reckoning," in which were set forth threats of what would happen, some fine morning, when the masses "became conscious of their power" and turned upon the "bloated robbers of the poor," the "leeches fattening on the life-blood of the American workingman."

"You ought not to have them cartoons on your wall, Joe," said one of his tormentors. "They're full of bunk. Why don't you get some good wall-paper?" So saying, he reached out, and before Joe Zwaaf could stop him, took hold of the corner of the cartoon showing the pig in the automobile, the prize of Joe's collection, and tore it from the wall.

At that, according to their expectations, Joe exploded. Passion flared up red in his little eyes. Seizing the poker, which leaned against the stove, he rushed at them, uttering shrill, incoherent cries of rage.

Laughing, the two men fled. As they moved off down the track they sent back parting taunts over their shoulders. But Joe did not hear. Quivering like a wounded animal he had dropped down upon the seat, outside.

A train came along. Automatically, as one who in a trance obeys the call of custom, Joe arose, moved over to the gates and turned the crank that lowered the gate arms. When the train had passed he raised the arms again, moved back to his seat, took up the *Patriot*, spread it in his lap and pored over the day's cartoon.

It was from this cartoon that Joe Zwaaf looked up as the Blagdon landaulet stopped beside his shanty, in order that the windows might be closed. He saw a man in uniform, with a shiny patent-leather vizor to his cap, and shiny silver buttons on his coat, jump down and do the rich man's bidding. Of all the automobiles Joe had seen, this one was the proudest. It glittered with gold and silver. And in the back seat reposed not merely one rich man in a silk hat, but two of them.

He saw them look at him and at his shanty. They smiled and spoke together. One of them nodded at him as they drove away. But Joe did not return the nod. He only stared with eyes that stung with concentrated hate.

From his seat he watched the motor out of sight. When it was gone he resumed his perusal of the *Patriot*, pausing from time to time to operate the gates for passing trains, or to look up at passing motors. But none shone like that gold and silver one that he had seen.

In the early afternoon while he was sitting on his bench and listening to the voices, which to-day were clearer than usual, he heard the whistle of a locomotive and looking at his watch became aware that No. 4 was due. He arose and moved toward the crank by which the gates were lowered. But even as he laid his hand upon it there came to his ears a warning signal of another kind. From far off down the highway, in the direction taken by the glittering automobile, he heard the hoot of a savage motor horn. Along the straightaway a car was coming. It was moving very fast. A thin cloud of dust waved behind it like a trailing veil. In front two men were seated. Joe caught a glint of silver and gold.

He looked down the railroad track, and even as he did so, appeared around the curve, below, the giant locomotive pulling No. 4. It, too, was coming fast.

"Here they come!" said the voices. "Here they come!"

Joe's brain began to tickle. The buttermilk was boiling in the bony bowl.

"Two hats! Two shiny hats at once!"

Joe nodded.

"THINK!" the voices commanded.

Joe stood for a moment motionless. Then, obediently, his hand dropped from the crank. He turned and walked back to his seat.

THOUGH the conductor pulled the emergency signal cord at once, No. 4 ran a quarter of a mile beyond the crossing before coming to a stop. Then she backed, slowly.

Near the highway intersection a crowd had suddenly assembled out of nowhere, as crowds will. They were grouped about the remains of Mrs. Blagdon's landaulet, which had been carried for some distance down the railroad's right of way, and lay in a distorted mass, half buried in the sand. Nor did they seem inclined to touch the twisted bulk — for though they had found the footman, the chauffeur had not, as yet, been located.

Blagdon and Skinner had, in a sense, fared better than their servitors. Through the open top of the automobile they had been thrown clear of the wreck. They lay not far apart, half way up the sandbank, some twenty yards beyond the débris of the car.

Neither body was as much disfigured as might have been expected.

"How did it happen?" demanded the conductor, as he swung down from the shiny observation platform at the rear of No. 4.

"The gates were open," some one said.

"Where's the gateman?" demanded the conductor.

Then they looked for Joe Zwaaf.

They found him sitting placidly upon the little bench beside his shanty. In his lap was a silk hat. Joe Zwaaf was staring at it fixedly. Now and then he brushed at the nap with his forefinger. He never knew, before, what made a silk hat shiny. He never knew about the nap. It pleased him to brush it the wrong way.

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Looking for Levy

— *Continued from page 25*

mind. He felt aggrieved and yet he wanted to be fair.

"Ye're saying it's my fault that she's in trouble," he said, slowly. "Well, ye'll have to prove it."

"Oh, that's easy," said Levy, carelessly waving his hand. "But that isn't what I asked you. What I want to know is this: if I prove to you that by your pushing into me you spoiled everything and that's the reason the lady is having such a hard time right now, do you still want to lick me?"

Casey surveyed the slight, harmless-looking figure before him and shook his head.

"I don't think so," he answered. "But prove it. And don't lie."

Levy looked at him so reproachfully that Casey instantly regretted his harshness.

"Lie?" he repeated. "Say, I'll tell you what I'll do. If you happen to have a Jewish bible about you I'll swear on it that every word I tell you is the truth."

It was in quite an apologetic tone that Casey regretted that he did not have a Jewish bible with him.

"Well, now," said Levy, "I'll tell you the whole story and you'll see right away who's to blame. I was born in Russia. When I was three years old I was left an orphan. Were you ever left an orphan?"

Casey shook his head. "Me father and mother are both alive, thanks be!" he said, simply.

"Ah, my friend, you do not know, you cannot realize what a terrible thing it is to be left an orphan. Just think! Until I was fourteen years old I had to shift for myself. I often went hungry. There was no one to give me food or clothes. Many times I thought I would die. I often slept in the fields, particularly if there was a massacre going on. I suppose you've heard of those massacres in Russia?"

"Something to that effect," remarked Casey.

"Well, sir," Levy went on, "by great luck they never succeeded in massacring me. I think I have a charmed life. I didn't have any friends in those days, but I had one enemy. He was a Russian nobleman. I suppose you hate noblemen just as much as I do?"

"You can put a bet on that!" exclaimed Casey, fervently.

"Well now, look here," said Levy, leaning forward and laying his hand on the Irishman's arm, "as long as you and I have so many things in common, what's the use of you being angry and wanting to lick me?"

Casey's mind was clear but primitive. He found himself liking this young man and regretting the necessity of thrashing him, but he had looked for him all these days for no other purpose than to thrash him and, therefore, he must be thrashed. The possession of a single-track mind such as his simplifies, so charmingly, the complex problems of life.

"Ye're right about them noblemen," he said, "and I ain't saying that I don't like ye, but if ye don't prove that it was all my fault ye're going to put up your fists and fight."

"Just as you say," said Levy, amiably. "As long as I have nothing to hide and feel that the right is on my side I'd just as lief tell you the whole story, if you insist on it. Only, remember that I'm telling you these things in confidence, and if you tell them to any one it'll make a lot more trouble."

"Ye can trust me," said Casey.

"Well, sir," Levy went on, "this nobleman — Count Dimitri was his name — was always persecuting me. I think he was jealous of my father before I was born and he swore he would have his revenge on me. When I was fourteen years old I came over to this country and Count Dimitri followed me."

Levy, with a sudden start, paused in his narrative and looked at his watch.

"Excuse me one moment," he said and, reaching for the telephone, called a number.

"D'ye ever play the races?" he asked.

Casey shook his head.

"I just happened to think," explained Levy, "that there's a horse running to-day by the name of Count Dimitri. If you like I'll put five dollars on him for you."

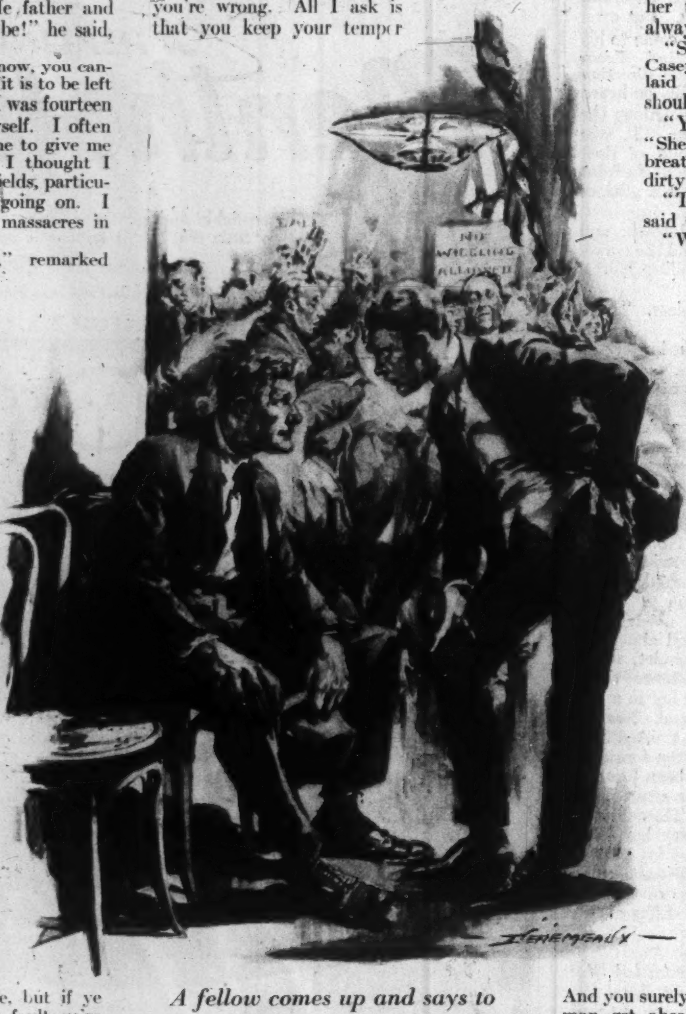
But Casey was not to be side-tracked so easily. "Get through with your telephoning and go on with the story," he said.

"Hello! Is this you, Moe?" said Levy, when he had obtained his connection. "This is Levy. Put five on Dimitri for place, will you? Thanks."

"That was quite a coincidence," he went on, hanging up the receiver. "Well, as I was saying, Count Dimitri followed me to this country and made my life a burden. Every time I got a job he had me fired. Of course I was only a little boy then and didn't have the political pull which I have to-day. You know, all the big politicians in town are friends of mine."

"Keep to the story," said Casey, sententiously.

"Don't get angry with me," said Levy, soothingly. "I know just how you feel. You think I did something wrong to you, and just because you're a great big good-looking strapping fellow and I'm only half your size, you think you ought to lick me. Well, I ain't saying you're wrong. All I ask is that you keep your temper until I've finished my story. I've got so much to tell — you haven't any idea what I've been through — that it's no wonder I wander away from the point every now and then. Well, now, let's see — where was I?"



A fellow comes up and says to me, "Yer head's bleeding!"

"That Rooshian count was getting ye fired from yer job," said Casey.

"That's right. Well, one day, I met a little girl whose name — say, you'll excuse me if I don't mention a lady's name, won't you?"

"Sure," said Casey, gallantly.

"Well, that little girl and I just grew up together. We played together when we were young. We cried together when her father and mother died. *Your* father and mother, I understand, didn't die."

Casey nodded.

"That's too bad," said Levy. "I mean, of course, it's too bad that you never can understand our feelings. We were two orphans and, I assure you, we saw many sad days."

The memory of those days seemed to overwhelm Levy for a moment. He pressed his handkerchief to his eyes.

"Could you lick an orphan?" he asked.

"I could," said Casey. "Go on with the story."

"Well, sir, one day — this was years afterward, when we were grown up — we got a cablegram from Mrs. Nitchky."

"Who's Mrs. Nitchky?" asked Casey.

"She's the aunt of this young lady friend of mine. And she telegraphed that all her property — the young lady is her only heir — was under the control of this Count Dimitri. Then I saw everything. Do you get the point?"

"I don't see what that had to do with you," said Casey.

"Ah, but I haven't come to that yet," explained Levy. "I explained to you why this Russian nobleman was persecuting me. Now I'm trying to show you why he was hounding the young lady. You see, he wanted to get control of her property after her aunt's death. When she grew up he found that he could do nothing with her because she was in love with me. No matter how much he hounded her he could never get her to sign the papers. She was always true to me."

"She must be a fine girl," said Casey, greatly impressed. Levy laid his hand upon the Irishman's shoulder.

"You've said it!" he exclaimed. "She's the finest girl that ever breathed. Now what do you think this dirty dog of a nobleman did next?"

"They're capable of anything," said Casey.

"Well, sir, he proposed to the girl. Actually asked her to become the Countess Dimitri if she would only sign the papers. But the girl spurned him. Aren't girls wonderful?"

"They sure are," assented Casey. Levy leaned forward confidentially.

"Have you ever been in love?" he asked. Casey nodded.

"Well, I'm in love with this girl now," continued Levy. "And do you mean to tell me you've got the heart to lick a man who's in love, when you know what it is, yourself?"

"I do," said Casey, rising. "I heard her say you was a brute and ye haven't explained it. I'm thinking ye'd better stand up and fight."

"Please sit down and let me finish," said Levy, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. The dogged persistency of Casey in clinging to his one idea was making him nervous.

"Even Count Dimitri," Levy went on, "bad as he is, always lets me finish when I'm telling him something. And you surely wouldn't let a common nobleman get ahead of you in politeness, would you?"

"I would not," said Casey, seating himself again. "But ye'll mind that the girl said you was a brute and ye'll have to explain it."

"That's just what I'm going to do," said Levy. "Now, when the girl came to me and said that Count Dimitri wanted to marry her, what did I do? I said to myself, 'Levy,' said I, 'the girl loves you and you love her. But what can you do for her? You're only a poor plumber's assistant and it's all you can do to support yourself. The girl is young and good-looking and needs expensive clothes. They all do.' Haven't you noticed that yourself?"

"I have," said Casey, nodding comprehensively.

"So I said to myself, 'Levy,' I said, 'why be selfish about it? Count Dimitri is not a bad-looking chap and he has more money than he can spend. Why not let the girl marry him? It's better for one to be unhappy than two. Of course she won't like it at first but, after a while, she'll get used to it. Girls always do. And then, some day, when she's the mother of a lot of little counts and countesses, she will thank you for making this great sacrifice for her.' You see? So I advised her to marry the count."

"You did?" asked Casey.

"I did," said Levy, with a grand air.

"Then I'm thinking ye'd better stand up and take your licking," said Casey. "Because a fellow that'd play such a dirty trick on a girl is a dirty loafer. The girl was telling the truth when she said ye was a brute."

It suddenly became apparent to Levy that men's standards of ethics may vary.

"Wait," he cried, quickly. "I am now coming to the main point. She refused to marry him and said she would marry nobody but me. She sent that message to Count Dimitri, and he said he would give her up only on condition that I fought a duel with him. Well, sir, I immediately telephoned that I was ready for him. But I explained to him that in this country we only fight duels with our fists. Isn't that right?"

Casey nodded in approbation.

"So he agreed to meet me any day I named if I brought along a second to see that it was a fair fight. Now, before you lick me, do you mind coming with me to see me lick the Count Dimitri?"

Casey licked his lips. The prospect of having a hand in a fight in which, perchance, he might get a crack at a Russian nobleman, was a grand temptation.

"How do I know ye're telling the truth?" he asked.

Levy gazed at him reproachfully. "I've got in my pocket a letter of recommendation from my boss," he said. "I lost my job again yesterday — on account of Count Dimitri. I'm going to show you that letter so that you can see what my boss says about my truthfulness."

With his eyes on Casey's, Levy took a letter from his pocket and handed it to the Irishman, who proceeded to read it. It ran thus — as nearly as Casey could remember:

"DEAR HONEY BOY:

"I am so ashamed of myself! I hope you do not get into trouble on account of it. But it was all your fault for dancing with that blonde girl. I guess I must have lost my temper or I would not have said such disagreeable things to you. Anyway, I'm glad you soaked that Irishman for butting in. It was none of his business. Please write soon. Your loving BECKY."

It was just about when Casey got to the end of the letter that some misgiving prompted Levy to get up from his seat and glance over the reader's shoulder. The next instant the letter was snatched from his grasp.

"That isn't the letter I meant to show you," said Levy, without the slightest change of expression. "I intended to show you that later when I told you about that fellow O'Brien. Do you know him — Dennis O'Brien?"

"I don't," said Casey, slowly, "but I'm thinking you're an awful liar."

"You do, hey?" exclaimed Levy, dramatically. "Now you just sit down at that telephone and call up Count Dimitri. Tell him just what I told you and ask him if every word of it isn't true. Tell him I told you about the time I nearly murdered Dennis O'Brien. Tell him everything. I'll wait here until you get through talking to him."

"What's his number?" asked Casey, seating himself at the table.

Levy consulted a memorandum book.

"It's 16933 Madison Square," he said. "It's an apartment-house. Just ask for the Russian count. Say Levy's on the 'phone."

Casey called the number. For a moment or two, Levy walked to and fro behind him. And then . . .

Casey cannot swear that it was the same piece of lead-pipe. He only thinks so. He knows, however, that it landed unerringly on the same spot. When he recovered consciousness, he found Kobliner fanning him.

"Where did Levy go?" he cried.

"Out!" said Kobliner.

* * *

It was about a week later when I met Casey again. He was coming out of a synagogue on Allen street.

"Hello!" I said. "Saying your prayers?"

"I'm looking for Levy," he said, simply.

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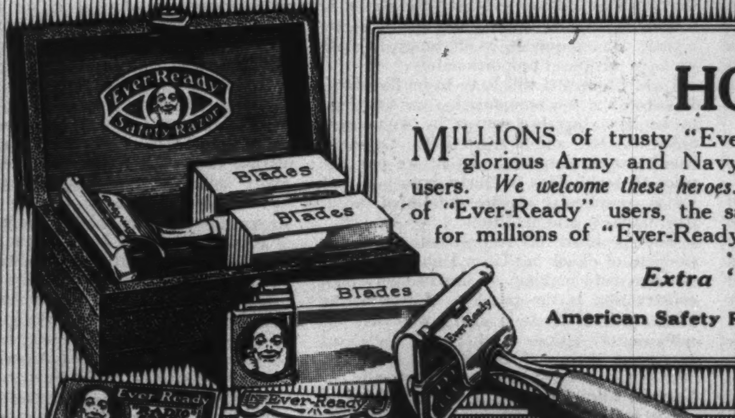
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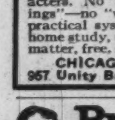

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Make Re-Construction Real-Construction

[*Continued from page 16*]

attention to any of them. The War, however, established a new relation between certain government statistics and our own bank accounts, our own investments, our own pay envelopes.

In 1914, some 300,000 separate American companies produced some twenty-four billion dollars' worth of products. During the last year the U. S. Holding Company, Unlimited, has produced a good deal more than twice this amount of products in value and probably twice this much in quantity. In 1914 some of us owned stock, and a large proportion of us drew our weekly pay envelope from some one of these 300,000 separate companies. We were personally interested in the financial condition of our company — how much our company's goods were selling — whether our company was taking on or laying off help. To-day every American who owns a Liberty Bond — and that means some thirty millions of us — is a stockholder in U. S. Holding Company, Unlimited. To-day practically every dividend check — every salary check or pay envelope in the country, comes directly or indirectly from U. S. Unlimited.

U. S. Unlimited is the biggest trust the world has ever seen. It is a holding company that directly operates, finances and manages some twenty billion dollars' worth of railroads, telegraph, telephone and mail lines — that dictates the financial and managing policy of nearly thirty billion dollars' worth of manufacturing and mining plants — that exercises an advisory and price-limiting control over some forty billion dollars' worth of agricultural property. Altogether it directs the sales policy and sets the sales prices of some seventy-five billion dollars' worth of products.

DO not make the mistake of thinking that the U. S. Holding Company, Unlimited, is a mere figure of speech. No trust was ever more real. It appoints or discharges the officers and managers of hundreds of subsidiary companies and fixes the wages of their men. It decides which subsidiary companies may borrow money to enlarge their business and which may not; how much they may borrow and how they shall borrow it. To some of these companies it lends its own money. It guarantees the notes of others at the bank. It says which group of factories shall be enlarged and which shall cut down their productions, or how much of their products they shall sell here and how much there.

Most concerns formerly turned out a variety of products — each of which also differed from the same type of product turned out by competitors. U. S. Unlimited has put great groups of such factories all to making one uniform type of product — one uniform type of automobile truck, shoes, canned beans, etc. It has changed the widely different methods and standards of all these factories to a new uniform standard, changing their machinery, their men, to work this one way.

U. S. Unlimited has shifted and redistributed the labor power of its subsidiaries. It has sent nearly 4,000,000 men into service; another million men into shipbuilding and cantonment making — into new foundries and machine shops. It has hired and trained millions of women to take their places. It has built and equipped and manned, and womaned, thousands of new factories.

The first and fundamental thing to realize about peace is that it cannot take us back to conditions as they were before the War.

When the War transformed Minnie and Sadie Callahan from discontented drudges to efficient middle-class citizens, it took away their meekness and helplessness. They took their new jobs when their country needed them. They know they have done their work well. On the average, their records of efficiency and production have been better than those of the men they succeeded. They know this, and they will fight to keep their jobs. Nor can the rest of us afford to send millions of now trained women back to sweatshops or to working out by the day, any more than we could afford to put a hundred Schwabs and Ryans to running errands.

The fire of war has tempered the backbone of Johnny Devoe. Captain Devoe won't go back to keeping books. If we do not have sufficient prosperity to give him the real opportunity he now demands, he and thousands like him will either remain here as fighting failures or they will shake from their feet the dust of the country for which they fought and put their new energy and ambition to work in Mexico or Australia or Mesopotamia.

Dudley Byer's factory is built and running. It and thousands like it cannot be conjured out of existence and the money they have cost put back into circulation. They must either be used or scrapped as total loss.

U. S. Unlimited had to be organized because we had to have ships in thirty days, that under ordinary conditions it took thirty months to build — because we had to have airplane engines made in thousands by machinery instead of singly by hand — because we had to feed millions of new mouths off the same pastures — because, irrespective of cost, individual rights or other considerations, we had to outdo in one year Germany's forty years of preparation.

U. S. Unlimited may be cut up, but it cannot be unscrambled. There is no possibility of putting each industrial egg back in its shell; of giving each company its same customers, its same policy and business outlook. The individual factories have been enlarged, their equipment changed. Much of their old labor is permanently gone. Their customers' and competitors' conditions are radically different. The whole country is different. The further we should go in trying to make their conditions as they were before the War, the more we should actually change them.

The Standard Oil Company was formed from a large number of independent companies — some rich and prosperous, others on the verge of bankruptcy — some ably, some poorly managed, each with different business policies and methods and outlooks. During the years that they were part of Standard Oil every condition under which they formerly operated was changed. Each had the advantage of the best policies, the best standards, the best methods of all the others. Each received financial help and was developed as it needed development. This united efficiency rapidly expanded the whole oil industry. The growth of the industry in turn put each company on a plane of prosperity, of financial strength, of business importance, of profits earned and salaries paid, that was entirely unrelated to what they had been.

THE problem of dissolving the Standard Oil Company was not the problem of putting each company back in the same or relative position it formerly occupied, but of so redistributing all the assets as to give each individual company its proportional advantage of everything that it had gained, and to keep for the country the sum total of all these gains.

American trade before the War was thirty billion dollars a year. Under U. S. Unlimited it is now seventy-five billion dollars a year. In equipment, in efficiency, in skill, we have advanced proportionately.

U. S. Unlimited will have to be dissolved. It is too big, too ominous, too un-American to be kept together except by some such crisis as that which created it. Ordinary conditions do not demand that we pay the price to build ships in thirty days, nor that we so completely sacrifice individual initiative, interests and ambition.

The problem of reconstruction is the problem of dissolving U. S. Unlimited. The problem of making reconstruction real-construction is the problem of readjusting all the present assets in such a way that our millions of Minnie and Sadie Callahans can keep their self-respect and efficiency, with their present jobs; so that all our Captain John Devoes can have the kind of opportunities they have proved they deserve; so that we can keep faith with men like Dudley Byers, so that all these gains in efficiency production and prosperity may be made permanent for us all.

And this can be done.

Prosperity in its essence is merely a matter of mutual production and mutual agreement. If you can make more goods and I can make more, we each have that much more to exchange and enjoy. It is not when both of us have more but when one of us has less that trouble comes.

America's prosperity to-day is sound and can be carried on because it is nation-wide. There is every opportunity to keep Sadie Callahan in her present job because millions of other workers and farmers have similarly increased their productiveness.

SADIE has been making ammunition, but she and can turn out some peace article with the same degree of greater efficiency that she has shown in war production. So can all the other munition workers. So long as all of them keep up the new standard of production, and so long as the farmer gets two dollars for his wheat — and there is every evidence that this will be indefinitely — all can exchange and enjoy on the new scale.

Or perhaps conditions may be stated more clearly this way: an entirely new proportion of all Americans have been able to earn a new standard of wages because of the War. This new standard of wages has taught them to buy and use and enjoy more than they have ever bought before. They will keep on buying and using and enjoying so long as they have the wages to do it; and each of them will have the wages so long as all the rest, including 6,000,000 farmers and their families, continue to buy what they produce. In addition to this we will have all the foreign markets that the biggest, or at least the second biggest, merchant marine in the world can secure for us.

It will take some time to change Minnie's machine to making a stove or a fountain-pen or a typewriter, or whatever peace article it is best fitted to turn out. It will take a still longer time to establish markets for that particular product. But this problem will be much simplified by the fact that the four years of war shortage has piled up a demand for almost every class of normal product that offers an enormous, immediate, temporary market.

There is one comparatively small section in France in which they are already starting to rebuild 350,000 homes. Similar construction in Belgium, Serbia and Poland offers another immense immediate market.

We have millions of acres of land which irrigation or draining will make immensely profitable. The reclamation of such lands, the putting of homes and machinery and fences on them, offers a further great immediate outlet for manufactured products. It will offer work to the returned soldier that will keep him from trying to get back the job which Sadie Callahan now has and wants to keep. It may offer him a new home.

The rivers of the Mississippi Valley overflow their banks each spring. It is estimated that the damage they do amounts to $200,000,000 a year. The diking and regulating of these rivers probably offer the biggest-paying single investment in the nation. It would offer profitable employment to hundreds of thousands of our soldiers and engineers, while we are readjusting ourselves to make room for them elsewhere.

Many programs for reconstruction are being advanced — Socialist programs, Labor programs, Bolshevik programs, programs of Parlor Reformers — some of them sincere, many self-seeking. Many programs will be advanced for doing by law what can successfully be done only by brains and skill.

To capitalize and keep all the great new assets which the artificial conditions of the War have suddenly given us — to take every means, every temporary expedient, to keep our new factories, our new equipments, our new trained labor, our new co-operative efficiency, our new unified Americanism all going until we can make them real, permanent assets — that is real-construction.

Real-construction is a job almost as big as that of winning the War. But it can be accomplished, just as the War was won, if all of us determine that it is the whole nation's next job and that it must be done.

Coming — "André's Revenge," by Griswold Wheeler

Is a Woman's War Coming?

[*Continued from page 24*]

her candy shop and her six dollars a week, now that the War is over? Impossible! She has become a skilled or semi-skilled worker in the service of her country, amply self-supporting, able to meet life with joy and pride in the present, with hope for the future. This woman will *never* go back to that six dollars a week unless she is forced back; and there are tens of thousands like her who, having discovered their value to society, will insist that society recognize this value.

But will society do it?

I HAVE obtained the opinions of a number of manufacturers familiar with labor conditions and prospects and the general view is that, with the return of peace, women will gradually drop out of factory positions that they have only occupied to relieve a war emergency. They will leave voluntarily or they will be forced to leave by the pressure of male labor (a million or two returning soldiers) and by the hostility of labor unions.

"I respect women in their proper sphere," said a New England manufacturer to me. "I admit they are efficient in certain kinds of light factory work requiring quickness of hand, but when they try to replace men in new lines of heavier work, they are a nuisance. They haven't the necessary strength or endurance, they won't dress properly for their tasks, and they want looking-glasses all over the place so that they can powder their noses."

This last fling is rather uncalled for, inasmuch as the presence of women workers in our factories always makes for brightness and cleanliness. At least, women do not chew tobacco!

Let us not forget, now that the War is over, what a frantic demand there was for women's services only a few months ago.

"We must have a quarter of a million more women within sixty days," the chief organizer of women war workers (Council of National Defense) said to me last October. "And we must have another quarter of a million women by January 1, 1919."

He spoke thus in the belief that the War was going to last another year.

"What will become of all these specially trained women workers when peace is declared?" I asked him. "Won't the labor unions fight them?"

"I suppose they will," he admitted. "It's a difficult question that will have to work itself out somehow. The point is, we *must* have these women now. Our success in the War depends upon women factory workers."

That statement is literally true, as England knows, as France knows, as all who are qualified to speak on the subject know — *without women workers in the allied munition factories Germany would have won the War!*

I am one of those who regard women as finer and braver than men, as more true to their ideals than men, more steadfast against adversity and physical pain than men and, therefore, as worthy of all possible opportunity for advancement. Nothing is too good for women, and it will be a national misfortune (and a disgrace) if, after the splendid service American women have rendered in this war, they are driven back into their old position of economic inferiority by means of labor unions or other selfish masculine agencies. Fortunately, they have the vote to protect them.

Speaking of courage in women, as compared with men, it appears that when the workers in one of our munition factories were recently called upon to be inoculated against the Spanish influenza, numbers of the men fainted from fear as they stood in line with arms bared for the hypodermic needle (they felt foolish enough about it afterward), whereas nothing of the sort happened in the case of the women.

I heard of a woman in an English war-munition factory who was told one morning by the foreman that she had better go to the office.

For an instant she faltered. "Is — is John gone?"

"Yes," the man said kindly.

"Then," her lips tightened, "I have no time to go to the office. I've got to stay here and make this machine work faster than it ever worked before."

That is the spirit of a land where a duchess steps away from her lathe and says proudly: "See, my hands are blacker than yours!"

I came upon a typical instance of American courage in a woman — there are thousands of such instances all over the country — during a recent visit to the immense plant of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company in New Haven, Connecticut. Here, in addition to fifteen thousand men, were five thousand women working eight or ten hours a day to help supply the needs of our soldiers in France. This particular brown-eyed woman was gauging cannon cases, long brass cylinders weighing seventeen pounds each, and carrying them back and forth from a sink where she cooled them after they left the presses. Seventeen pounds each!

"How many hours do you work?" I asked her.

"Ten hours a day?"

"On your feet?"

"Yes, but we have a rest period."

She was very cheerful and seemed strong and well; in fact, she told me that, in addition to her factory work, she took care of her home (with two women boarders) and her twelve-year-old daughter, cooked the meals and made her daughter's clothes.

"How much do you earn?"

"Eighteen dollars a week, less two for my Liberty Bond. I was an unskilled laborer when I came here six months ago," she explained. "My husband made good money — thirty or forty dollars a week."

"What happened to your husband?"

"He left me and the little girl six months ago. He drank. He wouldn't work unless he felt like it."

I caught a yearning look in her eyes that made me ask if she would welcome this wayward man back again.

"Yes, I suppose I'd be glad to see him — if he came back," she answered simply.

THEN I asked another question that suggested itself:

"Why wouldn't it be better for you to take a place as general houseworker with some nice private family instead of keeping up this hard struggle? You would get good food, a kind home and high wages, say, fifty dollars a month?"

I expected her to scorn this suggestion, to object that she could not be separated from her daughter; but she did not.

"I would be only too happy to take such a place if I could find one," she said. "I hate the factory noises."

"Don't you know that there are hundreds of such domestic service places to be had in our large cities? You must know that?"

"No, sir, I didn't know it. I'm afraid I wouldn't be lucky enough to find such a place."

Lucky enough! With countless ladies vainly beseeching haughty employment agencies to get them *any* kind of houseworkers at *any* wages!

What we need are national employment bureaus where men and women in any part of the country who want work of a certain kind and are qualified to do it can be put in touch with employers in other parts of the country who have that particular kind of work to offer. We are wasting untold millions every year because the right man and the right woman are left vainly searching for the right job. And yet that job exists *somewhere* — is crying to be filled. Somebody is eager to use the services of every willing worker and pay good wages for them. It should be the government's after-the-war business to *find that somebody!*

IN considering reconstruction problems we must remember that high war wages have not produced economy among American laboring classes, but simply a taste for luxuries or comforts not previously enjoyed. American laborers are extravagant, as the whole nation is extravagant, and quickly adjust themselves to higher and more costly standards of living. War wages have been spent, not saved, in the main — spent for better food and clothing, for finery, for pleasures, for automobiles, for homes in the country. And everyone knows that it is much easier for people to adapt themselves to higher standards of living than to go back to lower standards. Families of American laborers that have, since 1914, freed themselves in a measure from sordid and joyless conditions will struggle desperately against a re-enslavement under those conditions. And it is the factor

[*Continued on page 58*]

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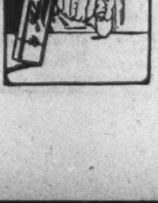

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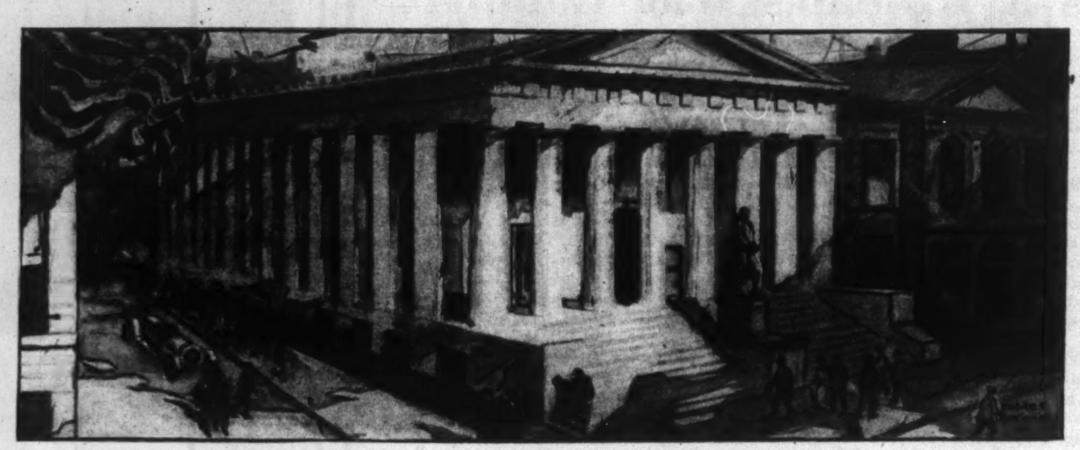

Your Kind of Investment

by Paul Tomlinson

THE word investment is very broad in its interpretation, but its real meaning when applied to the purchase of securities is the laying out of money or capital, especially for income or profit.

When the average person invests money, what is the object he has in view? Is it to obtain an income, or to make a profit? Or is it both? If he is interested only in income he may put his money into the savings bank or buy a Government bond. In the case of the savings bank he knows that his principal will be increased only by the amount of interest he receives; the Government bond may give him a slight profit, but safety and interest are the main considerations. On the other hand, when an investment is made in stocks, or in most bonds, the question of profit is one that usually enters very largely into his consideration.

The safest investment in the world is probably a bond of the Government of the United States of America. What the most hazardous may be is hard to say, for there are many which seem to vie with one another for that doubtful honor. In between are all kinds and grades, ranging from the extremely speculative to those which for all practical purposes are almost as safe as Government bonds. What kind of investment should you make? Can you afford to take a risk for the sake of a high yield and the chance of profit, or should you aim only to get safety of principal and assured income? The answer to these questions is determined by your circumstances and situation in life.

For instance, a bachelor with no one dependent upon him for support may be justified in taking chances with his money. No corresponding justification exists, however, in the case of a married man who earns but a small salary and is responsible for the care of a wife and children. If the bachelor loses his money no one is affected but himself. On the other hand, if the married man suffers loss his wife and children are not only forced to endure hardship, but their future is threatened. But the difficult part is that from the very fact of his possessing only a little money and having dependents, the married man needs money more than does the bachelor. A security with a high yield is attractive to him even though he may know that high yield often means lack of safety. The likelihood of an advance in price and a resulting profit tempt him. He often buys against his better judgment, and with unfortunate consequences.

The bachelor can buy common stocks, which are almost always speculative, but the married man should confine his investments to preferred stocks at the very least, and bonds are preferable.

Similarly a widow with a small capital should not risk her money, and she should consider only the very safest of investments. Her income may be small and force her to figure very closely. But living is more expensive than it was and naturally she would like to be more comfortably situated financially. Because her income is small, however, is all the more reason why she should not take any chances of losing what she has. Some people go so far as to say that no women should ever consider buying anything but the highest grade bonds. At any rate, the sacrifice of safety for income or profit is dangerous business for a woman.

TO quote an example — a letter came to this department not long ago from a woman who asked for the name of a stock which would double her money within a year. It is safe to say that if this department knew of any such stock its members would all be able to retire twelve months from now. Nothing in the woman's letter indicated that she was in any position to speculate, and yet trying to double one's money within a year is ambitious to say the least. And how silly it is. If people gave as much thought to the possibility of loss as they do to that of gain there would be fewer financial misfortunes.

It is also reasonable to suppose that a young man is entitled to take more chances with his money than one of advanced years whose earning power has diminished. The young man has opportunity to recoup losses which is not given to his elder brother.

Have you ever noticed that in bankers' circulars a star will be placed opposite certain securities, and the explanation given that those so marked are "legal investments in certain states?" Do you know what that means? Probably that they may be purchased for savings banks and trust funds. In other words, the law recognizes certain investments as suitable for the class of people who are depositors in savings institutions or the beneficiaries of trust funds. The money you put in a savings bank is invested by the board of directors in bonds or mortgages; trust funds are invested in the same way by the trustees, and the law requires that the investments shall conform to certain standards. In both cases the money is invested for the benefit of somebody dependent upon the income, and the law tries to insist that only securities which will yield that income shall be purchased. In other words, when money is invested for some one who cannot afford to lose, the law wishes it understood that all reasonable care must be employed to select a sound investment. Can you afford to lose money yourself? If not, it might be wise if you considered as investments the securities the law has approved for other people in the same situation.

The gambling instinct is strong in human beings. The prospect of easy money, money acquired without work, is alluring to everybody. It is safe to say, however, that a very small percentage of wealth has been accumulated without hard work. Luck has made money for some people, but not many. Securities have standards of value just like any other commodity, and you pay for what you get. Can you afford to buy anything but the best? It is said of a number of men of large means that they have invested all they have in the 3½% bonds of the First Liberty Loan. These bonds are exempt from all income tax and for that reason it is economy for very rich people to own them, and because they are free from tax they sell higher than any of the bonds of the succeeding loans, although their yield is less. And 2½% net on a perfectly safe investment is considered a good return. You have doubtless heard that "only the rich can afford to be economical," but it is not true of investments. Everyone can purchase securities which are safe as to principal and have an assured yield; it is economy to buy this type of security and extravagance to buy any

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other kind. In these days of partial-payment plans and hundred-dollar bonds the humblest investor can get his proportionate share of safe securities just as well as his wealthy neighbor.

If your circumstances are such that you may need cash quickly, you should never consider the purchase of a security which cannot be sold on a moment's notice. You may own land which contains gold, but if you cannot get at the gold it will never do you any good. A security intrinsically valuable is not much use if you cannot sell it. You may think it is worth a thousand dollars, but what it will bring on the market is after all the true measure of its value.

Nor should you put all your eggs in one basket. The man who invests his all in Liberty Bonds is, of course, an exception to this general rule, for if Liberty Bonds are not good, nothing is. As a rule, however, a diversity of investments is the thing to be desired. Suppose a man with a wife and one child has a capital of $10,000. He would be silly to invest it all in one thing. He wants to get as high a return as is consistent with safety, and to accomplish this and yet diversify his investments he might proceed as follows: Invest $3,000 in 4¼% Liberty Bonds. A municipal bond could account for another $1,000; the same amount might be used to buy an equipment trust note, and still another $1,000 used to buy a bond of some good public utility. A short-term note would safely yield 6% on a thousand dollars, and a similar sum could be invested in a first-mortgage railroad bond. Eighty per cent. of his capital is thus accounted for, and with the remainder he might buy five shares each of the preferred stocks of three different companies. Granting that all these securities sell about par he has five hundred dollars left with which to purchase common stock. The $10,000 is thus invested in ten different securities ranging from Government bonds to common stocks. The percentage invested in bonds is far greater than the stock investments, and the element of safety is carefully considered, while the dividends received will help to raise the average return on the total outlay.

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Every individual's case is different, but if one or two things are borne in mind they should help most investors. One is that the securities which return the highest yield are not always the ones which will make the most money for you, and another is not to be disappointed if you don't buy and sell at the best prices. No one ought to begrudge the other fellow a share in the profits. And don't buy things that are not suited to you. Your kind of investment can be found with a little patience, and in the long run it will be more satisfactory than anything else.

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Vanity *vs.* the Modern Girl

by Richard LeGallienne

IT is not so much the grown woman. Unless she be an utter fool — which, of course, happens — she is too much of an artist to expose so nakedly her own complacence in her own enchantments, whatever other exposures she may make. She knows that the greatest beauty loses by its owner's arrogant sense of its possession; that the least attractive of human qualities is self-satisfaction. There is no ear-mark of commonness of nature so sure as conceit.

But the modern girl, ranging from the extremely "young miss" of lingerie advertisements,— scarcely as yet out of childhood —to what I suppose she would regard as the antediluvian age of, say, twenty-three, has not yet learned the art that conceals art, and, from her present showing, it hardly seems as if she ever will.

The precocity and sophistication and literally monstrous development of vanity in the modern girl of all classes is something new in history, a portent as disquieting as it is distasteful. Beauty is by no means a necessary item in the outfit of this rouged and painted child, garmented like a courtesan, cold-eyed and haughty, whose every thought it is plain to see, is of her silly little self, shamelessly taking out her vanity box in public places, and making a boudoir of the subway, touching up an eyebrow, adding scarlet to her lips, and plying powder-puff on nose and cheeks — apparently as oblivious of her fellow-passengers as an actress making up in her own dressing-room. Then, when the process is complete, looking round languidly as though she considers herself (which she almost certainly does) a Cleopatra or a DuBarry.

A very small proportion of passable looks is all that is needed on which to raise this superstructure of a vanity which is as pathetic as it is absurd. You may smile, and call it "innocent vanity." I am not impeaching the morality of these movie princesses, but why innocence should parade in the livery of licentiousness is a mystery to the mere male mind; or why, when the modern girl has made use of every device of suggestive raiment by which the Daughters of Heth have immemorially lured the children of men, she should affect surprise and indignation when man, being what his maker has created him, allows his eyes to stray where they seem to be so deliberately invited — here also is another stone of stumbling and rock of offence. They wear the most transparent of lingerie costumes, and expect you to look at them as though they were dressed in a single box-pleat.

This disease of young girl vanity — for disease virulent and dangerous it is — has come of various easily seen causes. One of these is the exaggerated importance given by Feminism to women merely as women. It is, of course, a rebound from the opposite traditional idea of the exaggerated importance of man. Once the fact of being a young man was all that was needed for self-importance — though you might be a fool at that. Now the tables are turned. The girl regards herself as mysteriously superior — merely because she is a girl. In her own esteem, she is anything from Cleopatra to Beatrice, from the Pompadour to Joan of Arc.

Then the stress laid upon the physical beauty (and its accompaniment — luxury), by a modern cult of sensual artists and philosophers is another obvious cause. This has been spread among the populace by modistes and certain sections of the press that pander, with something like criminal cynicism, to the diseased vanity of these empty-headed young creatures. "Be beautiful, sweet maid," they cry from morning till night — "and let who will be humdrum." On with the dance! Be pretty, and get the best time you can — that is the whole duty of the modern girl.

Still another cause is the relaxation of all home discipline. Fathers and mothers either don't count any more, or have undergone a little degeneration with their daughters. The rod has been sentimentally spared, and so we have on our hands the most disagreeable, and unwholesome spoiled child known to history. And the worst of it all is — that she is such a bore.

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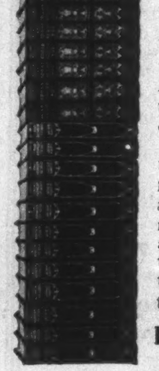

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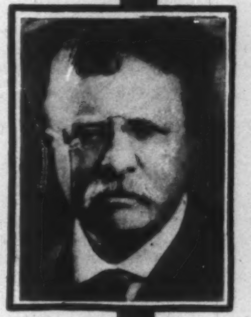

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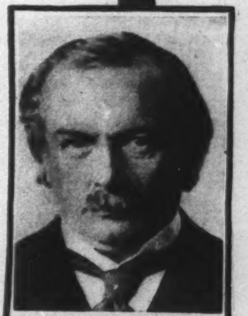

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Is a Woman's War Coming?

— *Continued from page 53*

of women's wages that will largely determine whether this is to happen or not.

As a case in point, I know an ambitious American couple in the working class who were tempted to buy an automobile about a year ago. They did this largely for the health and pleasure of their little girl who would benefit by rides in the country. As the months passed, however, and the regular instalment payments pressed more and more heavily, it became a question of giving up the automobile or of earning more money. The husband was already doing his utmost, so the young wife who had never before done any work except to care for the home, went out as a servant, under the temptation of high wages, and did washing and general housework in a private family *rather than give up her automobile!*

And the joke of it is, as I happen to know, that the family who employed this woman (fifty-five dollars a month and her board) had never felt that *they* could afford to have an automobile!

Opponents of female labor in factories and elsewhere argue that with the return of our soldiers from Europe, with the shutting-down of war-munition plants all over the country there will result inevitably an overcrowding of the labor market, which means that women must make way for men, especially for demobilized soldiers.

"I have no sympathy with women who insist on taking the places in industry that belong to men," said a woman acquaintance of mine who has extremely radical views. "Women are always 'scabs' in the labor market, they always have been and always will be. I mean that they underbid men, they work for smaller wages and thwart the efforts of labor unions to raise the standard of living for working people. This isn't fair because a large number of these women are partly supported by the men of their families, husbands, fathers, brothers, and work only to get pocket money."

"Then you would perpetuate the old order," I replied. "You uphold the tyranny of men over women, the tyranny of labor unions over unskilled labor?"

She answered with obscure protestations and I could find no value in her words.

Let us be fair about these things. Let us show our appreciation of what women have done industrially in the War and of what they are capable of doing in time of peace. Let us see to it that every woman in America has the same opportunity that men have to do any kind of work that she desires to do and is able to do at the same wages that men receive *for the same work*. With proper organization, with a fair division of the products of toil there will be work enough in this broad land to keep everybody busy, women and men, for many years to come in supplying the immeasurable needs of devastated Europe, and the rest of the world.

One word more in behalf of women workers who have done so much to save mankind from the shame and misery of German domination. Let us in America rid ourselves of a just reproach that can now be held against us: namely, that we are behind all enlightened nations in the matter of maternity insurance for working women. In England, France, Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, Holland, Denmark, Germany, Austria and other countries, working women who are to become mothers receive automatically, *as a matter of legal right*, a sum of money proportioned to their wages that enables them to remain at home and have proper medical care during the critical weeks preceding and following their confinement. But in the United States, to our shame be it said, there is no legal provision for the needs of these poor mothers. Consequently, the evils of ignorant and unclean midwifery flourish unchecked in our towns and cities. Thousands of women workers are forced to continue their factory toil into the eighth month of pregnancy and to accept the most unhygienic attendance at the last *because they have no money to protect themselves and protect their unborn children!*

And yet the nation needs these children. Huge population losses of the War must be supplied. The human race must be replenished. And throughout the length and breadth of this free land the call of the mate is sounding — will be sounding, we may be sure of that, in accordance with Nature's imperious law.

Alas! The world numbers two classes of people who are wrongly adjusted to life: those that do too little and get too much, and those that do too much and get too little!

Here is testimony given me recently by one of the head workers in a New York maternity center: "Every day, as we go about among poor homes," she said, "we have evidence of the great harm that results when pregnant mothers are forced to remain at work after the sixth or seventh month, or far into the eighth month, as often happens under the pressure of poverty. What are these mothers going to do when they have not money enough to meet their expenses? They keep on working up to the very last, and the babies suffer — they are undersized, ailing and show a high mortality. Also the mothers suffer — they worry themselves sick, they go through a painful labor and are often unable to nurse their babies."

A few weeks ago I was present at a large gathering of socialists, men and women, in New York City, when one of the orators addressed the crowd as American Bolsheviki and called upon them to join in the great labor movement that was destined to re-make the world on the lines of the red revolution of Russia! There were doubtless soldiers' wives in that excited throng and I could not but feel that some of them with babies and unborn babies ill provided for, some of them whose scanty incomes (including the government allowance) will not suffice for motherhood needs and whose utmost efforts can scarcely keep the home together, might, in their bitterness of heart, give ready ear to just such mad and disloyal teachings.

Whatever else results from this great war there must come generous protection for the wives of American soldiers during the period just preceding and following their confinement, perhaps three months in all. Women workers about to become mothers must have the reassuring knowledge that, during this time of enforced idleness, they are entitled *by law* to a sum of maternity insurance money every week equal to either their full wages or to at least two-thirds of their wages, this insurance expense to be borne in equitable division by the workers, the employers and the national government. Let us economize in everything else, but not in the care of these little ones, children of the nation, whose fathers have been fighting in France, and whose mothers are poor. *Cost what it may, we must guard the babies of our soldiers!*

Terry the Tinker begins his lovable adventures in the March number of McClure's. The first story in which Terry appears is called "A Man's Woman," and is by a new writer — DuVernet Rabell

Repopulating the Earth

— *Continued from page 20*

Twenty years have now passed since the Eulenberg scandal in the Crown Prince's set shook the capitals of Europe as with the stroke of an earthquake. At that time, diplomats, foreign correspondents and travelers fully realized that Berlin had become the modern counterpart of Sodom and Gomorrah. During these years scores of volumes have come from the German press, setting forth the philosophy of those strange perversions. The passing of the years has not lessened, but rather increased, the vicious tendency. All informed men to-day know something of the report of the commission of attorneys sent to Avricourt where Prince Eitel, after the great retreat, looted and burned the historic château, and the testimony of the little boys who were called as witnesses before that commission makes up one of the blackest pages in the history of degeneracy.

More terrible still is the present day testimony of the Germans. On the afternoon of September 19th, near Peronne, accompanied by two distinguished men, with whom I was traveling, I watched a line of nineteen hundred and fifty German officers and soldiers entering the barbed wire cages, where they were to be interned. Upon arriving at the wire gate, every German prisoner was ordered to place upon the ground every scrap of paper, letter, photograph or map, under pain of being tried by court martial, and if guilty, shot. A great hemp sack, that had been used for potatoes was soon filled with the letters and photographs, but the amazing fact was this: every fifth German prisoner placed upon the ground a little bundle of degenerate photographs. The British officers said that the reason why the other four prisoners had no pictures was that they had left their packages in the dug-out. These thousands upon thousands of degenerate pictures have already been the subject of monographs published in Paris and London. The simple fact is that the German soul has gone rotten, like an apple that holds decay at the heart. Many Huns have lived for lust and pleasure so long that their appetites are stirred only by the foulest suggestions. Physicians know that when the glutton and the drunkard have quite worn out their appetites they stimulate their jaded papillæ by fiery peppers and mustards, and the experts say that is the beginning of the end. Therefore the note of anxiety on the part of the German authors and scientists, as to the repopulation of Germany, in view of the fact that degeneracy, put out at compound interest, through heredity, simply enlarges the black problems of the future for the Fatherland.

The Influence of Goethe

The repopulation of Germany is further complicated by the influence of Germany's superior minds,— by way of pre-eminence, Goethe, who has fascinated the German people.

Just before the Great War began the German Kaiser unveiled the statue of Goethe. No address ever had a greater influence for evil upon the plastic minds of children and youth. In his brief address the Kaiser spoke of Goethe as the national hero, praised "Faust" as Germany's greatest book, and said that a man was a true German in proportion as he had mastered "Faust." That address in praise of Goethe and "Faust," stands in relation to this cruel, inhuman and hellish war as the relation of cause to effect.

Of necessity, every nation has been moulded by its favorite author and its greatest book; the Hebrews by Moses, the Athenians by Homer, the Italians by Dante, the English by Shakespeare, and the Americans more and more by Abraham Lincoln. But in view of the fact that children and youth are lifted to the level of the literary master, or are sunk into the abyss where dwells the author of putrid books, consider the inevitable influence of Goethe's "Faust" upon the young soldiers, who were told by their Kaiser that they were true Germans just in proportion as they had mastered "Faust."

Goethe was a universal prostitute, and his "Faust" reeks with the philosophy of fleshliness. This book teaches young Germans how to make a science of the methods of breaking down the barriers that protect innocence, and one of the far off results was the fleshly cruelties of this war.

The central figure of the book is *Faust*, the scholar. Into his library comes *Mephistopheles*,—Goethe's devil, transformed into an angel of light; as if a slaughter-house were hidden behind honeysuckle vines. Bidding for his soul, *Mephistopheles* offers *Faust* youth, wealth, a palace, servants, horses, carriages, fleshly pleasures that cannot tire. He then shows *Faust* the loveliest girl of her city, young *Marguerite*. Her heart is as pure as the snowdrops in her mother's garden. Goethe makes her smile to reveal the teeth between her lips, "like snowflakes under rose petals." Her breath is perfume, her body fragrance; in her tongue is the law of laughter, and in her heart dwells kindness. Always she has lived a sheltered life and the grime of this world has not fallen upon her soul. *Mephistopheles* whispers to *Faust*, "You shall wear her upon your heart like a white rose; she is infinitely desirable; obey me, and you shall have her to paw over."

IN exchange for his soul, *Mephistopheles* clothes *Faust* with youth and beauty, gives him power to pour hypnotic words into the young girl's ear; deceives her with gifts; lures her with flattery; breaks down all the fences that safeguard innocence; demolishes every divine barrier; assaults the citadel of *Marguerite's* soul. Once within the gates the enemy ravages the city, and blackens its walls with lust, soils it with evil, just as the swine, with loathsome snout, crushes and upturns the sweetest flowers. Soon the beautiful girl is insane with grief and shame.

For *Faust* had laid siege to the soul of *Marguerite*, as the Germans laid siege to Liége and Dinant, to loot its treasure.

In excusing the Kaiser's speech, many Germans have said that Goethe shows the folly of pleasure and the pain and penalty that follow transgression. But the German soldier forgot the warnings of Goethe and remembered only the glamour with which he invested lust. And, influenced by Goethe, the Germans have turned an inhuman and cruel war into the art of "finding a place in the sun"; revenge has become "an affair of honor"; libertinism has become "a gay life"; scarring students' faces becomes "the noble art of self-defense." Disgusting orgies become "making hay while the sun shines." Murdering old men, women and children at Wandre becomes the "necessity of modern warfare." Before the young Germans have fully mastered the "Faust" commended unto them, they have learned that there is no barrier for protecting virtue, no wall that safeguards innocence that cannot be broken through. This book might be named the "German science of degrading souls," or "Lust taught by a scientific system."

And with these influences in mind read these final words of Ambassador Bryce on the Belgian atrocities: "Girls violated again and again until they die; old men and matrons slaughtered; soldiers mutilated in ways one man can hardly whisper to another; women and children thrust forward as a shield between the gallant troops of Germany and their enemy. Everything that was thought secure between civilized men defiled and destroyed — fidelity to the pledged word, reverence for age, the sanctity of womanhood, childhood and weakness destroyed, not in an access of passion, but on a deliberate and calculated policy of frightfulness."

The conclusion is inevitable: bring up German boys and girls upon "Faust," and in their maturity and age they will stand forth industrial automatons, and military machines, with denatured souls, that in time of war leave them as cruel as a trained tiger or a cultivated panther or hyena.

Ninety Per Cent. of Germany Tartar, Not Teuton

The survey, therefore, of the repopulation of Germany leaves us face to face with the facts of heredity. Those distinguished students of anthropology, and of the origin of races, Osborn and Gregory, both tell us that ninety per cent. of the population of the fatherland is of Tartar descent, leaving only ten per cent. who have survived from the old Teuton stock from which the English people came. During the Thirty Years' War, in the collision between the Tartar and the Teuton element in Germany, the cruel and ferocious Tartar blood all but annihilated the Teuton stock, leaving the Tartars conquerors of Prussia to survive and reproduce their cruelty and ferocity. Here and there certain German families remain in the fatherland who have the old Teuton blood and are in sympathy with the ideals of modern civilization that are opposed to militarism, autocracy and frightfulness, but they are only a remnant.

To-day, the dominant blood stream in the German people is the Tartar blood. Growth and education simply strengthen their race tendency. Given a good thing, a seedless orange, a Concord grape, a Morgan horse, an engine, a ship of liberty, growth increases the bulk, and is redemptive. But given a bad thing, slavery, avarice, intemperance, autocracy, a small cancer in the body, growth is not redemptive, but damnatory. Growth increases the size, but does not change the sort.

The old Tartar-Prussian stock is an alien stock in Europe. It is as if the behemoth had appeared in the streets of Paris or New York in 1918. It is as if a cannibal and a medicine man, with club and drum, had entered a modern university that they are unable to understand. Germany and the United States can buy and sell, provided each has a dollar of one hundred cents as a common standard, but how long will the trade and commerce survive, if our country uses a dollar of one hundred cents, while Germany uses a plugged pewter disc? How can the Allies and Germany enter into a treaty when the coin current of words does not mean the same thing to the Allies and to the German? For the one side, a treaty means a solemn, binding, moral obligation; for the other a treaty means a scrap of paper.

Now, these traits of cruelty, brutishness, infidelity to the pledged word, the lust of power and pleasure, represent certain German traits that are put out at compound interest by Nature through heredity, and are strengthening from year to year by the law of growth.

Heredity

In forecasting, therefore, the coming population of Germany, and recalling the atrocities wrought by the Germans upon the Belgians and the French, one must remember that the cruel mother, Agrippina, brought forth that monster Caligula; that the French queen, with her heart of stone, reared bloody Charles the Ninth; that that wretched king, James the First, was born of Mary and the wicked Darnley. Our own Bureau of Vital Statistics spreads out the career of one illegitimate and licentious woman who in six generations brought forth seven hundred descendants. The statistician who has traced this blood stream tells us that fifty-two per cent. of the females were harlots, fifty-six per cent. of the men were paupers, two hundred and fourteen of the women were in asylums for a longer or shorter time, seventy-six were convicted criminals, and one hundred and fifty were cursed with the two diseases that are the most terrible and debasing known to the medical profession.

Well-attested facts like these are very disturbing when placed in logical relation to the German use during the past four years of camp girls, kept behind the lines for the convenience of the German soldiers. One of the most terrible results of this war is the spread of these diseases among German soldiers. It is to this, perhaps, that the leader of one of the socialistic groups refers, when he says, "Had our armies been victorious, the Pan-German Empire could never make up to the Fatherland what has been lost through the spread of disease among the men of our army."

Remembering, therefore, that time and growth, when applied to the Canada thistle in this country, or the gipsy moth or cruel and vicious traits in blood cells, mean immeasurable peril through heredity, so the rapid growth of that which in the beginning makes for evil and for evil only. On the other hand, the survey of the history of the human race shows that man began near the cave, and that the cruel, savage and unfit have steadily gone to the wall, while health, strength, obedience, and kindly races steadily survive, and grow.

In a moral universe Sodom and Gomorrah were doomed at the outset. No one knows but an Unseen God will send another Martin Luther into Europe to regenerate its people a second time. The hope of Germany is not in the gymnasium, the laboratory, the training camp, the submarine; the hope of Germany is in the regenerating power of that unseen Providence that makes for righteousness, and ceaselessly wars against cruelty, inhumanity and sin.

Dana Gatlin will be found in the pages of the March McClure's as the author of another charming love story

"Why is the price of meat so high?"

THE head of a Philadelphia family writes to ask us why the price of meat is so high.

There are, of course, many reasons.

All items entering into the operation of the retail meat shop have advanced tremendously in cost

The heavy demand for meat, caused by large orders from the Allies, and by high wages at home, has helped to boost prices. The lower purchasing power of the dollar has also caused the prices of all commodities to increase.

But one important factor is the high cost of producing and marketing meat all along the line from farm to retailer.

The retailer, for example, must pay higher wages to clerks and more for delivery service—in fact, everything entering into store operation has advanced tremendously.

And the retailer has to get a much higher price for meat, because he has to pay the packers more for it.

Wages of packing house laborers have increased over 100 per cent in the past three years

The packers, in turn, are in the same position as the retailers. Labor, transportation, machinery, materials — all items in the packing business—have mounted rapidly. But here again the packers have to get higher prices for meat when they have to pay such high prices for live stock.

During the past four years cattle prices to Swift & Company advanced 74 per cent, whereas the price received for beef by Swift & Company has advanced only 61 per cent during the same period.

The farmers have had to get more for cattle because it costs more to raise them.

Every item entering into the production of cattle has gone up

Corn, for example, has doubled during the past four years; farm labor is scarce and wages are high.

But even with these higher production costs, the price of meat has gone up no more than the price of other foodstuffs — and this in face of the enormous quantities sent overseas to our Army and to the Allies.

If the packers were to eliminate their profits entirely, there would be practically no change in the price of meat. Swift & Company's profits average only a fraction of a cent per pound of meat.

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Right and Wrong Methods in Child Training

MANY loving parents with the best interest of their children at heart are unknowingly committing nothing less than a crime against their little ones because of the methods they use in training them in the way they should go.

Not only do these methods fail in their immediate purpose, but they work an irreparable harm in their effect on the child's future success and happiness.

Abraham Lincoln, perhaps our greatest American, once said: "All that I am and all that I ever hope to be I owe to my mother." Great men before and since Lincoln have in the very same way given the big share of credit to their parents—and how truly they spoke.

The trouble has always been that we have never given any really scientific study to the question of child training—we have not searched for the cause of disobedience, the cause of wilfulness, the cause of untruthfulness, and of other symptoms which, if not treated in the right way, may lead to dire consequences. Instead, we punish the child for exhibiting the bad trait, or else "let it go." As a result, we do the child an actual wrong instead of helping it. What we should do is to attack the trouble at its source.

Confidence the Basis of Control

The new system of child training is founded upon the principle that confidence is the basis of control.

Scolding and whipping are relics of the Barbarous Ages

Under this new system children who have been well-nigh unmanageable become obedient and willing, and such traits as bashfulness, jealousy, fear, bragging, etc., are overcome. But the system goes deeper than that, for it instils high ideals and builds character, which is of course the goal of all parents' efforts in child training.

Physical punishment, shouted commands, and other barbarous relics of the old system have no place in this modern school. Children are made comrades, not slaves, are helped, not punished. And the results are nothing short of marvelous.

Instead of a hardship, child training becomes a genuine pleasure, as the parent shares every confidence, every joy and every sorrow of the child, and at the same time has its unqualified respect. This is a situation rarely possible under old training methods.

And what a source of pride now as well as in after years! To have children whose every action shows culture and refinement, perfect little gentlemen and gentlewomen, yet full of childish enthusiasm and spontaneity withal!

Results Without Friction

To put in practice these new ideas in child training, strange as it may seem, takes less time than the old method. It is simply a question of applying principles founded on a scientific study of human nature, going at it in such a way as to get immediate results without friction.

The founder of this new system is Professor Ray C. Beery, A.B., M.A. (Harvard and Columbia), who has written a complete Course in Practical Child Training. This Course is based on Professor Beery's extensive investigations and wide practical experience, and provides a well-worked-out plan which the parent can easily follow. The Parents' Association, a national organization devoted to improving the methods of child training, has adopted the Beery system and is teaching the course to its members by mail.

Nothing Else Like It

Membership in the Parents' Association entitles you to a complete course of lessons in child training by Professor Beery. These lessons must not be confused with the hundreds of books on child training which leave the reader in the dark because of vagueness and lack of definite and practical application of the principles laid down. It does not deal in glittering generalities. Instead, it shows by concrete illustrations and detailed explanations exactly what to do to meet every emergency and how to accomplish immediate results and make a permanent impression. No matter whether your child is still in the cradle or is eighteen years old, this course will show how to apply the right methods at once. You merely take up the particular trait, turn to the proper page, and apply the lessons to the child. You are told exactly what to do. You cannot begin too soon, for the child's behavior in the first few years of life depends on the parent, not on the child.

The New Method places confidence as the basis of control

This Book Free

"New Methods in Child Training" is the title of a little book which describes the Parents' Association and outlines Professor Beery's course in Practical Child Training. The Association will gladly send a copy free on request.

If you are truly anxious to make the greatest possible success of your children's lives, you owe it to them to at least get this free book which shows how you may become a member of the Parents' Association and secure the fine benefit of this wonderful new way in child training. Merely mail the coupon or a postcard or letter, but do it to-day, as this offer may never be made here again.

DO YOU KNOW HOW—

- to instruct children in the delicate matters of sex?
- to always obtain cheerful obedience?
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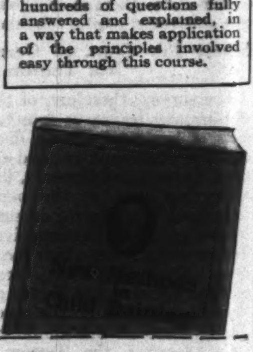
- to develop initiative in child?
- to teach child instantly to comply with command, "Don't touch"?
- to suppress temper in children without punishment?
- to succeed with child of any age without display of authority?
- to discourage the "Why" habit in regard to commands?
- to prevent quarreling and fighting?
- to cure impertinence? Discourtesy? Vulgarity?
- to remove fear of darkness? Fear of thunder and lightning? Fear of harmless animals?
- to encourage child to talk?
- to teach punctuality? Perseverance? Carefulness?
- to overcome obstinacy?
- to cultivate mental concentration?
- to teach honesty and truthfulness?

These are only a few of the hundreds of questions fully answered and explained, in a way that makes application of the principles involved easy through this course.



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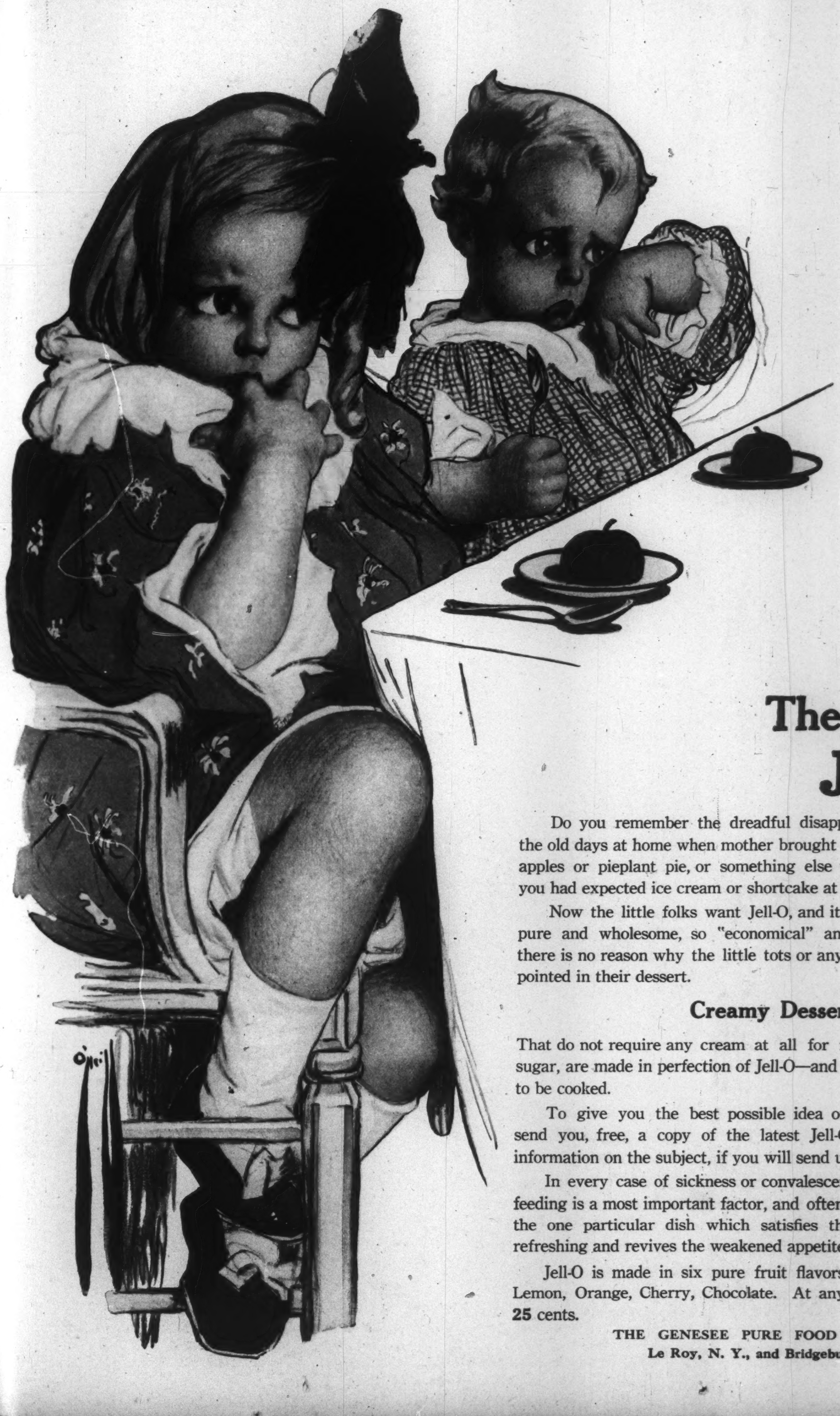

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In every case of sickness or convalescence there is a period when feeding is a most important factor, and often it is found that Jell-O is the one particular dish which satisfies the craving for something refreshing and revives the weakened appetite.

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